THE MYSTERY OF THE HEAD IN THE KREMLIN

By **ILIODOR, THE "MAD MONK"**

Liberty

FEB. 18,
1933

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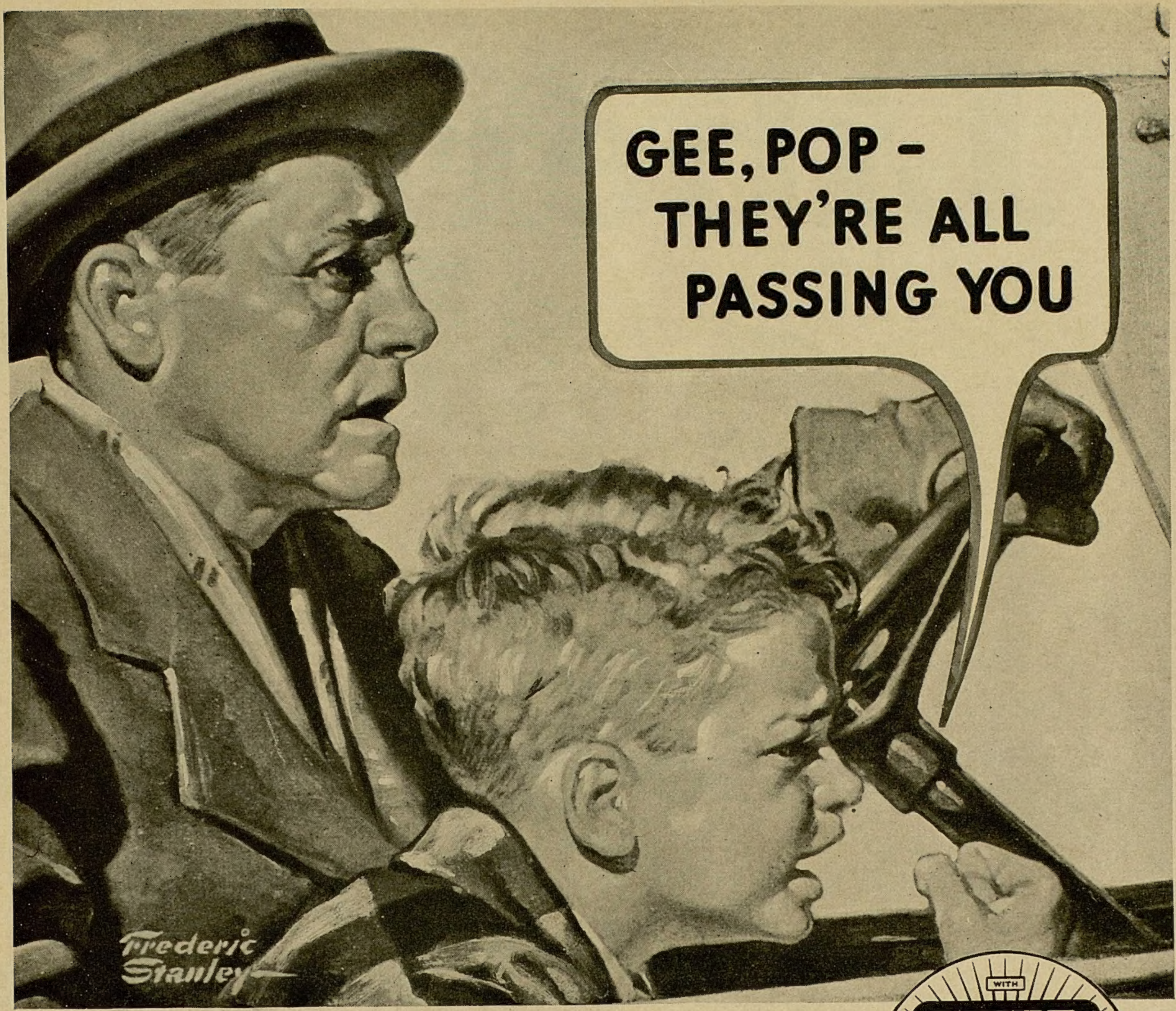
NORMAN
GUTHRIE
RUDOLPH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Frederic Stanley

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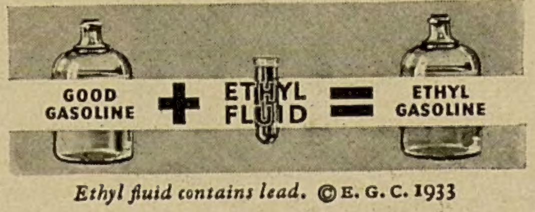

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

FEBRUARY 18, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 7

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by NORMAN GUTHRIE RUDOLPH

ANOTHER REIGN OF TERROR?

The members of the relief administration of New York State recently informed Governor Herbert H. Lehman that the funds for relief will be exhausted by June 1. The information was also given that requests for aid in New York City were increasing at the rate of fifteen hundred daily.

And New York, the wealthiest state in the Union, so the Governor states, is applying to the federal government for assistance.

Well, the writer has repeatedly warned those who are responsible for feeding the unemployed of the criminal waste in the feeding method that is almost universal—the old-time American diet which is sending people to their graves two or more decades ahead of time.

However, with this serious emergency facing New York the writer sent Governor Lehman the following telegram:

GOVERNOR HERBERT H. LEHMAN,
Albany, New York:

Your warning of the difficulties we must soon face in feeding the unemployed should put fear into the heart of every intelligent and patriotic citizen. When millions of people have to go hungry we have to feed them or fight them.

Nearly a year ago I anticipated this situation and carried on a public demonstration to illustrate how cheaply people could be fed to sustain life and health on a palatable diet. Several times in editorials I have called attention to the waste in feeding the unemployed.

With such rigid economies as are necessary and wholly practicable we could feed one million people on a palatable diet that would sustain life and health for ten thousand dollars a day or one cent each. I am so confident that this is true that I would sign a contract on that basis as long as prices remain as they are today, if the government would furnish the buildings and equipment.

From ten to twenty times this amount per person is being spent now. Why not induce all organizations receiving state funds to feed their dependents on this rigid and demonstrated plan? The so-called balanced diet may be needed in some cases for those who are ill or overfed, but for really hungry people it is mostly bunk. Almighty God balanced the diet perfectly when he grew a grain of wheat.

This year will mark the fiftieth anniversary of my interest in and study of diet not in laboratory tests but in the human stomachs of millions of people, including my own. I am a young man at sixty-five because I know how and what to eat.

It is my firm belief that it is only food conservation of this rigid and practical nature that will save millions from real hunger and the serious upheavals that always follow it.

Macfadden Foundation's three penny restaurants in New York are feeding nearly ten thousand people daily on a self-sustaining basis and for a few cents per person, and constitute an everyday proof of what I have said. Please command me if I can help you in any way in meeting the great emergency which you have had the foresight and courage to point out.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

This telegram is being published because the situation is just about as acute in many other states of the Union, and the same costly mistakes are being made. People can be fed with palatable, nourishing food at the unbelievable cost referred to above. It is no theory. It is easily capable of being practically demonstrated.

The diet will, of course, have to consist almost entirely of the various grains with which we are overstocked everywhere. And those who are compelled to live on this restricted diet will in practically every instance find their health greatly improved.

Unless this remedy is adopted, nearly every city may have to face hungry mobs of frenzied citizens. And you cannot argue with people of that sort. You have to feed them or you have to fight them.

Here is the remedy; and wherever it is adopted there will be no starving people, and the danger that brought bloody revolutions to France and Russia can be avoided.

Those who might desire further information on the rigid diet referred to in the above telegram can secure it by forwarding a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.
Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.
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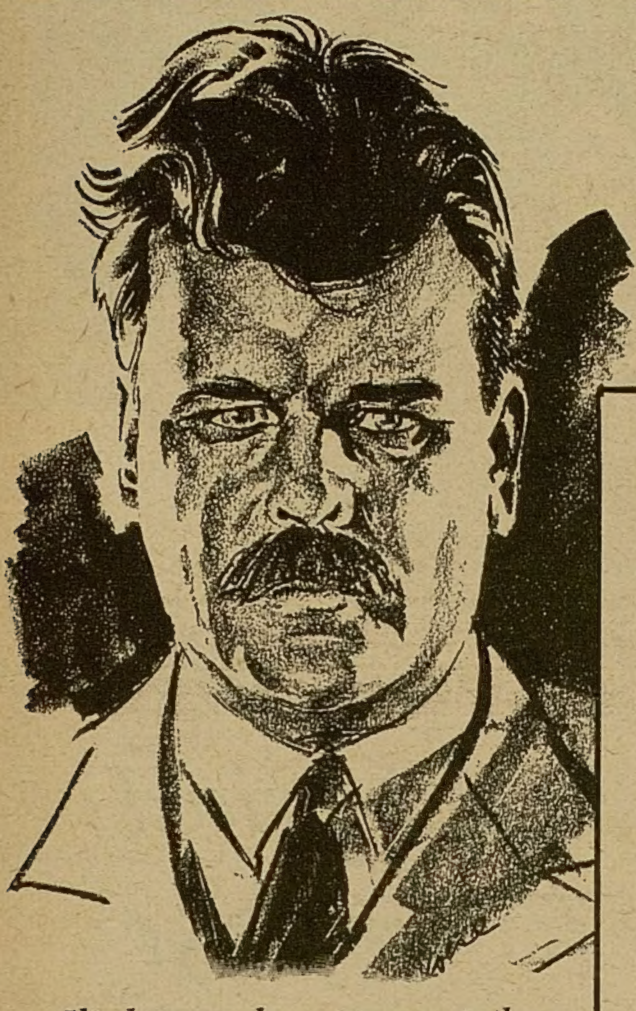
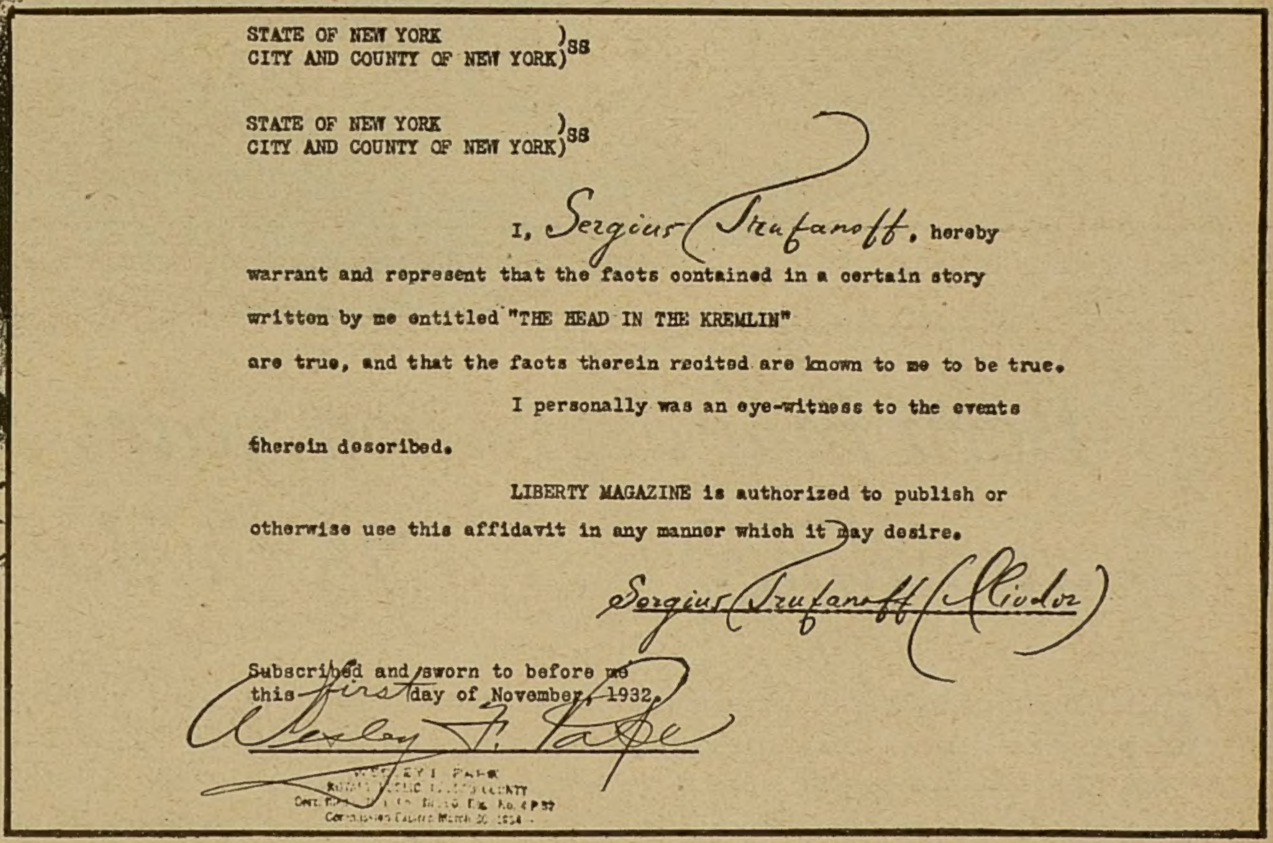
The MYSTERY *of the* HEAD in the KREM



Iliodor as he appears today. His name in private life is Sergius Trufanoff. At right is his affidavit, vouching for this article as being the truth.



STATE OF NEW YORK)ss
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK)

STATE OF NEW YORK)ss
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK)

I, Sergius Trufanoff, hereby warrant and represent that the facts contained in a certain story written by me entitled "THE HEAD IN THE KREMLIN" are true, and that the facts therein recited are known to me to be true.

I personally was an eye-witness to the events therein described.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE is authorized to publish or otherwise use this affidavit in any manner which it may desire.

Sergius Trufanoff (Iliodor)

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this first day of November, 1932.

By ILIODOR, *the "Mad Monk"*

(Reading time: 26 minutes 45 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Iliodor is a historical figure. Before the World War he was an intimate and at times the confessor of the Czar and his family. He was also, at Tsaritsyn (now Stalingrad), the abbot of a large monastery which he himself had built. With his fiery eloquence, his liberalism, so exceptional in a Russian churchman, made him known the world around as the "Mad Monk," and in Russia also as the "Great Curser."

Lacking corroboration, Liberty presents this story solely on his authority and responsibility. His affidavit in support of it is reproduced in facsimile on this page.

He is a Don Cossack, born in 1880. In 1905 he took the priestly habit, and soon afterward, through Rasputin, he gained admission to the court and the imperial household. Later, discovering Rasputin's real nature, he denounced him, but the result was that he himself was unfrocked and in 1914 had to fly for his life. After four years in Norway and this country, he returned to Soviet Russia. In 1922 he came again to the United States, where he has since lived.

TO begin with, I shall tell you how I first met the man who killed the Czar of Russia.

In 1906 I was a monk-priest in royal Russia, having my own monastery in Tsaritsyn. I was a friend of Rasputin and of Czar Nicholas II, serving the Little Father as confessor. It was in that year that I went on a lecture tour through the southern provinces. I was appealing to the people against their submission to "enslavement," especially by the corrupt provincial governors. Such a theme was radicalism in those days, even though I did bespeak loyalty to a "democratic" Czar.

At that time I was known as "Iliodor, the Monk-Priest," and had a considerable following.

One night in Rostov-on-Don, after the evening's address, a group of men sent a message asking to see me. I suggested they come later to my hotel, and they agreed.

There were five of them, headed by a tall, lean youth. When they appeared I started to give my blessing. But their leader stopped me.

"We are revolutionaries," he said. "We do not recognize the Church."

"Then let us meet as civilians," I said, extending my hand.

The leader gripped my fingers and I noticed that his were peculiarly large, long, and bony.

"Father Iliodor," he said, "why do you preach revolutionary ideas and at the same time defend the Czar?"

For want of a better reply, I said: "That's my belief."

"What is the difference between our ideas, then?"

"I think our ideas are identical," I said. "The difference is that my upbringing and birth put me under a

An Astounding Revelation of a Soviet Secret and Why an Impostor Can Never Reclaim the Throne of the Murdered Czar

LIN

banner on which is written, 'Czar, Faith, and Fatherland,' while yours have placed you under a red flag bearing the label, 'Workers of the World, Unite.'"

He regarded me in silence, then smiled broadly.

"Father," he said, "I am glad to have met Father Iliodor, the revolutionary. I'm glad to learn that a priest-monk reads our gospel."

Twelve years passed and I found my own career wrecked by my political activities and by my tardy but bitter opposition to that erstwhile friend of mine, Rasputin. I was an exile returning from the United States.

The Czar, too, had met with ruin. He was a prisoner of the Reds, doomed to go to Siberia.

WHEN I arrived in Vladivostok, the Reds promptly arrested me and wired to Moscow asking what to do with me. In those days the wires had to be relayed; hence, every big city *en route* learned of my return. When the Kremlin's order to let me proceed was relayed back, the same wide knowledge of the message occurred.

May 2, 1918, about 300 versts from Ekaterinburg in Russia proper, our train suddenly halted near a small station. Red soldiers began a thorough search of the train. Startled, I asked the train master why.

He eyed me from head to foot.

"You are Father Iliodor?"

"Yes."

He smiled slightly.

"To you I will tell it; but, mind, you must tell no one."

I nodded.

"The Czechoslovaks are advancing on Ekaterinburg!"

"And so?" I asked, refusing to be impressed.

"What do *you* say of it?"

"What do you?"

"Well, we got a telegram saying that the ex-Czar, while being transferred from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg—"

He paused.

"Yes?" I said eagerly.

"He has escaped!"

"You're searching for him on this train?"

"Yes."

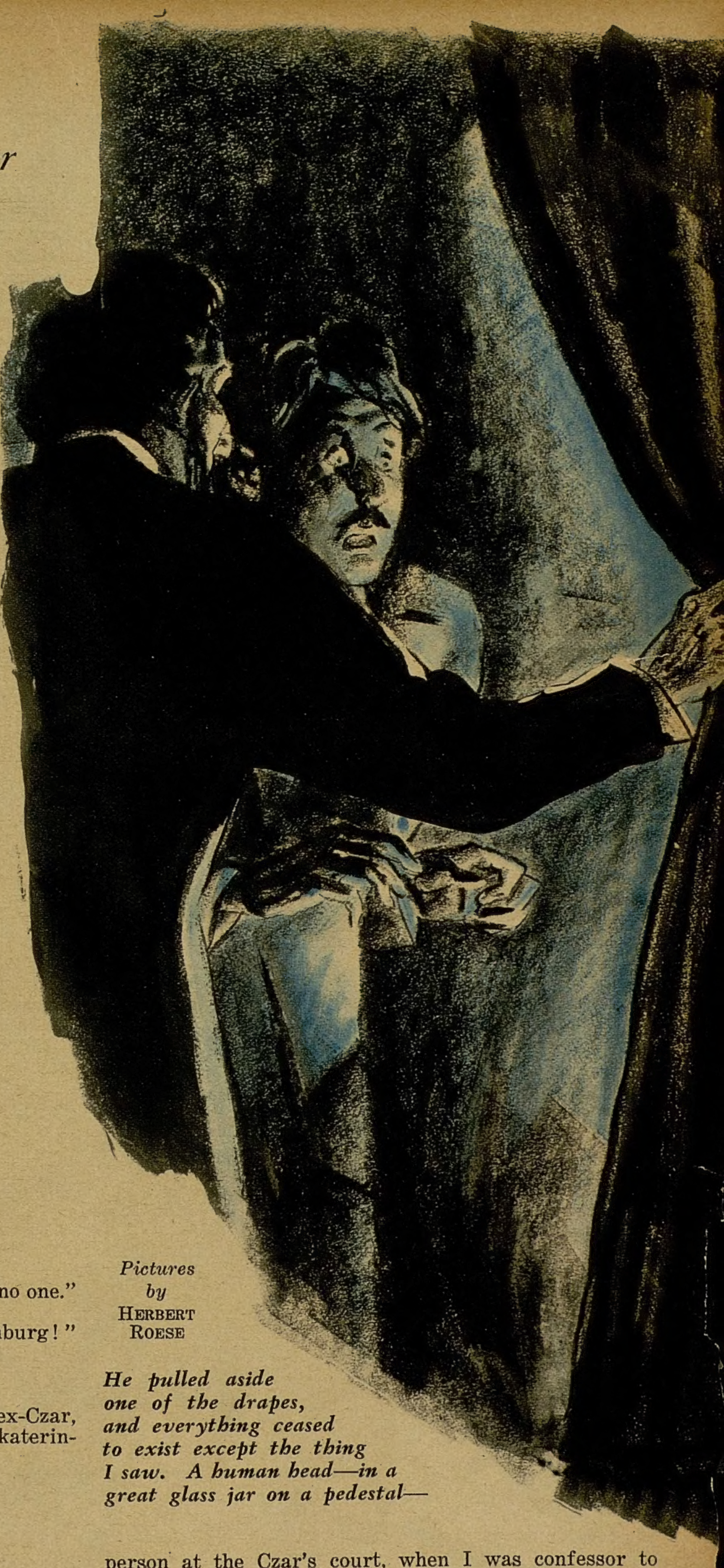
"But we're headed *toward* Ekaterinburg!"

"Perhaps a fleeing man might double back on his trail like the rabbit!"

And with those words he walked away.

I was astounded by the possibility that Nicholas II and I were on the same train. The idea fascinated me. It brought back memories of the days when I was a welcome person at the Czar's court, when I was confessor to Nicholas, his Czarina, and their children, when Rasputin and I were inseparable friends.

May 3, as our train neared Ekaterinburg, I met the monk Seraphim. He told me the Czar and Czarina had not escaped but had been brought safely to Ekaterinburg. Arriving there, I was much surprised to meet Heonia Guseva, that young woman revolutionary who in January,



Pictures by HERBERT ROESE

He pulled aside one of the drapes, and everything ceased to exist except the thing I saw. A human head—in a great glass jar on a pedestal—

1914, had made one of the attempts on Rasputin's life. She told me she had been in Ekaterinburg since the general amnesty, and at the moment she was the lover of one Anatoly, a member of the Secret Police Department. She, too, had been employed by it on several minor errands.

“ Well, if you are as surprised to see me as—”

“ I am not surprised,” she cut in. “ You see, Comrade Voikov—he's the Red commandant here—sent me to this station to meet you.”

“ What! ”

“ Oh, don't be alarmed. He wants you to come to see him. He said he knew you.”

Puzzled as I was, I could not forget that the ex-Czar was probably in the city. Desire to see him possessed me completely, even if it meant snubbing this Red commandant. But I learned that my train would be there at least ten hours, and so decided to see Voikov and then try to gain admittance to the “ prison ” of Nicholas II.

IT was Good Friday; Easter was approaching. I emptied the traveling bag I carried and hailed an *igvoschik.* Guseva and I ordered the driver to take us to the Red commandant's headquarters. We stopped on the way to buy Easter eggs and Easter bread for the ex-Czar.

At the headquarters a comparatively young man in a khaki uniform sat at a huge desk. When he saw me he rose at once and extended his hand. Without thinking I looked down at it. He had peculiarly long, bony fingers. I glanced up at him quickly, realizing on the instant that this was the youth who had led the five revolutionaries to see me at Rostov in 1906! I even remembered that his name had been Leonid Voikov.

He greeted me cordially and dismissed Guseva. For a while we talked of old times. Then he said:

“ Doubtless you know the Czar is here? ”

“ Yes,” I replied, my heart beginning to throb. “ As a matter of fact, I would like to see him, if possible.”

The commandant smiled.

“ That is exactly why I had you directed here. I want you to see him.”

“ You *want* me to? But why? ”

He smiled still more broadly.

“ I'll explain on our way. Have you baggage? ”

“ Just a satchel.”

He had the bag opened and inspected. When he saw the Easter provisions he grinned, and declared the bag officially passed. Whereupon we went out to the street and hailed a cab.

“ Besides wanting to meet you again,” he said, “ I had reasons for wishing to bring you face to face with the Czar. The Whites laid plans to seize him while he was being transferred from Tobolsk, but we thwarted them—just as we have done with all their other plots. They will *never* succeed. Never.”

He turned to me excitedly.

“ The Romanovs will never get out of here alive! ”

“ What do you mean, Comrade Voikov? ”

He glanced at me sharply, but went on:

“ Even the Whites themselves now realize that they can never rescue him. And so they are preparing to put up an impostor in his place. I know that positively. That will fail, too.”

“ What are you going to do about it? ” I asked.

“ I have a plan that will ruin such schemes for all time. You, of all people, knew the Czar intimately. Your word that you saw and recognized him here will be indisputable.” His eyes seemed literally to pierce me. “ That is part of my plan.”

“ And the rest? ”

“ Is a sealed secret I cannot bare even to you.”

For the remainder of our trip he talked freely—upon other subjects. At last we arrived before a massive house, obviously a former private residence. High wooden fences guarded two sides of the comparatively small grounds.

RED soldiers met our cab. We encountered others in the yards; still others guarding the small staircase outside the house. At the top of these stairs we were ushered into an extraordinarily large room. Trunks, satchels, cases, and other pieces of baggage were stacked on the floor and against the walls, suggesting very recent arrival—or expectation of very sudden departure!

A Red soldier followed us, carrying my traveling bag.

A moment later I was in the presence of the Czar and Czarina—was alone with them. Neither recognized me; they looked at me questioningly. I quite understood it. My monk's frock was gone, my goatee shaved off, and my figure had filled out because of my abandonment of a priest-monk's ascetic life. Even my voice, no longer accustomed to the intonations of long prayers, was different.

It was the Czarina whose face first lighted. She turned to the Czar.

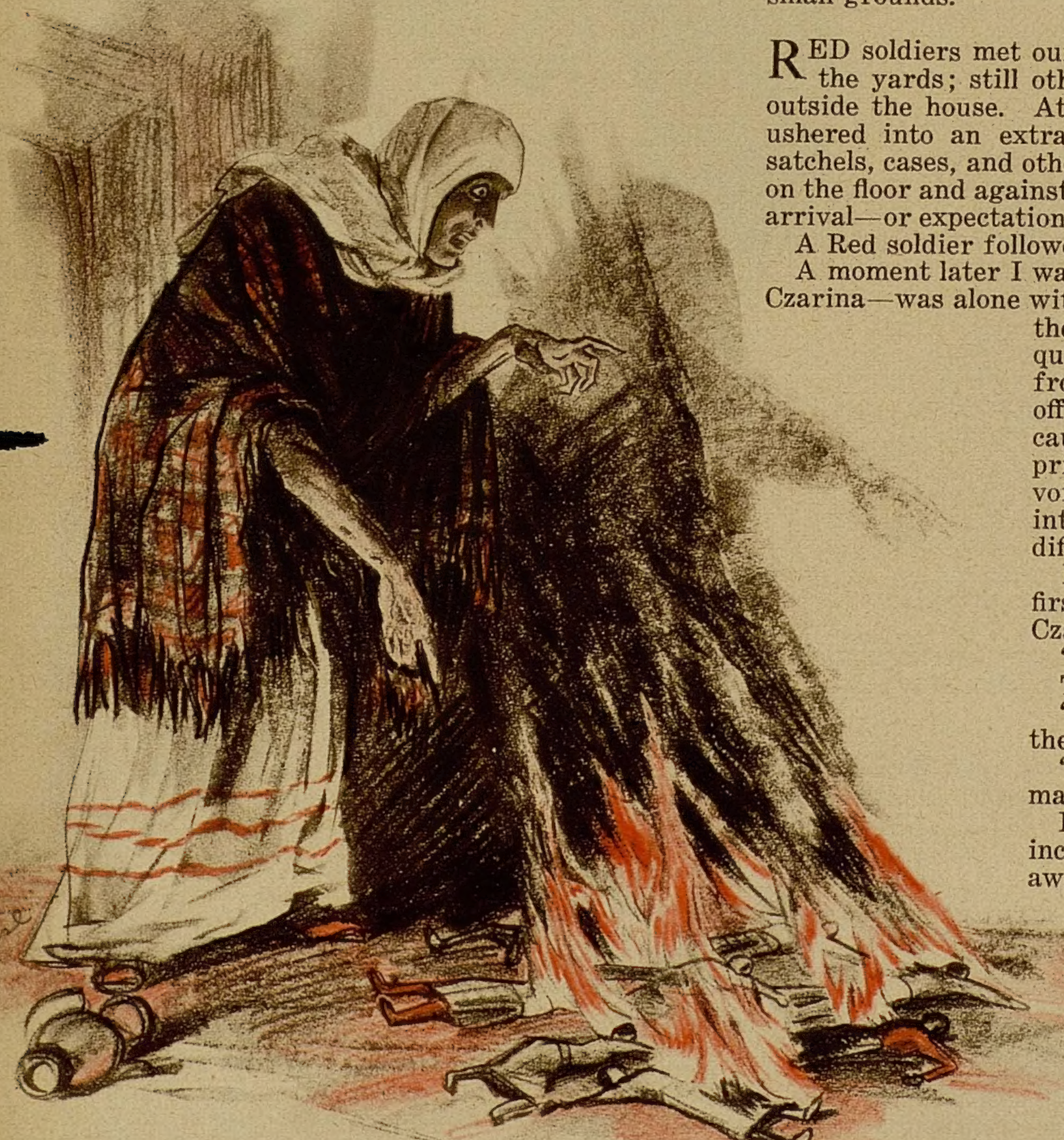
“ It is Father Iliodor,” she said.

The Czar looked at me a moment.

“ I am very glad to see you, Father Iliodor.”

“ And I to see you, Citizen Romanov.”

I bowed to the Czarina and she inclined her head slightly forward away from the back of her chair.



When the dolls were blazing, she shrieked: “ That is the future! All of you will burn! I am glad! I hate you! ”

She had been embroidering. The Czar stood before a makeshift easel, sketching. Neither seemed nervous or worn by the trials they had undergone.

For a time we talked trivialities of our past acquaintance, avoiding any direct reference to the break over Rasputin. But all the while there was a question in the back of my mind, a question which had occurred to me the moment I had conceived the idea of seeing the Romanovs. In 1910 there had been quite a stir in Russia over a clairvoyant known as Marfa Semivnovna. She lived in Tsaritsyn, where I had my monastery. Many people were convinced that she possessed the power of prophecy, and the superstitious rumors about her spread like wildfire. Eventually the Czarina heard of the woman. Like her husband, Feodorovna was steeped in mysticism and magic, and the story impressed her deeply. She at once summoned Marfa to come to her. But Marfa, with insolence made possible only by her profession, flatly refused.

After much wrangling the Czarina decided she would herself go to Tsaritsyn and have Marfa come to her there. But Marfa would not agree to it. The Czarina, however, was determined, and made threats of arrest. Thereupon Marfa capitulated. Feodorovna hastened to Tsaritsyn, ready to gaze into the future.

They met in the house of Mme. Liebedeva, a rich merchant woman. Marfa always conducted herself strangely, to frighten her clients. She mumbled her words and made unintelligible gestures and horrible grimaces.

When this half-mad creature came into the presence of the Czarina, she unwrapped eight dolls which she had brought in a shawl. Violently she threw them to the floor, shrieking over and over:

" They are you—they are you!—all of you! "

Then she poured red fluid from a teapot (really kerosene with coloring matter dissolved in it) over the dolls, and applied a match to them, one by one. When all were blazing she shrieked:

" That is the future! All of you will burn! I see blood—much blood. Multitudes of people will die—one brother will slay another. I am glad—glad! I hate you! Ah, there is much, much blood! "

And the excited clairvoyant rushed from the house.

The Czarina was terrified. She and her ladies hurriedly took their leave of Mme. Liebedeva and fled to St. Petersburg. Feodorovna was depressed during the entire journey and seemed to carry the impression of terror for many months.

NOW, I thought to myself as I talked to these deposed rulers, the blood has come and brothers have killed brothers in the revolution. Seven of the eight " dolls " are captives, their fate hanging by a thread.

Suddenly the conversation came to a halt, possibly as a result of my own preoccupation. Then, like a man under a spell, I heard myself asking:

" Maria Feodorovna, do you remember the clairvoyant, Marfa, who foretold both the war and the revolution? "

" I remember," she answered evenly.

" Do you believe the rest of the prophecy will be fulfilled? "

The Czarina paled.

" Everything is possible," she said in a low voice. " Gregory Yefimovitch [Rasputin] also foretold the war."

" Do you remember that scene at the house of Liebedeva when Marfa made her prophecy about the dolls? "

The Czarina started, bowed her head, and began to weep.

" What a fool I was! " she sobbed. " What a fool—not to know."

Staring at her in dismay, it occurred to me that I should be ashamed of having mentioned so disturbing a matter. It was the Czar who saved the situation. Seeing his beloved " Sunshine " in tears, he turned to me as though unaware of her and asked:

" From what place have you come to Russia? "

" America," I replied.

" Ah, America. And what do they think of the Russian situation? "

I told him, and spoke also of a book published in America that purported to be his journal, actually written by him. He was interested at once and questioned me about it.

"I had nothing to do with the writing of such a book," he said positively, at last.

Presently the Czarina controlled her tears and rejoined the conversation. They told me they would have liked to be spared the constant travel from one prison to another, but were afraid to make such a request lest a plot be suspected.

I OPENED the traveling bag and placed the Easter provisions on the table.

" You will remember the old Russo-Christian custom," I said. " I have brought you your Easter Day."

" So much! " exclaimed the former empress. " What will we do with it all? "

" Perhaps you can share it with the children when they arrive from Tobolsk."

Again they were oppressively silent.

Then, as I prepared to go, the ex-Czar came forward and pressed my hand warmly. Alexandra Feodorovna merely arose and bent slightly forward. I bowed my way out.

Voikov did not speak until we were again in the cab.

" So you recognized them? "

" Of course."

" You would swear they were the genuine Romanovs? "

" Certainly I could."

" *Would.*"

" Yes, *would.*"

His manner was somehow disquieting. I left him as soon as I could gracefully do so.

Next day I left Ekaterinburg. May 11 I arrived in Tsaritsyn, where my monastery was. It was there that I heard the news of the royal family's execution. Naturally I was shocked, and as naturally was reminded of Comrade Voikov and his grim prophecy that the Czar would never leave Ekaterinburg alive.

Some time later (August 5) I met Heonia Guseva on the street in Tsaritsyn. Both of us started violently. For my part, I was astonished not only at her presence there but also at her appearance. She was no longer the spirited, vivacious creature I had known. A disastrous maturity seemed to have fallen upon her, digging lines into her face, casting a shadow of age upon her very body.

" Comrade Guseva! " I exclaimed. " What brings you here? What has happened to you? "

" I come," she said, " from Moscow."

" And what were you doing there? "

" I was with Comrade Voikov."

" Oh. Well, then, you must have had an interesting trip." There was no reason, I thought, to inflict my horror at the Ekaterinburg slaughter upon her.

" It was beastly! " she cried.

" What do you mean, Heonia? "

" It is too painful to discuss, Father Iliodor."

Then, sensing that I was hurt, she went on reluctantly:

" When the Czechoslovaks' advance on Ekaterinburg actually came, the District Executive Committee decided to carry out the plan of Comrade Voikov. So—so the royal family—was done away with."

" And? "

" I went to Moscow and, according to the plan, met Comrade Voikov there. Then we came here."

" Why did you have to go to Moscow? "

" To complete the plan."

" What was that? "

She dropped her eyes.

" I cannot tell that even to you."

A chill ran through me. " Not even to you." The identical words that Voikov himself had said to me!

" Did you go to the execution? "

" No. Anatoly saw it."

" How did the Little Father die? "

" Anatoly said he seemed to be in a daze—bewildered—

Marfa, the clairvoyant who in 1910 foretold the war and the fate of the Russian royal family. From a photograph in Iliodor's possession.

until just at the last."

"You are still with Anatoly?"

"Yes, he is with me here. He says—"

So vividly did she tell me, on his authority, how Nicholas II had died that I could fairly see the tall Voikov, standing rigid in the dim-lit cellar room of Yepatieva's house, could fairly hear him ordering that the deposed Czar, his family and attendants be brought before him. They were brought and were lined up against the wall. Voikov began in a loud voice to read the death sentence, Nicholas II blinking at him with his watery blue eyes.

But hardly a hundred words had been read when another commissar seized the paper from Voikov's hand.

"Omit the comic formalities!" he cried, trembling with nervousness. "Shoot them and be done with it!"

The ex-Czar started violently and stared wide-eyed at Voikov—began protesting—started forward toward him. Voidov raised his revolver, took careful aim, fired. Nicholas II crumpled to the floor, killed instantly by a bullet through the left eye. Then the cellar burst with sound as the other Red assassins' guns belched death.

I stared at Guseva. She paused, returning my gaze.

"Their bodies were all burned!" she exclaimed, and turning on her heel hurried off down the street.

I never saw Guseva again.

But I did see her lover, Anatoly, and he not only corroborated what she had told me but showed me such proofs that I could not possibly doubt that he had indeed been present. He had fired, he said, at the Czarina and one of her daughters, he did not know which.

A week after my encounter with Heonia Guseva I left Tsaritsyn. Five months later I returned. It was during this second visit to my old monastery that I met Anatoly.

No longer satisfied to remain in Tsaritsyn, I set forth once more. After another month of wandering and many harrowing experiences I was seized at Kamyshin by the Bolsheviki and dispatched to Moscow under heavy guard. That was March 20. On March 25 I arrived, and next day was placed in the Cheka headquarters (Secret Soviet Police, later known as G. P. U.).

THE Bolsheviki were considerate of me, even courteous. I was a prisoner but apparently was not hated. The first really important leader to meet me was the late Philix Djerjinsky, then head of the Cheka. I was asleep when he entered my room.

"Trufanoff?"

"Yes," I said, waking with a start.

"You're an honest man, I believe. Sit down and write out your credo for me. I have an idea you may be useful to us." He left at once without another word.

There was nothing to do but comply. Next day I was visited by Maxim Gorky and People's Commissar of Education Lunacharsky. They asked me about my purpose in returning to Russia and a host of other matters. When I told them I had already written my credo for Djerjinsky, they seemed satisfied.

Three days later Djerjinsky returned, read what I had written, approved it as sufficiently favorable to the Soviet régime, and not only set me free but had a comfortable room assigned to me. I was also given a food-ration card.

Several days later I was summoned by Lunacharsky. He ordered me to write a booklet on how I became a convert to Sovietism and gave me an advance of two thousand rubles. That afternoon I was called to the Kremlin for a conference with Djerjinsky and Lenin on the proposed revolutionizing of the Church. I asked Lenin to permit me to go to Tsaritsyn to get my family. But both he and Djerjinsky said they personally could do no more than refer me to the Central Executive Committee. This they promptly did.

And that is the first link in the chain of circumstances which led me eventually to one of the most gruesome secrets the Soviets ever concealed—and one that laid bare for me the rest of the "plan" of Comrade Voikov. It was at the Central Executive Committee that I met ——, chief secretary then to a commissar.

AS a result of the long delay I experienced I became intimately acquainted with ——. He was a man of repellent appearance, with unusually large blue eyes. His gaze wandered perpetually. Yet his voice was unusually pleasant to hear.

In our first conversations we limited ourselves to the problem of my family. Later, when I told him how I felt about the opportunities of the new régime in Russia, he seemed vastly pleased and we opened our hearts to each other.

I met —— in Comrade Kalinin's waiting room, where I was to sit many hours on many days, waiting for a conference. I always sat on a bench near the window and ——'s desk was on the other side of that window. Day after day he would look up at my approach, and when he had finished the work with which he was immediately engaged, we would talk. We talked of the Whites, of the fate of Nicholas II, and of impostors who might pretend to be Nicholas.

"No impostor can possibly deceive the people," he said emphatically. "The Romanovs are dead beyond question."

The finality of his manner overwhelmed me. *So* like Voikov! What terrible secret could give these men such complete confidence?

Yes, and destroy Guseva's fiery spirit! Was the Czar alive—or half alive—or had they deliberately driven him insane, preserving his living corpse as a witness?

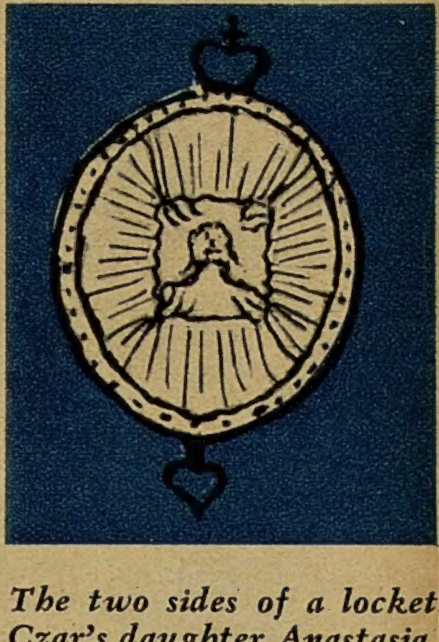
I knew none of these things could really be. The Czar was dead. I knew he had been killed as surely as any man could know without having actually seen the execution.

I did not ask —— to tell me. I knew better. Instead, I pressed my insistence that, after all, he could not be sure of his ground. And he debated and debated. We made excursions into history, examining the cases of famous impostors and pretenders to thrones, dwelling upon their influence upon the march of political events. Always he insisted there could be no impostor in Russia. The more facts I marshaled to show him he was wrong, the more oddly excited he became.

On April 16, 1919, I made my usual visit to the Kremlin to see Comrade Kalinin. As usual, I was told that there was no decision yet and that Kalinin was busy. A little later, perhaps, he might be able to see me, and would I please try to be patient.

And so —— and I began our old argument. I was stirred by my own personal disappointment about my family and so waxed a bit eloquent anent impostors as if thereby to gain vicarious release from my pent-up impatience.

"You sit here in Moscow," I said, "thousands of miles from the fronts, and thus you know very little of what is actually going on. I have just come from a tour of *numerous* fronts and I have seen much and heard more.



The two sides of a locket
Czar's daughter Anastasia,
by Anatoly. As sketched

Do you know that all over Russia rumors are spreading that Nicholas the Second is alive, that he is living in Germany, and that to each returning Russian soldier he gives a silver ruble? Do you know that in the regions of the Ural Mountains, Siberia, along the Volga, and elsewhere the people are implicit in their belief that the Czar lives?"

"Yes, my friend, but—"

"Do you know that on the Astrakhan steppes there has already appeared an impostress who claims she is Alexandra Feodorovna and that she is even now in command of the partisan detachments of the Ukraine, Taganrog, Don Cossacks, and Siberia? Do you know that?"

"But, Comrade Trufanoff, I also know that—"

"Do you know," I rushed on, "that posters are appearing as if by magic proclaiming that the Czar will very soon return to head his royal regiment? And do you know how all these things stir the people?"

—— stared at me as I finished. His large blue eyes shone. Presently he rose and went to a cabinet on the other side of the room. When he returned he held a bundle of keys in his hand.

"Come with me," he said.

I followed him into the corridor, supposing that he was taking me to Comrade Kalinin. But we did not go to that office. Instead we turned to the left and walked a long way. Finally he stopped, unlocked a door, and led me into a room.

IT was a long, narrow apartment with a single small window. We went on into an adjoining room. Here on a huge table were stacked trunks, satchels, and bags of all sizes and shapes. Vaguely I recalled seeing them somewhere before. Suddenly I realized where—at Ekaterinburg when I had visited the Czar and Czarina! The luggage of the royal family!

I cannot understand to this day why I was not roused to anticipate something extraordinary. It did not occur to me to marvel over ——'s behavior, nor over the baggage in the room.

I did notice at once that the room was almost square, that it had two windows, that there was a door leading to still another room.

Then I saw that near this second door was a curtained boothlike structure. At the same instant —— pulled aside one of the drapes and everything ceased to exist except the thing I saw.

A human head—in a great glass jar, resting on a crude pedestal—the left eye an open wound. The head of Czar Nicholas II.

Doubt did not exist, could not exist. It was the head of the ex-Czar.

The Czar's head! The Czar's head!

Then, like a fresh current of electricity, came realization. Voikov's "plan"—the rest of Voikov's "plan"!

I stood petrified, unable to take my eyes from the jar; unable, indeed, even to shift my gaze from the dead face turned slightly upward by the head's position.

given by Rasputin to the and taken from her body from the locket by Iliodor.

Then —— dropped the curtain. Dazedly I followed him from the room, watched him lock the door, and then followed him as he retraced his way to the waiting room.

As we crossed the threshold he spoke:

"He is not here."

"Who?"

"Comrade Kalinin."

I had forgotten Kalinin. I had forgotten my wife, my children, everything but one thing. I walked mechanically to the bench near his desk and sat down. I seemed unable to rouse myself and gazed straight before me in utter stupefaction. I was dimly aware of his replacing his keys in the cabinet. Then suddenly he was tapping me on the shoulder. His fingers betrayed his nervousness.

"Did you see?" His voice, too, was unsteady.

I raised my eyes. Gradually his meaning penetrated my befuddled brain.

"Yes," I said. "I saw the trunks."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing."

"Good."

And he walked out of the room.

I remained on the bench.

I do not know how much later I arose; but when I did so, my brain had already encysted the picture of what I had seen, protecting itself forever against the recurrence of the shock I had endured.

When I left the Kremlin I noticed that the steps were dirty and reflected that it was a shame someone did not think to clean them.

Anatoly, one of the slayers of the Romanovs. His sweetheart took the Czar's head to Moscow. From a photograph in Iliodor's possession.

It is now fourteen years since I saw the dead face of Nicholas II staring from the horrible glass jar in the Kremlin at Moscow. Is it still there? Or have the Soviets become so secure in their rule that, fearing impostors of royalty no longer, they have disposed of Voikov's "ace in the hole"? I do not know, of course. Perhaps ——, who still is a part of the Soviet government, can tell the world if it is still there. There are indubitably others who could do so. But I do not know who they are. I could only guess, since I never knew more than two others for whose knowledge of the dread secret I could absolutely vouch. One was Anatoly. It was he who told me later that Voikov ordered the bodies of the family carted to a wood near Ekaterinburg, and before burning them (having saturated them with crude oil) slashed off the Czar's head with a heavy butcher knife.

BUT enough of Anatoly's story. Let us content ourselves with saying that he still lives in Russia. Voikov is dead, slain in a railroad depot by a royalist because it became known that it was he who killed the Czar. Heonia Guseva, too, is dead.

Perhaps the manner of her death should be set down here.

It seems that she developed a habit of climbing upon fences, stoops, and other raised-up places, there to harangue whomsoever would listen. In these tirades she screamed to the crowds of the curious an incoherent story about the Czar's head.

"I carried the head of Nicholas the Second to Moscow!" she would shreik; and as the gathering crowd gaped, she would recount gruesome, detailed descriptions of the severing of the head and its appearance in the suitcase in which she carried it. She told how the "dreadful presence" of the head drove her many times during the long journey to find a place of privacy, there to open the case and stare at the dead face.

"She is mad," people said. "Utterly demented and insane!"

Soviet officials heard of this "madness." Such a disturber of the peace, they decided, was not conducive to progress of the state. So they dragged her before a firing squad and Red bullets riddled her pretty body and put to sleep forever her "mad" brain.

Strange, is it not, that insanity in the new Russia should be a capital offense?

THE END

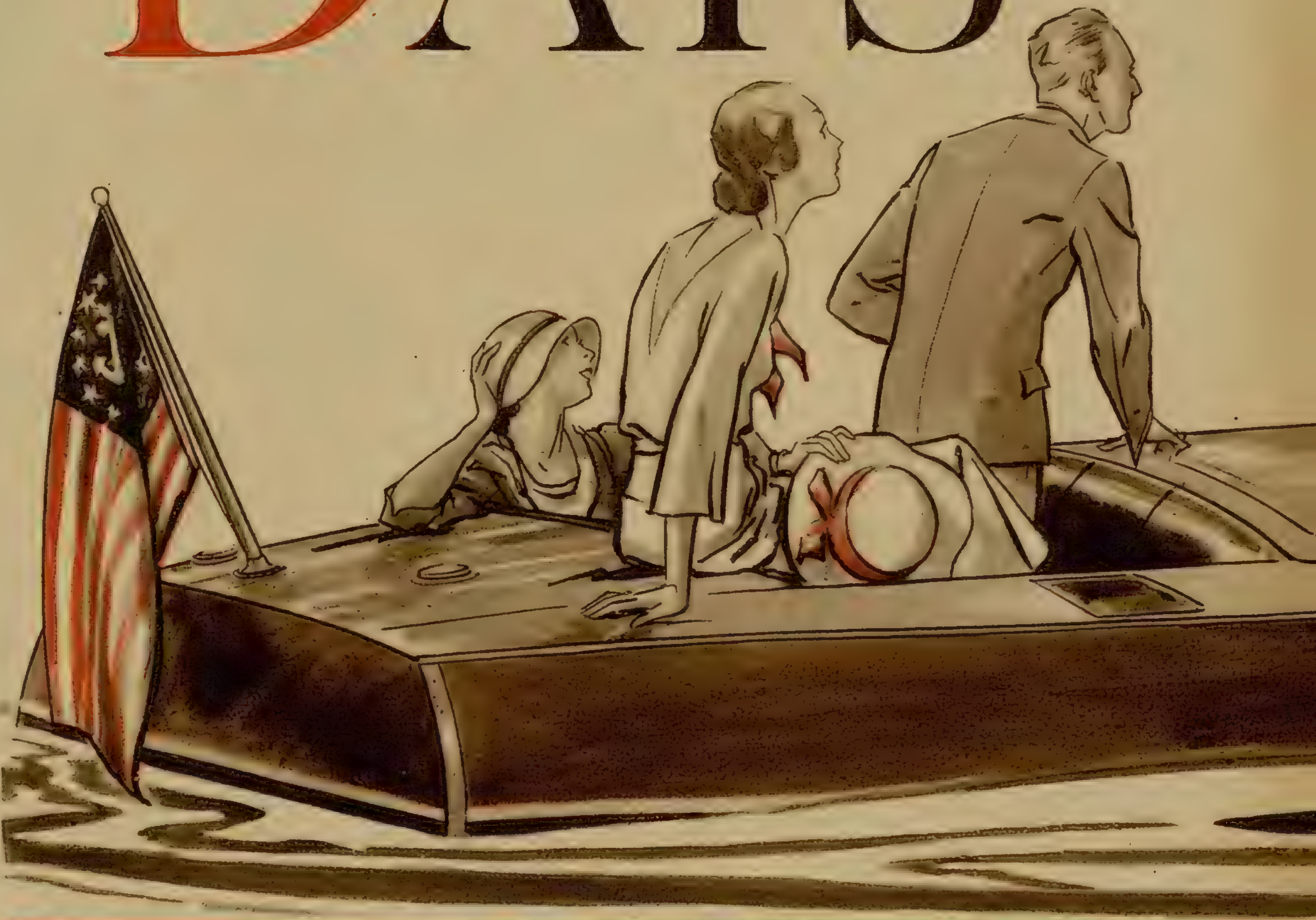
FIVE DAYS

A Midnight Battle—Mary Takes Command—The Flight—An Unexpected Encounter

(Reading time: 29 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the hilarious and exciting adventures of Beadle Preece and Swazey, the burglar. Beadle has been informed by Milton Sands that his fortune has been lost in the market by Sands. Swazey comes along to rob the Preece home and Beadle tells his story. Swazey suggests they take something of Sands', so they steal his yacht, the Electra. At New Brunswick a shanty-boat girl talks to them from the dock. At two o'clock in the morning Beadle and Swazey are awakened by a woman's screams.

PART II—THE RESCUE



Then he forgot about being annoyed because

BEADLE heard a man's voice, gruff, husky, cursing—then more screams. He raced up the companionway to the deck and fell over the mooring line, and thought he recognized the woman's voice.

There was silence for a second; then the fracas began again. It obviously came from one of the shanty scows. The swearing grew louder. The screams reached a crescendo. Beadle listened, tense with excitement. Then there was the sound of a heavy fall and scuffling and a long-drawn-out cry: "Help! Oh, help—help!"

Beadle was sure now it was the girl who had stood on the dock. With an absurd gallantry, and not having the faintest idea what he intended to do, he dove over the rail into the river, went deep down into blackness, and felt his hands touch the mud of the bottom. The touch of the slime frightened him. He began to swim hard long before he came to the surface and heard the cries again, high, plaintive, coming from straight before him.

He swam on as fast as he could, visions fleeting before his eyes of the girl being beaten and attacked. He was more than two thirds of the way to the scow when the cries ceased. His heart sank as he pictured the girl overcome—perhaps dead. With his teeth gritted and an expression of ferocious determination on his face, he thrashed on, reached the scow, and clung to it exhausted, unable to lift himself out of the water for sheer want of breath. His lungs ached, and though the river water was warm he felt chilled.

For almost a full minute he stayed there, gulping deep breaths. Then he climbed on to the scow and made his way toward the shanty at the other end. The door stood wide open and light came through it and fell in a square on the deck. He listened, and heard only the rippling of the river. Then he stepped into the doorway.

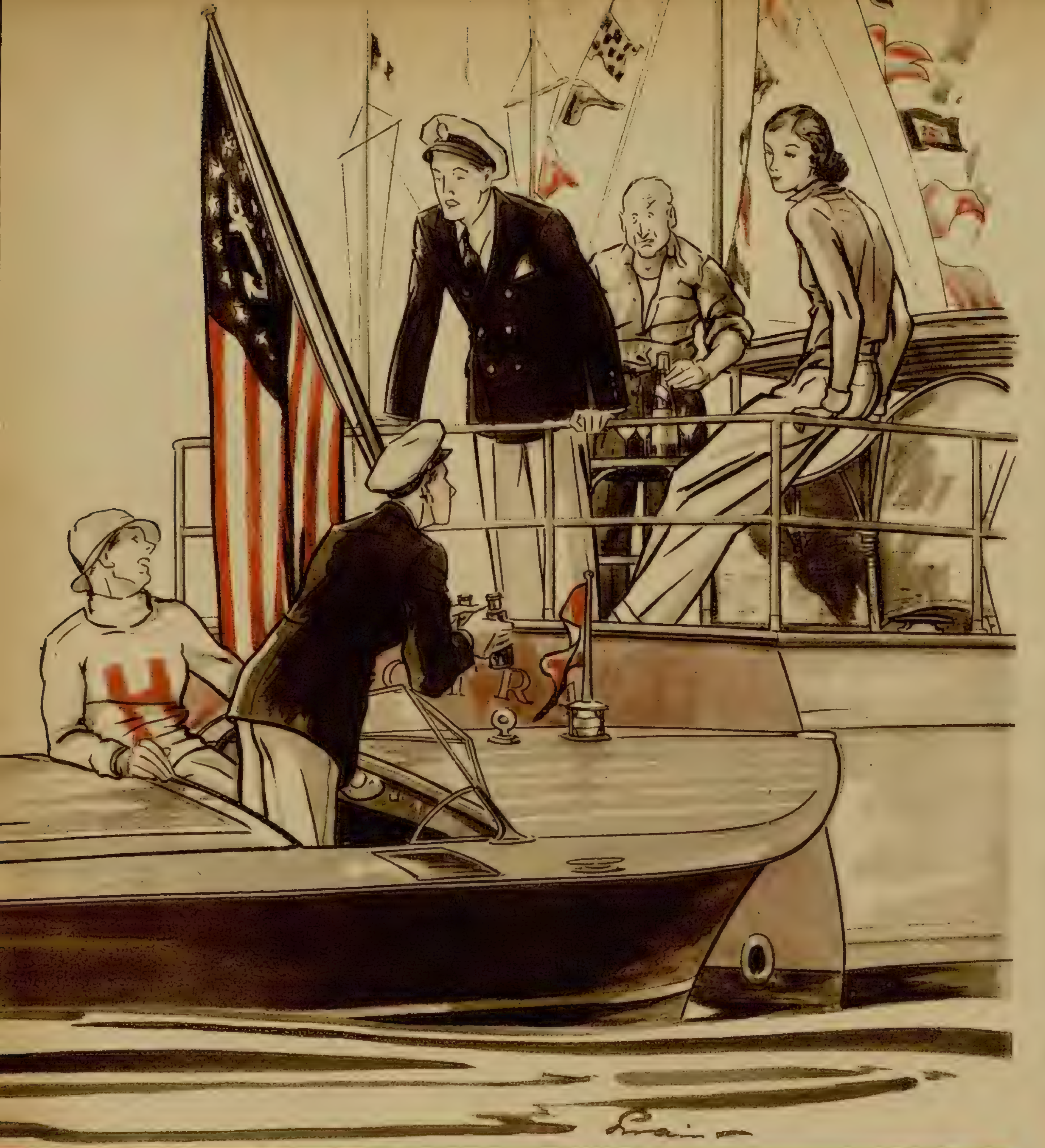
One room constituted the entire accommodations of the shanty. It was a poor room, dingy, barely furnished, lighted only by a smoky oil lamp that stood alone on a kitchen table. In one corner was the sort of sofa one sometimes sees gracing the tops of dump heaps. In another corner was the sister piece to it. Gunny sacking covered them both. The room had two small windows, so dirty they didn't even reflect the light of the lamp. The floor, of rough boards, had no covering.

On one of the sofas sat the girl who had talked to Beadle from the dock. Her eyes were wide and staring as though she were looking fixedly at something that had been in the room a little while before but was there no longer. Sweater and skirt had been replaced by a flannel nightgown that was patched and darned in many places. In her hand was a wooden mallet of the type roustabouts use for driving stakes. On the floor at her feet lay a man—a young man of huge stature, with a shock of red hair. He wore sea boots and a blue sweater. He was quite senseless.

Beadle stopped stock-still in the doorway. The scene was far more of a shock to him than it would have been had he found the girl's torn body flung across the table. He said, "Holy Moses!"

The girl looked at him then, and he knew why she had upset him so when she had stood on the dock. It was

Illustrations by
F. W. SWAIN



he recognized a girl in the stern of the boat.

By
ERIC HATCH

something about her eyes that he had felt even though he hadn't been able to see them—an intangible something that they two had in common. Her eyes were large and very dark and wistful. They seemed more wistful than they were really, because her face was hard in contrast to them. Her eyes looked the way Beadle felt a good deal of the time, and he recognized the look and somehow knew instinctively she was a friend.

Because Beadle was really a rather curious person, he did a rather curious thing. He walked straight across the room, stepping carefully over the débris on the floor, and shook hands with her. He said, "Hello, it's nice seeing you again. Now tell me what I can do to help you."

The girl, who, as she said, had once been aboard a yacht, had formed her own opinion of the men one found on yachts. Beadle had looked to her, with the highball glass in his hand and his absurd yachting cap cocked over one eye, like about the lowest specimen that had tied up to the wharf. He was neither large nor handsome nor sunburned, the way most of them were; nor brave-looking, although of course out for whatever they could get from a girl. It was simply beyond her understanding that such a person should have swum the river at night because she called for help.

"What do you-all want with me?"

He still held her hand. The water dripped from his clinging pyjamas.

"I don't want anything. I want to help you. You're out of luck. I'm out of luck too, so I'd like to help."

SHE looked at the figure sprawled on the floor and said irrelevantly: "Pop died a couple of weeks ago. I think he's happier now. The liquor finally got him, like I told him it would."

Beadle followed her glance.

"Poison?"

"I don't know. Hines"—she pointed—"that one—gave it to him. Pop was almost a South'n gentleman once—his pa was an officer in the war; his sword is hangin' over the bar at Uncle George's today. I don't know why I talk like this to you."

"Why, because I said I wanted to help you, of course."

The girl looked around the room, her eyes still wide, startled and frightened. Beadle had seen hares look so when the beagles had cornered them.

"I gotta get out," she said. "He's been at me ever since I been alone here. Tonight he tried to—tried to—"

"I understand," said Beadle. "But look; there must be something I can do. Swazey'll help me."

The fright in her eyes gave place to a look of hope.

"You honest-to-goodness mean it?"

Beadle nodded. She stood up and let the mallet fall.

"You can take me back to my Uncle George. I only left there 'cause I thought maybe I could keep pop straight. Now he's gone an' I gotta get back. He'll beat hell out of me when he wakes up."

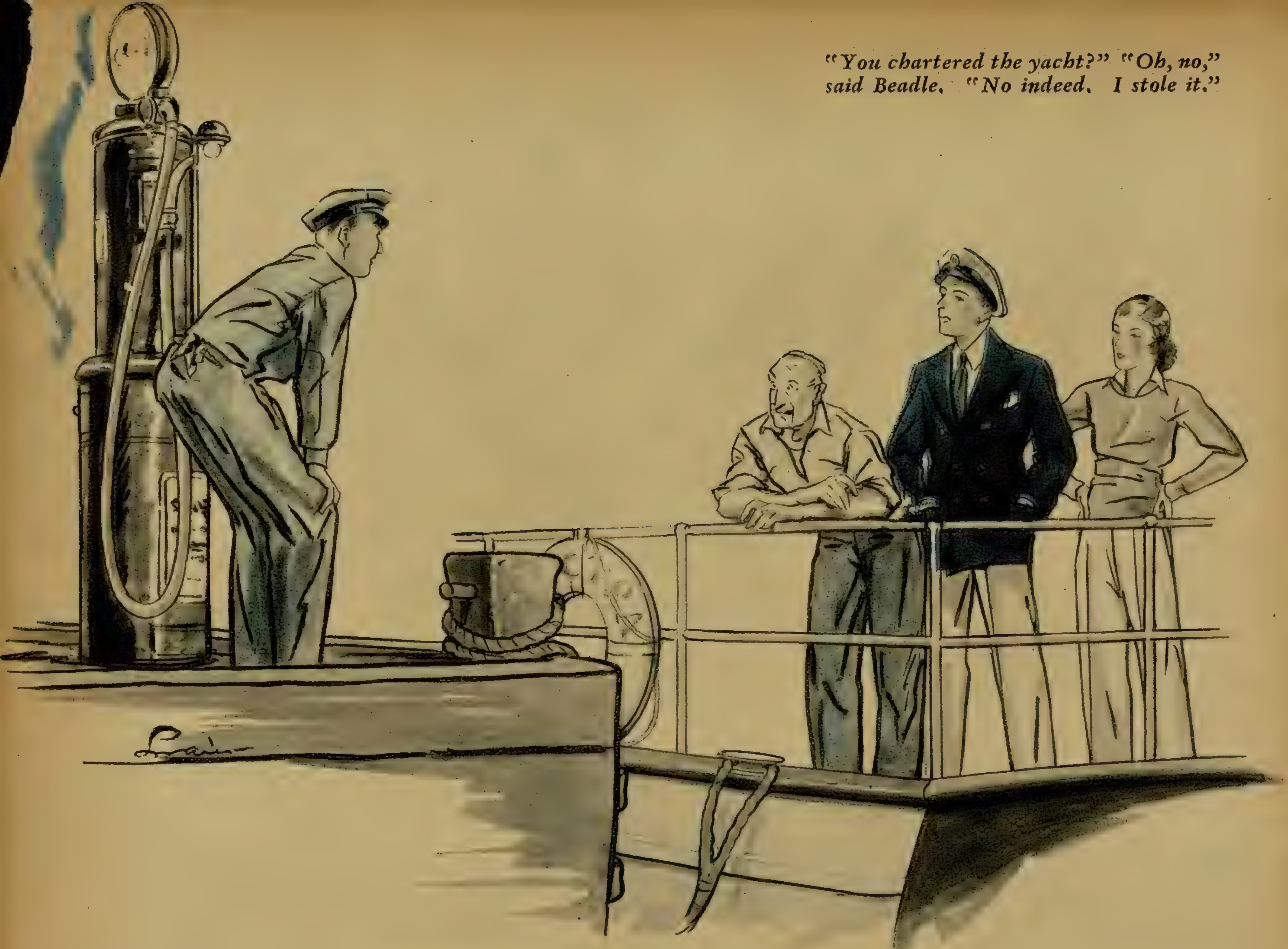
"Who?"

"Him." She gestured toward the man on the floor.

"Oh," said Beadle. "Isn't he dead? I thought you'd probably killed him."

"Naw," said the girl. "You can't kill a mutt like that just with a wooden mallet!"

She stooped and picked up the mallet, which alarmed Beadle. She was trembling with rage now, her voice



"You chartered the yacht?" "Oh, no," said Beadle. "No indeed. I stole it."

high and almost hysterical. He realized clearly the absolute necessity of removing her silently and swiftly from the region of the scow shanty before the enterprising Hines was able to get on his feet again. He grabbed her hand and led her to the door.

" Come on," he said. " We'll go root out Uncle George. Where does he live? "

" On the Chesapeake."

" My God—way down there? "

He turned and blinked at her. She saw his expression of shock.

" I suppose you-all don't want to help me now—and you with a fine yacht over there."

This wasn't quite so. Beadle did want to help her, but he had no desire whatever to have for a cruising companion this startling ragged young woman who went about carrying mallets. He'd assumed that of course Uncle George lived within taxi distance. He stood and shifted from one foot to the other, horribly worried. The girl shook her hand free and drew herself up very straight.

" You don't have to," she said. " When I saw you this evenin' I didn't think you were the kind of man that would help a girl. Then when you swam over I thought you maybe were. But you sure don't have to."

Beadle knew she was talking so in order to shame him into taking her. It made him mad. People were always putting things over on him! He turned and stepped on to the deck, ready to swim back to the yacht. A second later he felt her clutch desperately at his arm.

" Please—I didn't mean it. An'—an' he's waked up! "

Beadle looked down. Her face was close to his, and he saw that her eyes were bright again with terror. From inside the shack came a groan, followed by a curse. The girl shook violently. Beadle raised his hand in one of Swazey's half salutes.

" O. K., pal," he said with a smile. " Come on! "

" Oh, hurry! "

Still holding tightly to his arm, she led him over the deck of the scow to its stern and jumped lightly into a skiff that was tied there. Clumsily he followed her and loosed the line.

" Now quick—the other one too! "

Beadle reached over and groped for the mooring line of another skiff that lay beside them. He found it. A shout came from the cabin:

" Hey, you, come back here! "

Beadle looked up and saw the red-haired man looming in the doorway. He jerked at the line in a frenzy of haste.

THE red-haired man heard the rasping of the rope against the wood and started for them. Beadle gave a final jerk and the knot came free. The girl began to back water hard. Beadle held on to the other boat so it moved a little from the float, but the big man had reached the edge of the deck.

He gave a jump for the skiff, landed on the gunwale, and fell into the bottom of it. Then he picked himself up and caught the bow of their boat.

" Hit him! " cried the girl. " Hit him with an oar! "

The big man was halfway into their boat now.

" With an oar—my hat! "

Beadle reached behind him and grabbed the mallet that had fallen on to the floor boards when the girl jumped in. He raised it over his shoulder and swung with all his strength. With a thud it landed on Hines' chest. Beadle could hear his ribs crack as he fell backward into his own skiff.

" Attaboy, mister! "

Beadle sat down suddenly. His quaking knees were no longer able to support him.

All the way back across the river Beadle sat in the bow and wondered why he'd been such an utter ass as to mix himself up in something that didn't concern him in the least. He was sure he had killed Hines and equally sure that Hines' ghost would in short order flit over to the Electra and begin haunting him. Hines as a man was bad enough. As a ghost he would be unbearable. He sat still in the bow, shuddering.

The mallet girl, like Beadle, was content to remain silent and ply her oars with vigor. Unlike Beadle, she hadn't the faintest idea Hines was dead and she suspected that as soon as he got his breath he'd start searching for them. Just as they swung in beside the yacht, Beadle found his voice. He turned and said, "I guess I killed him. I'm sorry."

She stood up.

"I guess you didn't," she said, "and I'm some sorry."

They started to climb over the rail to the deck. Swazey was pacing and snapping his fingers. When he saw the girl coming aboard, he stopped pacing and his mouth dropped open. He looked from Beadle to the girl and back.

"What a man!" he said. "What a man!"

Beadle looked at him severely. Then he noticed that the girl still wore the flannel nightgown. He said, "Good Lord! You've still got on that flannel nightgown!"

"I can't help that," she said pleasantly. "We've got to get the hell out of here."

Beadle stepped aboard.

"Of course," he said. "To the Chesapeake."

The girl shook her head.

"No," she said; "the other way. Home's the first place Hines would look, now that he knows you're with me."

Beadle felt there was no use arguing the point. He was still dripping wet and cold. He went to his cabin and took off his pyjamas. To his surprise he heard the boat get under way and felt her gather speed. Just as she started he thought he heard a shout.

When he was fully dressed he returned to the deck house. The girl heard him as he stepped through the doorway. Without turning from the wheel she said, "I'm sorry 'bout startin' off while you were below, but there wasn't time not to."

"There wasn't time not to," echoed Beadle. "Wasn't time not to." He was trying to puzzle out what she meant. "Oh, I see. You mean because I didn't hit Hines hard enough."

The girl laughed.

"I'll say you didn't! He was tryin' to climb aboard just as I got her going. This is a good boat. Is it yours?"

"No," said Beadle. "I stole it."

She turned away from the wheel now and stared at him. When she spoke again her voice showed the awed respect Beadle's simple statement had given him in her eyes.

"Gee! You sure have got nerve!"

SHE went back to her steering, which was as well, because the Raritan, even with the tide at flood, doesn't allow overly much room for a yacht to travel at speed. Beadle put his hand to his chin and thought deeply. It seemed curious to him that doing such an outrageous thing as swiping a yacht should make someone so obviously respect him. He knew, from her conversation on the dock, that when they had first met, and she'd thought he owned the Electra, she hadn't any use for him at all. It was nice, he thought, having a girl think he had a lot of nerve. He couldn't remember anyone ever thinking that of him before. He said, "It's nice, your thinking that. Where are we going?"

She pondered a while. Then she said, "Long Island Sound, I guess, is the best. The Sound's pretty big."

"I wouldn't want to be caught there. That's where I pinched the boat."

"Say"—the girl turned again—"it's funny you weren't caught comin' into the river. I wonder—did you have anything on the guy that owns this boat?"

"Did I have anything on him?" Beadle laughed. "No, I didn't have anything on him. He was a friend of mine. He just happened to be careless enough to lose all my money for me, so Swazey thought it would be a good idea to take his boat."

"How did he lose the money?"

"In the stock market," Beadle told the girl.

"If you asked me quick-like," she said, "I'd say he was scared of you and didn't want to do anything 'bout your havin' his boat."

It hadn't occurred to Beadle that there could have been any funny business in connection with the way Milton Sands had handled his estate, but what the girl said certainly made sense. If there had been an alarm out for the boat it would have been easy enough for the coast guard to pick them up in the Lower Bay while they were asleep. Beadle had learned in the past month that Milton Sands was not the great-hearted type of man who gives away yachts to clients who have suffered financial setbacks—and he didn't think Sands would take very seriously the threat about Swazey shooting him.

He thought and thought and thought, which was hard for Beadle. The more he thought the more clearly he saw that running away was a stupid thing to do. The yacht could be found too easily. If, on the other hand, he cruised around the Sound and went to places like Newport and Larchmont and Manhasset Bay, where the Electra was well known and would be seen, and if he behaved so unconventionally that people would talk, and if then Milton Sands didn't have him arrested or anything, he'd know there had been funny business and maybe could do something about it.

"I think you're right."

"What?"

Beadle had been silent so long the girl had forgotten what they'd been talking about.

"You're right; he's afraid of me."

"Oh, him. Sure he is. Then we'll go to the Sound?"

DAY was breaking. The marshes on either side of the river stretched away into gray distance. The river ahead of them lay flat and smooth and looked more like metal than water. It was a sight worth looking at. Beadle, now that his mind was made up and he didn't have to think any more for a while, should have appreciated it; but he was staring at the girl, who by daylight looked even more incongruous there than she had before.

"We'll go all sorts of places," he said, "if only you'll go downstairs and change that gawd-awful nightgown."

When the girl went below, Beadle called Swazey to him. Swazey had been gazing at the pastoral dawn as though he didn't know just what to make of it. Beadle said, "We're going places where there're lots of people, Swazey, and be conspicuous."

"I don't get it," said Swazey.

"We want people to talk about us," said Beadle.

Swazey glanced toward the companionway down which the flannel nightgown and its owner had disappeared.

"Dey will. Say, do you t'ink dat's nice, takin' a unmarried girl cruisin' around?"

Beadle was amused at his burglar being a stickler for convention. He said, "Maybe she is married."

"Dat makes it worse," said Swazey. "Besides, she ain't got any clothes with her."

"She'll probably put on some of my white duck pants and a shirt and sweater."

"Pants!" said Swazey. "I don't hold wit' it, see? You're makin' dis into a hell-ship!" He looked away and shook his head sadly. Then Beadle explained about the ideas that had come to him anent Milton Sands. When he had done, Swazey held out his hand.

"I'm wit' you," he said. "On a percentage basis. If we get some of your dough back I gets a cut, eh? A commission for startin' you in business, eh?"

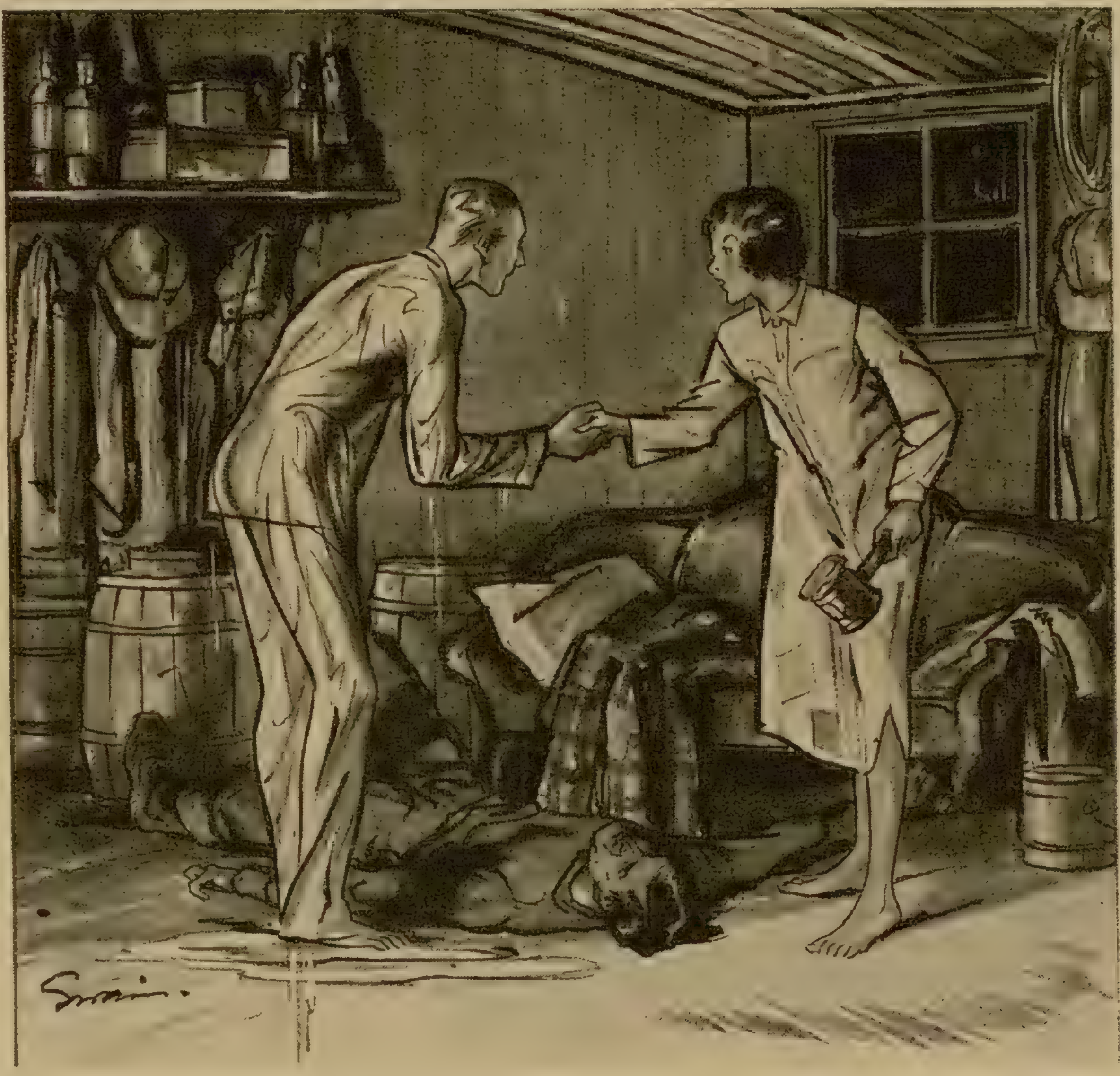
"Sure," said Beadle. Then he heard a step behind him, and turned. The girl was standing just outside the deckhouse door. She had put on trousers and a shirt and had chosen a bright yellow sweater. She'd combed her wild hair and caught it with a brightly colored necktie.

Swazey, eying the girl once more as she took the wheel, shook his head. Now that she was cleaned up she was undeniably pretty—but disturbing. Swazey feared the worst. Beadle didn't find her disturbing, but he thought the trousers and sweater became her well. She had that type of figure, rare among women, that looks well in trousers even when seen from the back. He said, "You look very nice in those things."

She nodded her head. She too thought she looked nice in them, but she was glad to be able to stare at the mouth of the river and the drawbridge ahead of them, and the channel, because she wasn't used to compliments and might have blushed if she had had to look around.

"Thanks. I like 'em."

"And she *likes* 'em!" said Swazey.



He walked straight across the room, stepping carefully over the débris on the floor, and shook hands with her. "It's nice seeing you again."

The girl blew a long blast on the whistle. The drawbridge swung open and they passed through. The silence that had followed Swazey's remark began to grow oppressive. Beadle said, "My name's Beadleston Preece."

He expected her to say, "My name's Mamie Mulligatawny," and hold out her hand the way Swazey had when they'd introduced themselves. She didn't. She turned away from the wheel and stared at him as though the name had tinkled a bell whose tone she recognized. When she spoke there was a distinct note of awe in her voice:

"Are you—the—Wealthy Sportsman?"

Beadle was fussed. There had been one particular article in the Sunday magazine section of a much read newspaper that had used that particular phrasing in referring to him. It had been a bitter article, citing him as one of "Fortune's Favorites"—a man who came by his wealth without effort, and who, being typical of his class, had been able to find nothing better to do with it than to spend it on polo ponies and curios and several unnamed chorus girls. The article had been published for the simple reason that Beadle had personally refused to buy it from the society reporter who wrote it. Secretly he had enjoyed its publication immensely because it made him seem dashingly sophisticated. And the twitting his friends had given him about it he had found highly agreeable—even Carlotta Townsend had seemed faintly impressed, though she'd said she didn't believe a word of it. He felt quite different now. This girl undoubtedly took the thing at its face value. She must think him an ass—a despicable ass and probably a cad too. He didn't answer her.

She gave her attention for a second to navigating the yacht past a coal barge. Then she faced him again.

"His name," she said, "was Beadleston Preece—and the pictures looked like you."

Beadle's mind leaped ahead. The girl, living as she did, was unquestionably a Socialist or a Red or something. He thought it might be wiser to cover his identity. Reds and people like that always resented anybody having a lot of money and acted unpleasantly about it. Sometimes they even got violent.

"You see," he began, "you see—"

Then Swazey interrupted him.

"It's him," he said, "but de poor mug's lost it. He's lost his auto*mo*biles an' his polo hosses an' his maids even, an' his house."

The girl at the wheel looked off over the harbor.

"Aw, gee," she said, "that's tough! What's it feel like to have had it—an' then to lose it?"

Beadle smiled. "It felt like hell," he said, "until Swazey came along."

"My pal!" said Swazey.

"It must be fierce!"

"It would be," said Beadle, "but, you see, I didn't have very much fun before. There weren't any chorus girls and I was a lousy polo player and I did the same things always and I don't think anybody liked me much except for what my money could give them."

The girl nodded.

"I know," she said; "it's like that in books. But gee, imagine me bein' here on a yacht with somebody like you!"

Beadle began to grow embarrassed. He shifted from one foot to the other.

"By the way," he said, "you know my name—what's yours?"

"Winlock," said the girl, and stuck out her hand.

At eleven o'clock they stopped at the gasoline barge off City Island. The Winlock miss, whose other name was Mary and who had been brought up on the waters of the Chesapeake, had taken command and had suggested that for cruising in gasoline yachts it was sometimes a good idea to have a little gasoline. It gave Beadle his first chance to be conspicuous; for the man on the barge knew the Electra well. He seemed puzzled as he made the lines fast and the familiar face of her professional captain failed to appear in the deck-house window.

He seemed more puzzled still as he noticed that Beadle wore a yachting cap obviously several sizes too large. His puzzlement reached its limits when Mary Winlock came up from the engine room, where she had been shutting off the gas lines to the motors.

"Where's Sands?" he said to Beadle.

"Oh, Sands," said Beadle. "I don't know."

"You chartered the yacht?"

"Oh, no," said Beadle. "No indeed. I stole it."

The gas man slapped his thigh and roared with laughter.

"That's a good one!" he said. "That's the best one I ever heard! Sands is meetin' you up at New London, I s'pose?"

"Why New London?"

Swazey leaned over the rail. "Yeah," he said; "why New London?"

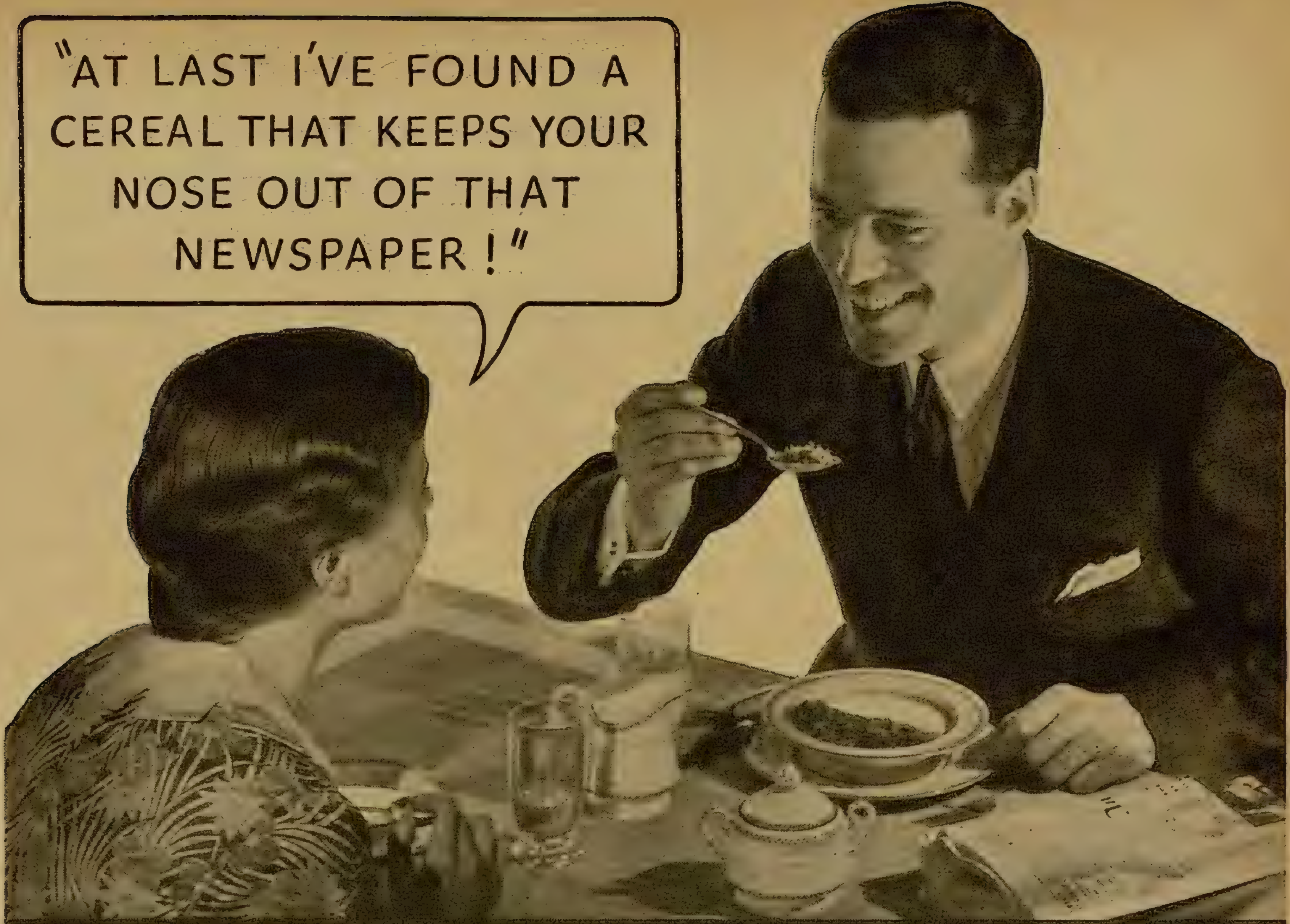
The gas man smiled—almost coyly.

"You're a great bunch of kidders," he said. "You'll make it in under four hours with the old Electra."

This obsession on the merchant's part that he go to New London began to get on Beadle's nerves. Then a thought came to him. He said, "What day is today?"

"Friday," said the gas man, "the twenty-fourth of June, and I'll give you

(Continued on page eighteen)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GRAPE-NUTS *FLAKES*

the new cereal surprise... companion to Grape-Nuts

(Continued from page sixteen)

two to one against Harvard."

"I'm a Yale man myself," said Swazey. "Hotcha!"

Harvard and Yale—the river—hundreds and hundreds of yachts bearing gay flags and gayer parties. The red-tipped oars and the blue flying down the straight lane to the bridge.

It all came back to Beadle in a rush, and he saw the scene as clearly as the time he last had seen it five years before when he'd graduated from college.

He remembered he had met Madelaine that day on one of the yachts. He'd had an awfully good time. He turned to Mary Winlock.

"Mary," he said, "can you drive us to New London?"

"Why not? You got charts, I suppose. I can run you anywheres that you got charts for."

If you were thrilled by WAR BIRDS *and* THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY, *begin next week and read*

NO PARACHUTES

By ALAN FRANCIS WINSLOW

The first American fighting pilot to shoot down an enemy plane at last tells the thrilling story of his combats in mid-air over the western front, and of his capture and imprisonment in Germany.

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL Says:

I am sure that those who read it cannot fail to enjoy this gripping narrative by one of the first Knights of the Air.

CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER Says:

Few appreciate what Winslow faced. A victory—a crash—a tragedy—happiness—and tragedy repeated, have all been his.

ALSO

BEGINNING

THE BOODLE RINGS OF '33

First of a series of articles outlining the new shame of our cities and the appalling extent of municipal crime and corruption

By SILAS BENT

The gas man pulled in his hose and shook his head. Each year on boat-race day strangely manned craft stopped at his barge. Still shaking his head, he said, "You want that tankful of gas charged to the boat, I s'pose?"

Beadle beamed at him..

"That's a lovely idea," he said. "Thanks for thinking of it."

The lines were cast off. Mary went below and opened the valves. Beadle started the engines and headed east. Swazey rummaged around in the deck-house lockers and brought out a huge roll of charts. Mary came on deck and began to study them.

A little way down the Sound they came upon other boats, all going the same way. The Electra was faster than most of them, so when they passed close enough to be within shouting distance, Swazey would lean far over the rail and wave and yell, "Get a horse—two to one on Yale!" And the people on the other boats would laugh and wave back and shout things at him.

Far up the Sound they overhauled a big black barkentine yacht. She belonged to a man Beadle knew, a steel magnate with a huge house in town and a place at Newport. The bearded magnate came to the rail. It was more than Swazey could stand—he was so very bearded and looked so rich.

"Hey dere, pink whiskers!" he shouted. "Glad to see ya! Glad to see ya!"

Beadle's mouth dropped open. He was shocked.

"Judas!" he said. "It's James Arthur himself!"

Then a strange thing happened. The magnate went away from the rail. A second later he came back and in his hand was a gold-topped bottle. He threw it to Swazey and shouted: "Have one on me, ham face!"

Then he waved to Beadle.

"Come aboard any time, Beadle. So long!"

Beadle walked aft. Swazey was standing holding the bottle and staring at it.

"De idea," he said—"dat guy callin' me ham face!"

Half an hour later they rounded the lightship and steamed cautiously into the mouth of the River Thames.

The harbor, as they journeyed up its length, was nearly deserted. But above the railroad bridge Beadle could see the double line of yachts that stretched for four miles up the stream.

Beadle looked at them; then he looked at Mary and Swazey. It seemed funny to him that now he wasn't really a part of this scene. He had been so very much a part of it that year he'd met Madelaine. A whole crowd of them from Harvard had been together on one of the big yachts. Thinking about it and realizing that there he was, steaming up the old river with a burglar and a girl from a shanty scow on a stolen yacht, made him feel suddenly lonely.

He was, he thought, cutting himself off from his kind: that people wouldn't speak to him if they knew.

And to young men brought up as Beadle had been, that meant a great deal. He sighed.

Then he remembered that, of all the good things of life he had had in those days, not one of them had he gained for himself. At least he had stolen the boat himself and he had rescued Mary; and Swazey and she were there with him simply because they liked him. The feeling of loneliness passed and gave place to a wave of friendliness for his companions.

"Where do we drop the hook?"

This was something Beadle knew about. He looked at the flags marking the course.

"They row downstream today," he said. "Look for a place in that line on the left and sneak into it."

They crept on. A hundred yards farther up Mary saw an open space between two huge Diesel yachts. She inched the Electra into it, and Beadle dropped a light anchor, that he found in a locker, over the stern. He forgot to make fast the line attached to it, so he lost the anchor. He went back to the locker and found another one, and pitched it, with the line attached this time. When the Electra's stern was even with the others, Mary stopped her and told Swazey to throw out the big anchor in the bow.

Then she shut off the motors and joined Beadle on the after deck. Swazey made an interesting snarl of knots on the bow anchor line; then he too came aft.

Presently Mary sighed and Swazey said, "Ain' dis somethin'!"

Mary turned to Beadle.

"What happens now?"

Beadle smiled.

"We sit here," he said. "We sit here for hours and hours and hours, and then way up there"—he pointed—"you see two little dots on the water. Then you hear the whistles begin to blow, and then the dots get bigger, and then pretty soon they come close and you see two long thin boats with eight awfully decent guys in them rowing their hearts out, and no matter who's ahead you yell yourself hoarse because you can't help it, and then, down by the bridge there, they stop and the guys in the boat that's come in last collapse over their oars and shoot their lunches—and you wish to hell you were back in college!"

"So I'll wish I was back in college, eh?" said Swazey.

"I'll wish I was," said Beadle.

Mary looked at him.

"Maybe we oughtn't to be here with you," she said. "These people look so—so swell and everything."

"They're not," said Beadle. "There aren't this many people who are really swell—most of them just pretend they are. That's why they have yachts."

Mary nodded. Then she said, "You don't feel funny 'bout us bein' here? If any of your friends come or anything?"

Beadle shook his head.

"No," he said. "But I think Swazey ought to offer us some of that champagne of his, don't you?"

Swazey turned as though Beadle had stuck him with a pin.

"I apologize!" he said. "I apologize! I forgot all about it—fancy that!"

He went below and came back with highball glasses and the bottle. He gave the bottle to Beadle.

"You do it," he said. "I might hoit somebody wit' de stopper. I ain't accustomed to handlin' scamper juice."

Beadle opened the bottle. When he had it open he filled the three tall glasses and sat down. Mary said, "I never had champagne before." Swazey gave her a look. It was easy to see by his look that he had had champagne before. He took a sip and tasted ostentatiously.

"It's fair," he said. "Fair."

WHILE they were still drinking champagne a speed boat came slowly up the lane. It was filled with young people. In the bow was a large young man with a pair of binoculars held to his eyes. He swung them from right to left, scanning the after decks of the anchored yachts. They focused on the Electra and held steady.

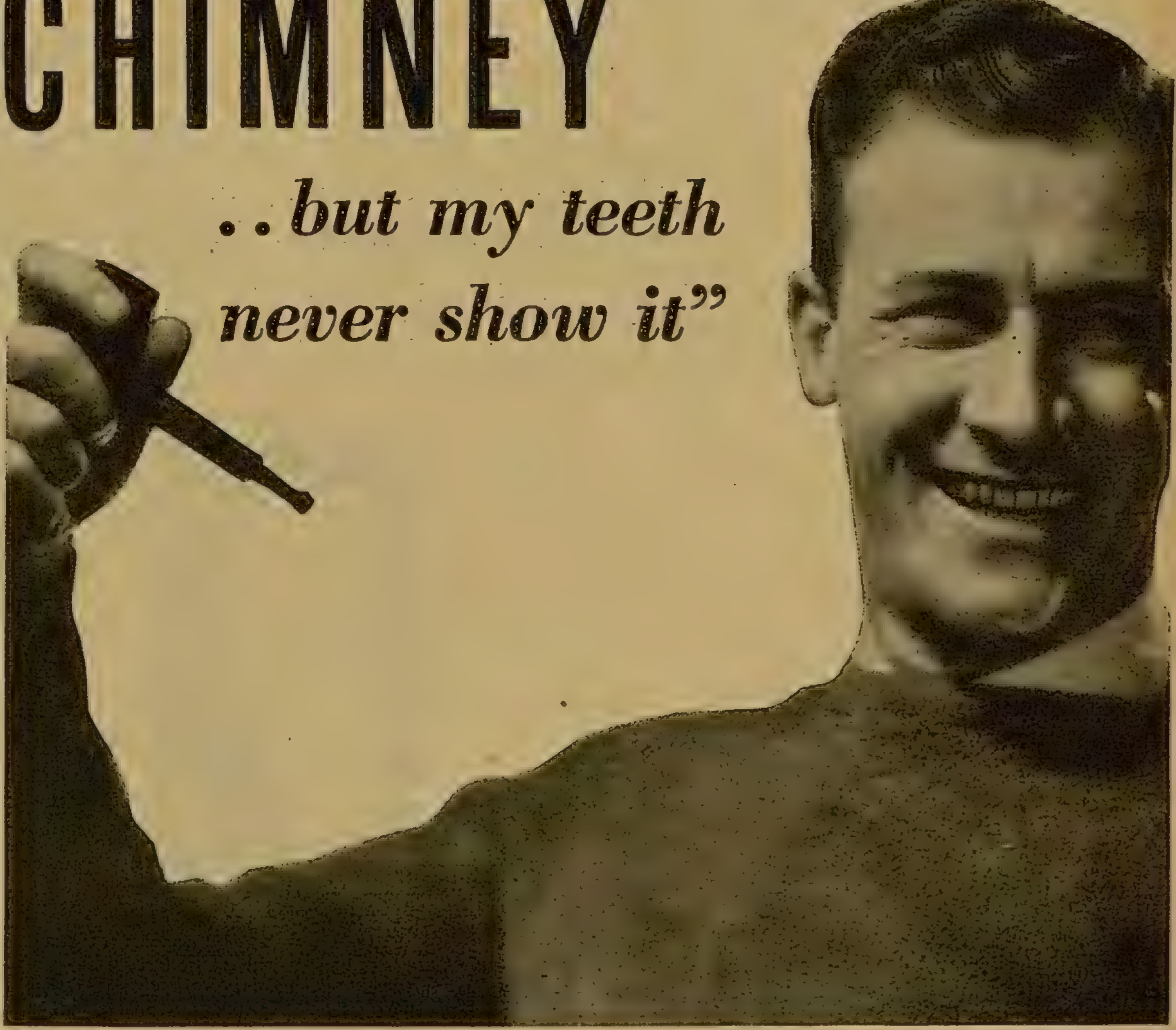
"Starboard your helm!" he bellowed to the man beside him. "Eureka!"

He had seen the gold-topped bottle on Beadle's table.

The speed boat turned and headed in. As it came nearer Beadle recognized the man in the bow as a classmate—a thirsty classmate—and realized he'd spotted the champagne. It annoyed him a little. Then he forgot about being annoyed because he recognized a girl in the stern of the boat: a girl with bright copper hair, who, even though sitting down, was unmistakably tall and stately. He hadn't seen her in over a month—since the night she'd broken off the engagement. He wasn't at all sure he was glad Bill Van Nostrand had found him.

"Beadle!" roared the man in the bow. "Though he live in a deep forest, the world will beat a path to his door if a man makes a better sousetrap than his neighbor!"

In next week's installment you will read of what happened during the boat race and the further adventures of Beadle, Swazey the burglar, and Mary Winlock from the shanty scow.



"I SMOKE LIKE A CHIMNEY

..but my teeth never show it"

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Your own examination will show you that your teeth are cleaner, whiter, healthier, and that your gums are firmer and sounder. It will be a source of satisfaction to you also to realize that, when you use Listerine Tooth Paste, your breath will be sweeter. That is to be expected. It contains some of the deodorant essences of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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BELT, SUSPENDERS, AND GARTERS (ALL 3)
OVERALLS OR LUMBER JACKET
ONE OR TWO DRESS SHIRTS
NECKTIES, SHIRTS, OR CUFF LINKS
SPARK PLUGS, TIRE CHAINS, OR JACK

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

Technocracy

(Reading time: 12 minutes 40 seconds.)

WHENEVER something new is offered to the world as a cure for old diseases, it is misrepresented by everybody concerned. The inventor or discoverer, like Archimedes, leaps out of the inspiring bathtub, cries "Eureka!" and runs all wet down the street, proclaiming the great godsend. Then friends and converts take the hopes and dreams of the inventor and magnify them, twist them, and vouch for them as cure-alls. Then the enemies of all new things take alarm and begin to attack something that the inventor never claimed and his partisans never pretended.

Acme photo

Howard Scott, who first crashed the front page with Technocracy.

Everybody makes mistakes in figures but, on catching somebody else in a typographical or mathematical error, thinks he has finished him. When Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravity and tried to verify it, the great mathematician was so excited that he had to call in a friend to do a simple bit of addition. Yet Newton has a good name and the law was a good thing to learn.

So it is with Technocracy, as I see it. It is a magnificent theory, a branch of the theory of evolution and as easy to misrepresent and get mad at; some of its first disciples have been extremely rash and prophetic, and its enemies are ridiculing those follies and committing new follies of their own. I believe that in its essence it is a true statement of irresistible tendencies. Before we can find a cure we need a diagnosis. This being correct or corrected, there is still much room for error in the prophecy or prognosis. But somewhere, somehow, in a certain general direction, something waits to be done.

Technocracy means "government by skill"; skill means wisdom based on knowledge, knowing how to do things, especially with tools, implements, machines, scientific devices, neat tricks. Technocracy concerns the management of the physical work of the world. It has nothing to do with the control of the fine arts, religions, philosophies, jokes, amusements, and fashions.

Can anyone object to a rule of the world by skill? Is it not high time that we had a bit of it?

We have had aristocracy, autocracy, bureaucracy, democracy, ochlocracy, plutocracy, theocracy, hierarchy, monarchy—all the archies and cracies of kings, priests, the wise and good, the mob, the pee-pul—which means the politicians "representing" the people. And today all forms of government are stuck in the mud together.

And now comes along a suggestion that we let skill run the world. The idea is backed up with a warning that the machine which man has invented will serve as a Juggernaut if allowed to run wild, but will serve as a magnificent omnibus if only everybody will get aboard and ride, each one taking his spell at the wheel or other parts of the machinery.

Technocracy is really a trade-mark, a proprietary name for a certain idea-factory, though the word was probably originated in 1919 by W. H. Smyth. Already the group has split into factions and disowned its spokesmen.

Fantastic claims have been made for the new system by more or less responsible persons, as they were made for such inventions or discoveries as the printing press, the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, moving picture, radio, salvarsan, diphtheria serum, insulin, and what not.

Fantastic opposition as always arose at once. Ridicule and furious protest abound. The errors or apparent errors of the enthusiasts are held up to scorn; but as the world has both benefited and suffered from all other great inventions, so I think it will be with Technocracy.

The earliest announcements came up in the manner of Kipling's dawn, "like thunder." Press and public ran away with the idea. We had some over-hasty statements concerning the eminence of some of the sponsors. Mr. Howard Scott was the original wonder boy; he was credited with as many degrees as an *n*th-degree Mason. Then came the inevitable turning and rending, and it was soon implied that Mr. Scott could neither read nor write, and was probably the man who blew up the Maine and struck Billy Patterson.

But what does it matter? When Thomas Jefferson advocated true democracy, equality, and the rule of the people, he was accused of everything horrible, from fathering mulattoes to advocating general massacre. The clergy called him an atheist and an arch-demon. The president of Yale prophesied that, if Jefferson were elected, American virgins would be violated in the public squares. In spite of that prediction—or perhaps because of it—Jefferson swept the country by an overwhelming majority.

When Charles Darwin put forth his theory of evolution, he and his followers were denounced as fools, fiends, destroyers of morality, and everything else. But today there is no eminent scientist who does not accept evolution as one of the gigantic facts of cosmic history. All along the line of the evolutionary theory there were and are things for the critics to laugh at. But the line holds.

The theory that the world is round was mocked and made perilous. It is still foolish and dangerous doctrine in Zion, Illinois. Today nobody would have the face to claim that the heavens revolve around a fixed earth.

New fields of employment cannot be opened rapidly enough to take care of the man power machines displace.

to the Rescue

A Famous Novelist Hails the Technocrats' Vision of a Happy World Governed by Engineering Skill

By

RUPERT HUGHES

Human nature does change, slowly and with violent backslidings, but always toward more and more recognition of human equality and the rights of every individual to every opportunity. A human's native abilities, persistence, luck, and environment will determine his progress, but the right to try is his—or hers. In ancient times the king was god, high priest, everything. His subjects were nothing. His nobility were lackeys. Through the Middle Ages and beyond, a prince, a duke, or what not would enrich an illegitimate son with the gift of a city, a province, a see, and all the inhabitants with it. If people resisted they were impoverished or put to death. Where there is similar atrocity today it is at least masked under pretenses of popular benefit.

When Louis XVI was crowned, some of the laborers who built the coronation bridge dropped dead of starvation as the procession passed in its grandeur.

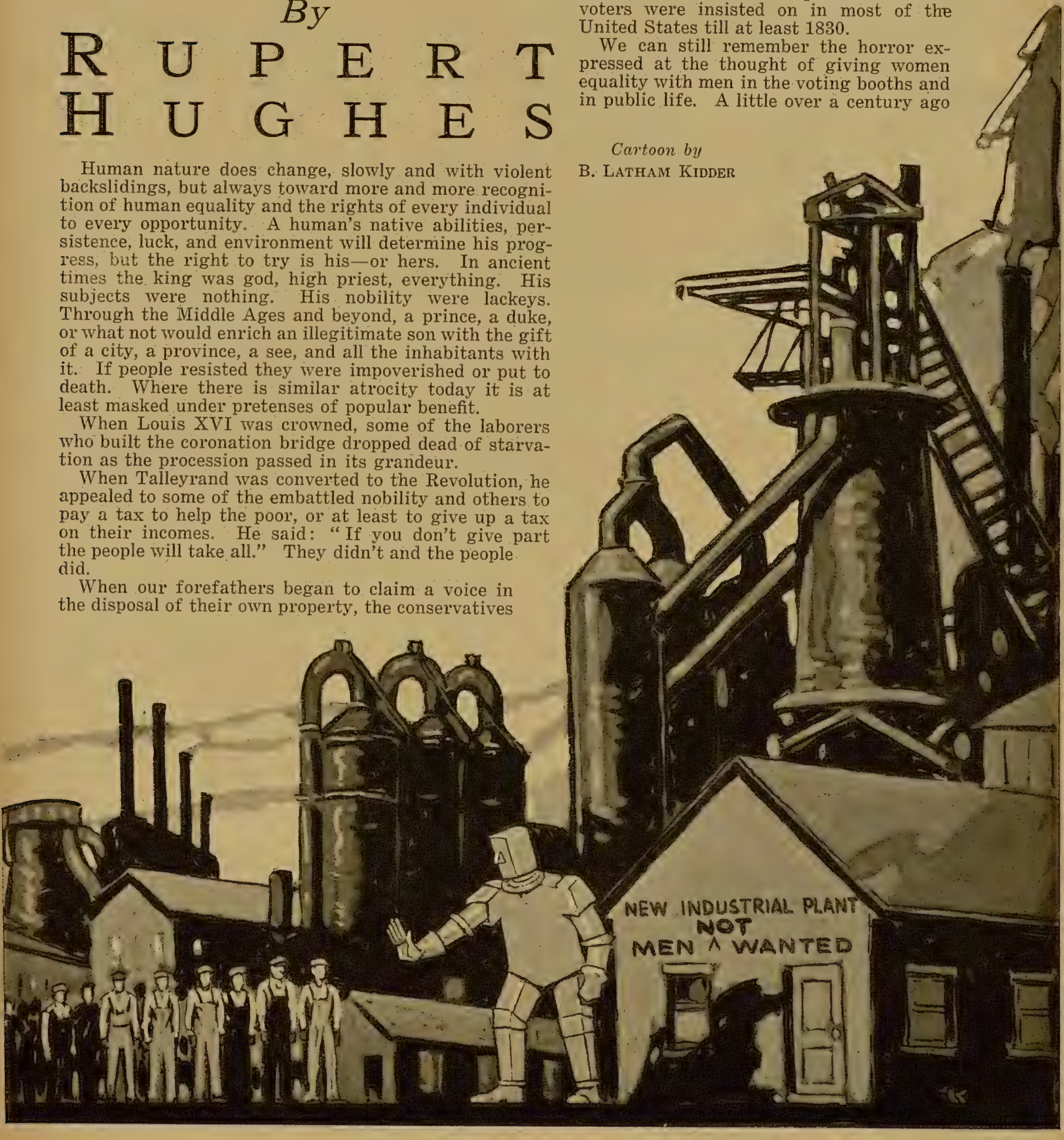
When Talleyrand was converted to the Revolution, he appealed to some of the embattled nobility and others to pay a tax to help the poor, or at least to give up a tax on their incomes. He said: "If you don't give part the people will take all." They didn't and the people did.

When our forefathers began to claim a voice in the disposal of their own property, the conservatives in America pointed out that kings ruled by divine right. Washington, Franklin, and the rest did not dare dream of independence until Tom Paine, "wild anarchist," deist, and fugitive from English prisons, converted them.

Even Washington did not believe in democracy. Jefferson was the madman who believed that everybody high or low had an equal right to speak his mind and vote his vote. And property or other such qualifications for voters were insisted on in most of the United States till at least 1830.

We can still remember the horror expressed at the thought of giving women equality with men in the voting booths and in public life. A little over a century ago

Cartoon by
B. LATHAM KIDDER



SON: I dread damp weather, mother. My muscles pain me so.

MOTHER: Fiddlesticks, son. Rub on Musterole. It's a "counter-irritant," and knocks the stuffings out of soreness.

SON: What's "counter-irritant" mean?

MOTHER: Doc Haggerty says it's something that penetrates, draws out congestion and pain.

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAINS?

Draw them out with a *"counter-irritant"!*

● Just like a mustard plaster, only lots better, Musterole won't blister, and isn't messy to use. Just rub this pure, white ointment on those aching parts, bringing ease in 5 minutes—relief in 5 hours. A famous soothing blend of mustard, camphor, menthol and other valuable ingredients, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. *It's a counter-irritant!* It penetrates, stimulates blood circulation, breaks congestion, and draws out pain and infection. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. All druggists'.

Now, Extra Strong MUSTEROLE—IN TUBE PACKAGES ONLY. Made especially for more severe or stubborn chest colds and acute muscular rheumatic aches and pains.

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

many prominent people thought it a sin to teach women to read and write.

Today, in theory at least and almost everywhere about the world, the individual has inalienable rights that can be infringed only for the greatest good of the greatest number.

All this is leading up to one of Technocracy's most alarming suggestions: that everybody shall have economic equality—the same hours of work and the same income. Such a paradise will never quite come, of course. Yet we draw nearer it all the time.

Now, I love money and luxury and purple and fine linen, and I do my best to get them without taking them from anybody else. The fact that the majority lack them is, to me, tragic. Until Technocracy suggested it, I had never imagined it possible that the world could be so managed as to give everybody comfort and a little luxury. Now it seems that science has found a way to manufacture what would be called a Utopia.

Man today can do a thousand things that angels could not do a century ago. One man with an electric button or a lever or some device can control so much horse power that he becomes an army. At my old home in Keokuk, Iowa, is a dam across the Mississippi; and the water pouring through turbines creates a power that could run every plow and agricultural implement in the Middle West.

A system of underground automatic irrigation of the roots of crops has been tested and proved which may junk the whole horrible business of plowing, harrowing, fertilizing, and what not. Even these tasks can be and are being done by machinery on such a vast scale that our crops are already too large for us to manage.

Our only hope today is to get farmers to reap smaller harvests, to get manufacturers to make less goods and use more men in the making of them: to check short the development of agricultural and other science and throw man backward down the long stairs of time.

TECHNOCRACY says: "Take the machine and buy leisure with it, buy equality with it, let it create plenty of everything for everybody for almost nothing. Or else—" Then it paints very gloomy pictures of the future, perhaps laying the black on a bit thick. But it is hard not to grow melodramatic these days.

Admitting that there are errors in the Technocratic statistics—in what human business has there ever been a lack of error?—two tremendous facts remain: first, machinery has been so rapidly developed in the last few decades that new fields of employment cannot be opened rapidly enough to take care of the man power that machines displace; second, this is true even though the development of new machinery is hampered and checked in numberless ways. If science were permitted free sway, the displacement of man power would be incalculably more rapid and unemployment would hugely increase.

Mr. Jay Franklin and many others protest that Technocracy means the surrender of personal liberty. What liberty has the average man left to surrender? Last year the government took one fourth of every citizen's money. This year's income tax promises to take the skin off any prosperity anybody may have chanced upon.

Even religious freedom is still largely restricted to certain powerful sects. Everywhere we turn today we find our liberty surrendered.

If Technocracy could even approximate its vision of $20,000 a year for eight hours' work a week, it would be offering 79 per cent liberty in place of the present 10 per cent or less. Twenty thousand a year would be liberty almost unalloyed.

MR. FRANKLIN speaks of the "tyranny" of the group of scientists who would gain "absolute power of life and death over this nation." But, in the first place, the scientists would be busy improving the knowledge, the power, the health, and the happiness of mankind. The government would be in the hands of governors elected, responsible, accountable, impeachable, and surely no more capable of tyranny than the political bosses who have made our judiciary, our public finances, our politics the ghastly mockeries they are today.

While it is certain that government would be altered almost beyond recognition in the process of adoption of Technocracy, let nobody pretend that this would be any greater or more radical a revolution than a dozen that have already taken place in this nation of ours.

The idea of equality of income seems insane to many. Yet our idea of taxing the rich heavily and the poor not at all, and the increasing severity of inheritance taxes and the like tend to bring the two classes closer. Today the poor, the common people, have all the power in their hands and can vote anything they will. And they are most ominously interested in Technocracy. They have listened for three years to the tragi-comic statements of the great financial geniuses. They have heard "just around the corner" turned into a pitiful bit of old slang.

Among the loudest ridiculers of Technocracy is one who calls it "Utopian nonsense." He is one of those who make a business of telling just what is going to happen; when it does not happen he goes blandly on, telling just what is going to happen next. A year ago I heard him guarantee oracularly that prosperity would be here in six months.

A Technocratic suggestion for money is a receipt to the citizen for services rendered, instead of a claim against the state. Technocratic money would be a debt paid, a balance in the bank, instead of a mortgage on the government. It might not work. Nothing ever works as planned. But it would be a funny kind of money indeed if it could work less satisfactorily than our present system.

This country owes itself over 200 billion dollars. The so-called civilized world owes itself 400 billion—far more than it is worth. It is bankrupt, busted. Fortunately we can have "prosperity" by hysteria as well as panic by it. Let us hope we may soon have another boom; but how long will it be before it also goes "boom!"

People who have once been rich and hope to be again look with horror or derision on the Technocratic notion of equality of income. Now, I cannot imagine equality of character. But I am nevertheless utterly convinced that equality of opportunity and equality in freedom of thought, speech, votes are truly inborn and inalienable.

And I can now believe that, in a human sense, approximate economic equality is not only infinitely desirable but practical and possible. This does not mean equality of power, influence, prestige, or glory. There must always be reward for ambition, and toil and skill.

BUT what sort of man can he be who could really want to maintain the present system of a few having all the luxury and the vast majority the drudgery, a few the cream, the rest only skim milk? I am as far as possible from an anarchist, or a communist, or a socialist. But it warms my heart as no other dream has ever done, to imagine everybody having the dread of poverty removed, the hideous torments of anxiety gone, and the gates of leisure and a little luxury opened.

Mr. Franklin asks about international relations in case we were Technocrats in a non-Technocratic world. This is a problem to be met, but it is futile to demand today a guaranteed foolproof, holeproof solution of every future difficulty. If international relations could be worse strained under Technocracy than they are today, Technocracy would indeed work wonders.

Even if our country had Technocratic energy-money we should have goods to sell abroad to establish foreign credits. Exchange against this would be no more difficult than it is now when the value of foreign moneys in dollars varies so greatly from day to day.

What to do about foreign debts would be a problem indeed. But so it is today. The enormous amount of domestic debt has piled up a problem of such immediate agony that it seems to be insoluble except by the process of elimination by avalanche, default, bankruptcy, and the annihilation going on so furiously the last few years. It should not be hard to find a way to make a fair exchange from old values to new.

Technocracy is a plan to bring order into the present chaos and construct a decent workaday world.

THE END

Famous
CLOSE SHAVES

John Alden "ducked" just in time to save his skin

Here's a famous close shave that saves your skin!

Have a close shave, men!
close . . quick . . smooth . . cool

YES SIR . . . and with no stinging, smarting, unpleasant after-effects. We learned the secret of making that kind of a shave cream from men. We said, "Tell us what's wrong with the cream you're now using." They told us—*plenty.* Then we made Palmolive—one superior shave cream—correcting the mistakes of others—succeeding where others had failed. And in just a few short years—we built the world's biggest business in shaving cream.

And today Palmolive *holds* that leadership. Why? Because men want abundant lather—no muss—no fuss—no oily, greasy razors and wash bowls to clean. And men want the face comfort—the burnless—stingless—lotion-like after-effect of an olive oil shave. That's why 86 out of every 100 men who try Palmolive Shave Cream remain our steady customers.

"When something better than soap lather is made for shaving—the barbers will use it."

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Insert your name and address and mail with 4c in stamps or coin to Palmolive, Dept. 220, P. O. Box 81, Hudson Terminal Station, New York City.

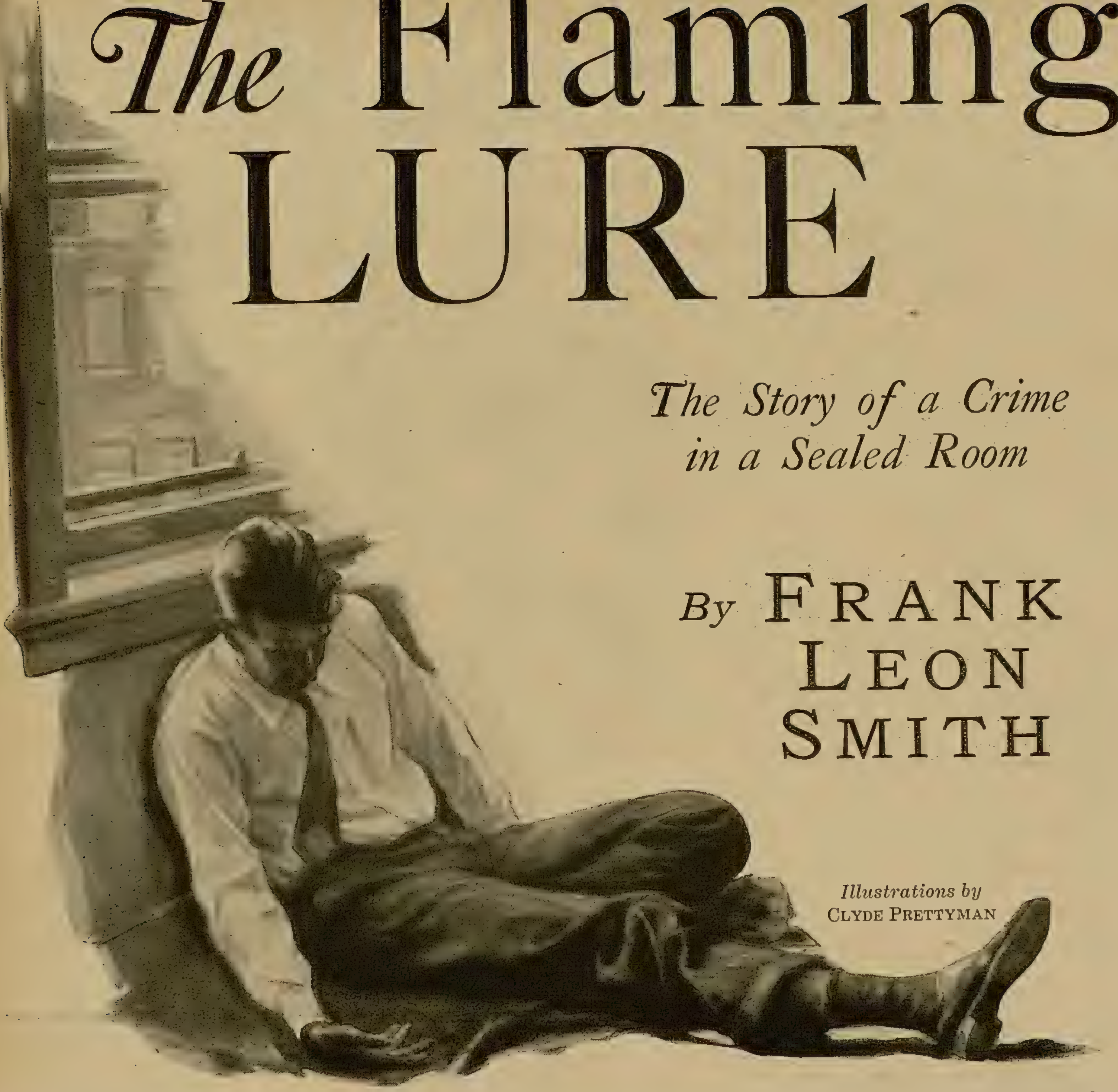
(Please print your name and address)

The Flaming LURE

The Story of a Crime in a Sealed Room

By FRANK LEON SMITH

Illustrations by
CLYDE PRETTYMAN



On the floor was a man in a pose that only a contortionist—or the dead—can take.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds.)

ON the third-floor landing the fat lady with the frozen cod eye said, "This nice hall room with running water I could let you have for ten a week—in advance."

The loose-lipped young man with the banjo case and two new tunes he hoped were going to burn the insulation from the red and blue networks after he'd had a few auditions, flattened himself and luggage to the wall to let her by. The lady unlocked the door.

"Pshaw!" the lady said. "This door hasn't been opened since the halls were painted."

She shoved on the knob. Then the young man shoved. They both shoved. The door flew open as the paint parted.

The room had one window, open at the top. On the floor, with his head just at the sill, was a man in a pose that only a contortionist—or the dead—can take.

The fat lady screamed. The young musician screamed. Everybody in the theatrical rooming house screamed. And so did the police sirens.

"Huh," said Captain Kilgour of the Homicide Squad, an hour later. "Get me Doc Darnell. I saw him in Times Square—"

In Times Square, talking to thirty or forty people, stood an old-young man whose father was a sailor and his mother an actress. Those talented parents taught him to be handy and cunning and spry, and when he left them he continued his education in carnivals and circuses and in a hundred fascinating trades.

He could throw knife, rope, whiplash, and parts of speech. He could juggle anything he could lift easily. He could do things with cards, horses, handcuffs, baseballs, and pool balls. He had an explosive left hook that was the front end of one hundred and eighty pounds of man, and a nice smile that fronted for a lot of cheerfulness.

So what did this make him, this paragon, this handy jack, this small boy's candidate for President? It made him a darned good peddler, or pitchman. On the side he worked for the Carling Detective Agency.

"You have seen me dull—meaning blunt—the blade on this block of oak. Now, men, come in closer. Crowd right up here. I want everybody to see I don't palm the blade—meaning conceal and substitute. The blade I am putting in this holder is the one and the same blade you saw me dull. But is it dull? We shall see. Watch me closely. Just a little ordinary soap and common everyday water on my forearm—thank God one of my ancestors was a bear, so I have plenty hirsute development—meaning whiskers don't care where they grow—"

The afternoon Broadway crowd of men, women, girls, and boys surged closer.

Because he stood in the gutter the man seemed short. In attire he was a nondescript. His ragged coat didn't match his trousers, and his four-in-hand was under one ear. An old cap was on the back of his head. His hair was sandy. So was that on his arm. Until he bared that arm he gave no hint that he wasn't just another pitchman with a kicked-in chest and a voice hoarse from hawking. He was very careful about giving hints. Especially careful not to meet the gaze of any of his prospects with his keen eyes as he swept them continually.

"Friends, this is the Centuryedge Pure Steel Razor Blade. One hundred shaves without a sharpen. My arm is running out of demonstration material—meaning beard—and I want to show you how light a touch is needed. Just roll up your sleeve—you there—anybody—"

A young cop roughly made a path for himself. "Come on—get going—keep moving there! Don't block the sidewalk!" When he got to Doc Darnell, he said, "Fold up and come along. You're under arrest!"

Now the crowd wished to linger and watch the pinch. The cop kept them moving. Darnell gave him one glance which wasn't so fierce as whimsical, and then in three deft motions he spilled his water can, threw it and his equipment into his bag, and flipped the bag shut.

The cop guided him toward the Forty-seventh Street station. After a couple of blocks they lost the crowd and walked like friends. "Captain Kilgour of the Homicide wants to see you," said the cop.

At the station, Darnell walked through to the detectives' room, where two or three sloppy-looking plain-clothes men were stabbing at typewriters. He took off his coat and put on a neatly folded one from his bag, that matched his trousers, and swapped his cap for a decent felt hat that came back to shape however crushed. He straightened tie and hair, threw his bag on top of a locker, and went out to the desk.

The sergeant gave him the address. "Body was found at 150. You'll find the captain somewhere in the block. They're making a house-to-house."

The door flew open as the paint parted.

THERE were plenty of people in the block, and plenty of cops. Doc Darnell found Kilgour at Number 146, in a fourth-floor room. They shook hands.

"Thought of you right away, Doc," said the captain. "You're the darnedest for figuring how guys can get found dead in chimneys and on top of churches. Busy?"

"Well," said Doc Darnell, "not if I can help you. I've got nothing on but a little reward job. I'm looking for a guy that's a great crowd guy. Thousand-to-one shot I'll spot him in Times Square, and by coming away now I lose my averages, see? Like a misdeal just when your lucky card might come up. Well, I've busted the rhythm now anyhow—so what've you got?"

"I've got a dead guy—a Monte Deutsch— Oh, you know him?"

"Marked Card Monte? I've seen him work."

Darnell glanced about the room. Two suitcases were open on a bed. There must have been five hundred new packs of playing cards in them. Darnell gestured. "All markers. Enough to stock all the stores in three blocks when Monte had a sucker propped and new decks were asked for."

"I suppose so," said the captain. "Now look around. No signs of a fight, yet Monte is found in the house two doors away, choked to death, finger marks on his throat and his knuckles skinned. He had no visitors last night. No one saw him leave here. But he's found in a room that hasn't been opened since the place was painted two weeks ago."

"Window open where he was found?"

"Yes—at the top. But all the windows were closed here, and we had to break in because Monte had an extra private lock. Take a look out the window."

DARNELL did. The rear walls were sheer. The fire escapes were on the fronts of all the houses on that side of the block.

"We've checked on ladders," the captain said. "Nothing doing there. Next to impossible to bring in a three- or four-story ladder, or even an extension, without everybody overlooking this back area knowing about it."

"Roofs? You can make a swell snare or sling out of a radio aërial."

"I don't know. We'll take a look together. But the roof scuttle here was almost nailed shut, and the ladderways to the roofs at each side, 144, 148, and even in 150, down the block, are so jammed with junk you can't get through, and I've notified the fire department to prosecute."

Darnell was looking at something on the window ledge—a charred paper weighted by a small stone.

"Oh, yes," the captain said. "That's all we find here. Don't move it until the photographers get it."

"Writing or print?" Darnell muttered. "Something Monte wanted to get rid of?"

"Nothing but an old paper bag with a stone tied into a corner. No writing on it, under a glass even. We've looked."

"Where's Monte now?"

"At 150, where he was found. The cameraman is there now."

"Let's go over the roofs."

The roofs of almost all the buildings on that side of the street were at the same level or nearly so, with low fire walls separating them. There was a small jungle of radio antennæ, but it yielded nothing of interest.

The two men presently stood in the third-floor hall at 150. The medical examiner was dictating technical notes. Darnell looked in at the short, swart man who had been sophisticated Monte Deutsch. The doctor said that unless the autopsy proved him to be radically wrong he'd say that death was by choking. The finger marks of the murderer were plainly marked. Death had taken place sometime during the previous night.

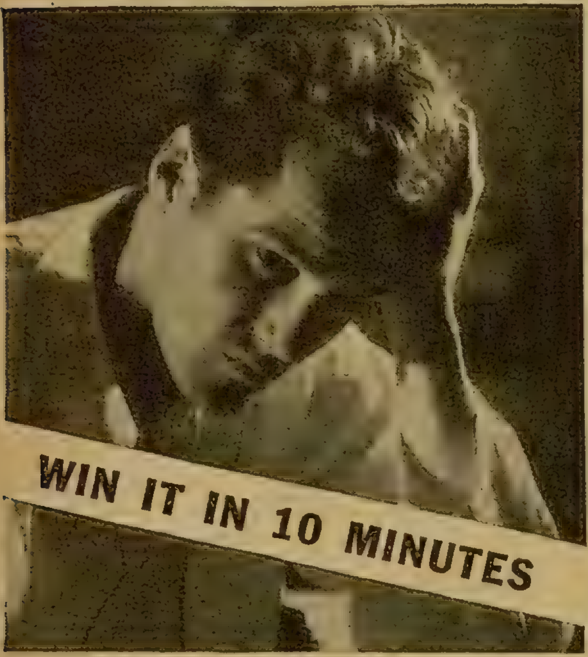
Darnell looked out the open upper half of the window. Not a hint as to how a hundred-and-fifty-pound man had traversed the sheer rear wall from his own room two houses away. "Well, he wasn't a human fly, and the little fairies didn't do it, so what?" Doc mumbled as he pondered.

"Three German acrobats!" said Kilgour suddenly.

Darnell stared at him, for Kilgour was not a humorist.

"Well, any kind of acrobats you like. This is a theatrical district. There are plenty of people like that all through here in the Forties and Fifties. What's to

CAN'T SLEEP?



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For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions. Used by millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT."

hinder some acrobat that's been gypped by Monte coming over the roofs from way down the block, with his pals or brothers, and forming a living chain, with one guy hanging on the roof by his knees? They put a guy in Monte's room to do the choking, or haul him up and do it on the roof, then they put him in here."

"Well, I dunno."

"Could it be done that way? That's why I got you over here. It was my first hunch, and you can't slap a hunch in the puss."

"Sure not. I've got a hunch myself—but not that one. What is the homicide rate among acrobats? Ever see any figures? Neither have I; but I'll bet it's less than one half of no per cent at all. Their minds don't work that way. Specially German kinkers."

"What's your hunch, then?"

"I don't like to say—meaning I'm not sure, and if I'm wrong I ain't taking any laughs. I know how it could be done, and if I'm right that far I know why it was done. How is it for expenses for a few days and a modest honorarium—meaning some scratch—if I give you an arrest you can indict on—and all the credit? For I don't want Carling to know I'm doing this any more than you want Center Street to."

"O. K., and report to me," said the captain. "But don't go putting any trips to Alaska on your sheet."

Doc Darnell went back to 146, where Monte had had his room, and talked to the janitor. Then he spoke to the landlady at 148, next door. All her tenants were accounted for but one.

On the top floor, a Mr. Lopez—some kind of South American man, who was away but would be back tomorrow or next day. Could he see Mr. Lopez' room? He could.

Mr. Lopez was a neat and careful man. He kept all his things locked in two suitcases.

DARNELL hefted the bags. They had the dead weight that is given by magazines or bricks. They were cheap bags.

"Mr. Lopez will not be back," Darnell thought. "Fine name to look for. Lopez—in Spanish meaning Cohen, Jones, or Brown."

He went back up the brownstone steps and asked the landlady: "This Mr. Lopez—does he wear a big wide hat and boots?"

"He does not. He wears a derby. He's a dark-complected man, almost as black as a Negro, and the politest thing—"

In a "coffeepot," Doc Darnell sat up to a mess of ham and beans and two cups of coffee, and pondered. Then he went the rounds of variety booking offices, looking over acts playing in Greater New York and adjacent New Jersey territory, and the applications of acts that wanted booking.

For three days, afternoon and evening, he sat through good and bad vaudeville in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Newark, and Jersey City. Nothing.

On the fourth day, when Monte no longer was news, and when the last of some two dozen of his known associates, enemies and friends who had been brought in for questioning, had been turned loose, Doc Darnell glumly was reading the sport page over his ham and beans. "Well, perch me on the nuthatch with some scissors and doll patterns!" he thought. "How long has this been going on? Rodeo opens at the Garden tomorrow! Why haven't I tripped and broken my neck over the billboards?"

He went out on the street. Sure enough, there was plenty of paper up, and had been for days, announcing a big Wild West Show at Madison Square Garden. He reported to Captain Kilgour.

KILGOUR was surprised to see him, and angered.

"Well, where do you think you've been—and what've you been doing? I haven't had a report—"

"Listen. Any punk private op or city cop can file a report saying 'Nothing stirring.' Myself, I can use up a page getting over that I've nothing to report—"

"Didn't I tell you this man Lopez is missing? Well, three days ago he checked out on the Morgan Line for New Orleans. He never came back to his room and his bags were full of junk. But I've got him covered beautifully—"

"Keep him covered, and the forty other Lopezes that probably went here or there the same day. Listen, cap, I think I've got something. I don't know the Garden crowd very well. I want to make a pitch there next week. Fix it for me. And give me a plain-clothes man to make a pinch if I'm right. Some bookkeeper type—I don't want any of those big guys with feet and blue serge suits and a fierce look that advertise 'harness cop' all over."

The next day, in a white coat, with a basket of little whips and toy lariats, Doc Darnell went to work at the Garden, hawking his wares and looking over the performers. Nothing; and again that night, nothing.

Many of the riders and ropers he knew, from his circus and carnival days.

The next morning, before the crowd began to show up, and while the men and women were rehearsing their acts, he quietly pumped an old pal: a six-foot-four giant—named Slim, of course—with the plaintive high voice of a Texan, who was complaining that he couldn't get near top money in the steer-wrastlin' on account the floor under the tanbark was too hard, and anyhow the law wouldn't let you dig in a steer's horn and make him bust himself in a quick heap.

"Once in a while, that way, they pile right into themselves and bust their necks, or maybe a horn," said Darnell mildly.

"Course, brother, course. But

every steer's got to go the way of all steak sometime, and much better I don't get drug the len'th of the Garding, with nawthin' to dig my heels into, and a thousand pounds of wild beef under my arm wishin' to go and wear out the seat of my pants plumb down to my boots."

Some trick ropers came out and began to build up big looping "butterflies" and skip through them, and down at the Eighth Avenue end a catch roper with a wiry maguey lariat was deftly noosing some bunched riders.

A handsome dark-skinned fellow with flashing teeth threw down a handful of trick ropes near Darnell and Slim, and freeing one rope he began a series of lazy slow loops, single reverses—known as the tango—and loops that rolled beautifully over his arm, over his hat and shoulder, and were caught and sent again into motion at the instant of collapsing.

Darnell put down his basket and picked up one of the sash-line trick ropes.

He built up a big butterfly to right and left of himself, went through it, and then snapped it smartly, backhand, over the young roper behind him.

"You always was handy with the rope, but your wrist is a little stiff," commented Slim; and the young roper turned, irritated, and then smiled.

"WELL, dawg-gone! Old Doc Darnell, the roots, yarbs, and bark man!" he called. "Well, how's the old medicine man?"

"Hi, Gordon. You don't need any pills to keep you young and spry," said Darnell as they shook hands.

"What are you doing around here?"

"Just peddlin' these little whips. You've got some boys that throw a mighty nice rope."

"Sure," said Gordon. "No chance for me to grab top money out of this show myself lessen Willy Rogers or Chet Byers was around to learn me some new tricks."

He nudged Darnell. "How do you like my new hoss?"

They looked down the arena, where a wiry man in the garb of a Mexican vaquero rode out a beautiful high-stepping *palomino*.

"Beauty, eh? I think me I'll go into voddyvil, or maybe the pictures, with that hoss. Rodriguez is breaking him for me to stand for fancy ropin'."

"Rodriguez?"

"Sure—you know Esteban. He was with the old Bill shows, four-hoss catches and such. He can kick out a loop with his foot that'll stand until four riders go through. I forgot old Steve when I was throwin' off on our ropers here."

"Steve Rodriguez? Sure. Don't know him. Saw him work—must 'a' been fifteen years back. But say, Gordon, has he lost his wrist? I didn't see him turn on with his twine yesterday afternoon show, or again last night. Only time I saw him, he

During Colds

don't inflame nose with damp irritating handkerchiefs

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disposable tissues
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Absorbent Kleenex fibers hold germs tightly, as scientific tests prove. Germs can hardly be dislodged from Kleenex; but handkerchief fibers do not hold germs tightly. So there is constant self-infection when you use a handkerchief over and over. Your hands become infected—and in turn pass germs to others.

Kleenex has been packed so very conveniently that there is no need now ever to be without it.

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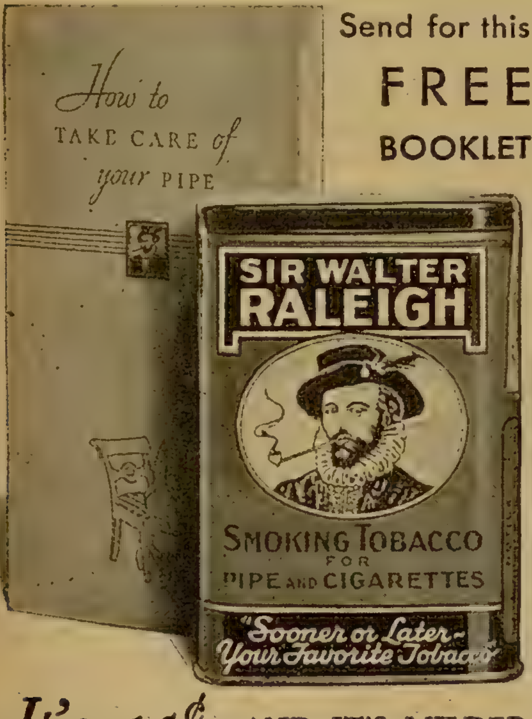

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was pick-up man for Buff Caldwell in the buck ridin'."

Gordon was rolling a cigarette. He said: "Nah. Steve Rodriguez is just plumb ugly about something. Row with the management, maybe. He won't turn on with the rope for the crowd. Claims he didn't bring none of his ropes with him, and he won't use the next man's."

"Come East with you boys?"

"No; we picked him up here. He came on East after the Broken Bow show. But don't you weep about Steve losing his wrist. Say, any boy can throw out a big loop, but it takes a man to throw out a three-foot loop the end of a fifty-foot rope. I believe that Mayheecan could fire out one that would snap a bird out of the air!"

Darnell looked with keen interest at the dark man in the huge steeple-crowned hat who was swinging a bag of hay, at the end of a lariat, around and around the nervous horse. At times he'd drop rope and bag on the tanbark, shake out a trick rope, and roll an "ocean wave" of big standing circles around himself and horse, reining down his mount when it stood and pawed, then casually picking up the other rope from the saddle and resuming with the haybag.

"STEVE is a marvel," Gordon said. "Before the week is out he'll have my hoss so used to seeing that big old haybag go by his eyes and not hurt him that he'll stand on a stage or anywhere for me and my trick rope. There—has he lost his wrist?"

Appreciatively they watched the Mexican as he heaved the haybag high in the air at the end of his lariat, snapped it toward himself to get some slack, and then deftly threw a half hitch over the bag in the air.

"No, he's got plenty of wrist left. Maybe too much," Darnell added to himself.

He said, "What kind of a bird is he to get along with?"

"Well," said Gordon, "I don't reckon I'd pick him to bunk with. I'm just payin' him to gentle the *palomino* to the rope." He said obliquely: "I hear that a boy that looks just like Steve has still got every hate he ever had, and today he'd cut up a man with a knife for somethin' he did when McKinley was President. A boy that comes from where they train on chicken-pullin'—buryin' a chicken to his neck and pullin' his head off by hand or rope at a gallop—ain't long on what I call calm."

"Meaning maidenly restraint?" said Darnell. "Well, I'll be seeing you some more."

A telephone call brought a police cameraman. Ostensibly for the press, he got a group picture of all the performers present, with Esteban Rodriguez scowling from the top tier. He made an enlargement of the part that was interesting to Darnell, and dried a print quickly for him.

After the afternoon show Darnell took the picture to the landlady at 148. "Why, if there ain't Mr. Lopez!" she said. "When's he coming back—and what's he doing in that great big hat?"

The plain-clothes man made the pinch before the evening show. Esteban didn't come quietly, and loyal fellow performers wanted to make a demonstration until uniformed officers advised otherwise.

In an upstairs room at the Forty-seventh Street station, Darnell told Kilgour:

"I'd just as soon not appear in this. Carling might not like me to work for so many people at once; and what's more, I don't want to use up my mug where I might want to show it again. But here's the play. Monte gypped Rodriguez with the cards—probably a twenty-one, or maybe a three-card game. Esteban comes East for the show, or maybe trails Monte. Esteban don't like to use a gun in a large city where he might wake up a cop. Maybe he only wants his money back. He hires him a room in 148. From his window he ropes Monte. I don't know if he gets his money. Anyhow, when he's through he can't or doesn't want to swing him back or drop him under a window, with a dead hand pointing right to the man who did it. He swings him where he can land him into the open top half of the window at 150."

"Sounds fantastic," said Kilgour. "How'd he get the rope off?"

"Snapped it off. Do you suppose a cow hand has to climb down out of his saddle every time he wants to get his rope off a cow or calf? A quick flip or two loosens the tightest noose. If he used a stiff maguey or cactus rope, it's specially simple."

"Wait a minute—how does he get Monte to stick his head out of the window just when everything is quiet in the back yards?"

"What do you suppose that burned paper bag and stone were for? He lighted the bag and tossed it on to the window sill. A good roper has got just the hand for it. Monte raises his window, or comes to it if it's open, to put out the fire—and there you are."

THE cops were bringing Rodriguez upstairs in the station house.

"Just a minute," said Kilgour, as Darnell was slipping out. "How about the finger marks on Monte's throat?"

"Easy—they were Monte's," said Darnell, and went out.

He came back after the evening performance, and located Kilgour.

"Oh, yes," said the detective captain. "We broke it nicely." He picked up a copy of the vaquero's signed statement. "Monte gypped him, like I thought—only it was a black-jack game—two years ago. That was all right, but Rodriguez only just learned that Monte was a gyp and the cards were markers. He wanted his money back. He located Monte, and got a room next door. He got Monte to stick his head out—like I thought. He lassoed him around the shoulders, he claims—"

"Say, cap, give him any break you can, will you? Without looking at his statement or talking to him, my bet is —he roped him around the shoulders, Monte struggled, got his hands up, the loop slipped around his neck with his hands under the rope, skinning his knuckles and jamming his fingers into his own meat. I guess Monte rated being hung at least once in his life—but of course it wasn't Rodriguez' job. Now why does Rodriguez say he hung this guy and put the murder bee on himself?"

"Well, he claims it was accidental," Kilgour said. "He says here that when he got Monte out and swinging on the rope and was just hauling him in, the landlady came to his room with clean towels. Rodriguez lost his head. Instead of lowering his man to the ground, he took a hitch around an old shutter hook.

"When the landlady left, he hauled Monte up, saw he was finished, and then he swung him back. But Monte's window had slid down. So he swung him in the only other open window he saw that didn't have a light in it."

Kilgour was elated, Darnell depressed. "I always hate to put the bee on a performer—especially an artist with the rope, like Rodriguez," he said.

"It was a homicide, wasn't it? Of course, not necessarily first-degree—"

"Well, Esteban will go to Ossining—meaning in Indian stone-upon-stone," said Doc Darnell. "And me—a dirty, lousy, half-time detective—"

"Where'll you be," asked Kilgour, "case I need you?"

"Well, I've lost my average with the pitch in Times Square, so I guess I may as well finish off the week with my little basket of whips over at the Garden. As likely to pick up my man there as anywhere."

"Hey," said Kilgour as Darnell was leaving, "do you really make any money at this what do you call it—pitching?"

"Listen," said Doc Darnell. "First of all I'm a medicine man, a street man, a pitchman, and a darned good one. Only right now, the way I feel, I ought to be peddlin' skunk oil. Ever feel that way about your trade, captain?"

"Why, no," said the captain, surprised. "You must be nuts."

"I am," said Doc Darnell, and departed. A moment later he thrust a grinning face in the door, and put his thumb to his nose. "Three German acrobats!" he said. "If Sherlock Holmes was asleep on his back with his mouth open, he couldn't guess as bad as that!"

And he slammed the door in time for a telephone book to hit it.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a briquette?

2—Who was the author of the expression "Dead as a door nail"?

3—What is a plantigrade animal?

4—When was slavery abolished in the State of New York?

5—What is a poncho?

6—Who was the author of Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?

7—What is levulose?

8—When was the Erie Canal opened?

9—What is a Dyak?

10—What is a bongo?

11—How many years did Solomon spend building the Temple?

12—What prophet caused an iron ax head to swim?

13—What is abiogenesis?

14—What is a basilica?

15—Who is called the Father of History?

16—How does a drone bee differ from the workers?

17—Where was the famous painter Raphael buried?

18—What is gesso?

19—Where is the largest amount of coffee in the world produced?

20—What is the only river in Europe more than 2,000 miles long?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

What is necessary for effective cleaning of the teeth?

(*See page 46 for the answer*)

No more one-way dentifrices!...Use

SQUIBB'S—

for 5-way protection

1 It cleans effectively and *safely*.

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3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way, by keeping the gum tissues healthy, and avoids injury from astringents. No dentifrice can cure frequently bleeding gums. The dentist should be consulted.

4 It is economical because it gives greatest protection. It is the purest and safest that can be made and is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.*

5 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.

If you use a dentifrice that is of benefit in only one or two ways, you're cheating your teeth. Give them the *complete* protection of Squibb Dental Cream — backed by the 75-year reputation of the House of Squibb. See your dentist regularly, and brush your teeth at least twice a day with Squibb Dental Cream — *the 5-way dentifrice.*

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

KINGS, *Queens,*

A Bridge Comedy, A Romance of Royalty, Big Business, and a Picture that Doesn't Ring True

By
ROB WAGNER

Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in the slightly naughty romantic film Tonight Is Ours.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 10 seconds.)

WE Americans are craze hounds. We take up a sport, go nuts over it, and then, after riding it to death, rush to the next craze. Bicycle riding (remember the Century Clubs?); roller skating (a rink on every corner!); mah jong (East Wind! West Wind!); minnie golf (the intensest and shortest craze of all); and last, contract bridge (a whole nation excitedly playing at home, at the office, and even in taxicabs!). Our next craze? It may be technocracy—or simply blowing bubbles. Our crazes naturally lend themselves to gorgeous kidding, and in Grand Slam, Warner Brothers have given us one of the most hilariously amusing satires of the screen.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ Grand Slam

CAST

Peter, Paul Lukas; Marcia, Loretta Young; Philip, Frank McHugh; Blondie, Glenda Farrell; Lola, Helen Vinson; Berney, Walter Byron; Radio Announcer, Roscoe Karns; Van Dorn, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Detective Flynn, De Witt Jennings; Alex, Joe Cawthorne; Dot, Mary Doran; Nick, Paul Porcasi; Gregory, Lucien Prival; Artie, Tom Dugan; Player, George Cooper; Player, John Sheehan; Paul, Maurice Black; Harry, Lee Moran; Muriel, Ruthelma Stevens; Sob Sister, Emma Dunn; Theodore, Reginald Barlow; Referee, Harry C. Bradley; Ivan, Charles Levison; Mary, Esther Howard.

Directed by William Dieterle.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Paul Lukas is a waiter in a Russian restaurant. Loretta Young is the hat-check girl. Love; marriage. Paul is a natural card player and can read a book and still beat the bridge hounds of his gang.

Frank McHugh, who has ghost-written a book on bridge for the great expert, Ferdinand Gottschalk, has an idea. He'll promote Paul as a rival and ghost-write a book glorifying his, the Stanislavsky, system, which permits a man and his wife to play bridge without discord.

The Stanislavsky system sweeps the country, and the big punch takes place when the two experts meet for the championship of the world.

A clever, satirical comedy based on the game of bridge, Grand Slam stars Paul Lukas and Loretta Young.

Though Paul and Loretta are peaches-and-cream in public, they quarrel over their playing in private. Separation! In the big game, conducted with all the ritual of a prize fight in Madison Square Garden, Paul is losing until Loretta returns, and then—victory!

While the game is in progress the international excitement is so intense that trains stop, airplanes remain stationary, a diver "freezes" halfway between springboard and pool, and the earth actually stops on its axis.

★ ★ ★ Tonight Is Ours

CAST

Nadya, Claudette Colbert; Sabien Pastal, Fredric March; Grand Duchess Emilie, Alison Skipworth; Prince Keri, Paul Cavanagh; General Krish, Arthur Byron; Zana, Ethel Griffies; Seminoff, Clay Clement; Alex, Warburton Gamble; Leader of Mob, Edwin Maxwell.

Directed by Stuart Walker.
Produced by Paramount.

Claudette Colbert, a royal princess, wished to be wooed for herself alone, so she snook off incog to Paris, where she meets Fredric March at a costume ball. Love, of course. The king and queen are murdered, and Claudette is ordered home to ascend the throne. Love versus duty, duty winning. The young queen is framed to marry Paul Cavanagh, a royal prince of a neighboring kingdom. Fredric beats it over, saves the queen's life from an assassin's bullet the day before the wedding, and is rewarded by being allowed to spend the night with her Highness. At 4 A. M. revolutionists break in and demand her abdication; but when she emerges in her royal

and KNAVES

Robert Armstrong and Olga Baclanova (above) in a scene from the picture Billion Dollar Scandal.

robe de nuit and offers to marry Fred, a commoner just like themselves, everything is hunky-dory.

A beautiful picture, beautifully directed by Stuart Walker. Claudette Colbert is ravishing.

★ ★+ BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL

CAST

Robert Armstrong, Constance Cummings, Olga Baclanova, Frank Morgan, James Gleason, Irving Pichel, Warren Hymer, and Frank Albertson.

Directed by Harry Joe Brown.

Produced by Paramount.

Bob Armstrong, a fight promoter, Warren Hymer, his "coming champ" (slightly delayed), and Jimmie Gleason, a jaunty and amusing dip, are paroled from prison. Bob gets a job as athletic instructor to Frank Morgan, capitalist, and makes a wad of money on tips he overhears.

Bob's handsome younger brother, Frank Albertson, falls in love with Morgan's daughter, Constance Cummings (who wouldn't?), and Morgan, outraged, gives Bob a bum tip and wrecks him on the stock market. Bob in revenge spills their scheme to loot oil leases from the government to a newspaper.

Sensational Senate investigation. Bob is now a national hero, with grand publicity and lots of dough from the newspaper. But the glamour is short. The moment the magnates are found guilty, the three ex-crooks become "yesterday's news."

Armstrong gives a notable performance; Jimmie Gleason scores as usual; and Warren Hymer, homely as an old shoe, completes a perfect triad.

★ PARACHUTE JUMPER

CAST

Bill Keller, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Toodles, Frank McHugh; "Alabama," Bette Davis; Kurl Weber, Leo Carrillo; Mrs. Newberry, Claire Dodd; Steve Donovan, Harold Huber; Coffey, Thomas E. Jackson; Crowley, G. Pat Collins.

Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Produced by Warner Brothers.

Poor young Doug Fairbanks. His last picture, that silly Russian thing, and now this! Doug and Frank McHugh are established as drunken marines down in Nicaragua. Cut to New York. Poverty, park bench. On another bench, Bette Davis. Bette picks up Doug and in five minutes agrees to share his room and his poverty. But don't squirm; Bette is a pure gal and there'll be none of that! Just like it isn't in real life.

Doug gets a job at $150 a month as gunman for a dope smuggler. Pretty job! In flying across the Canadian border he laughingly shoots down and kills two border policemen. It's a lively picture, full of excitement, but utterly false to life. Furthermore, its morality is downright vicious. Doug is first a sot, next a petty thief, and finally a light-hearted murderer for pay. Yet we are expected to like him. When will they give this charming boy a story worthy of his intelligence, manhood, and proven talents?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

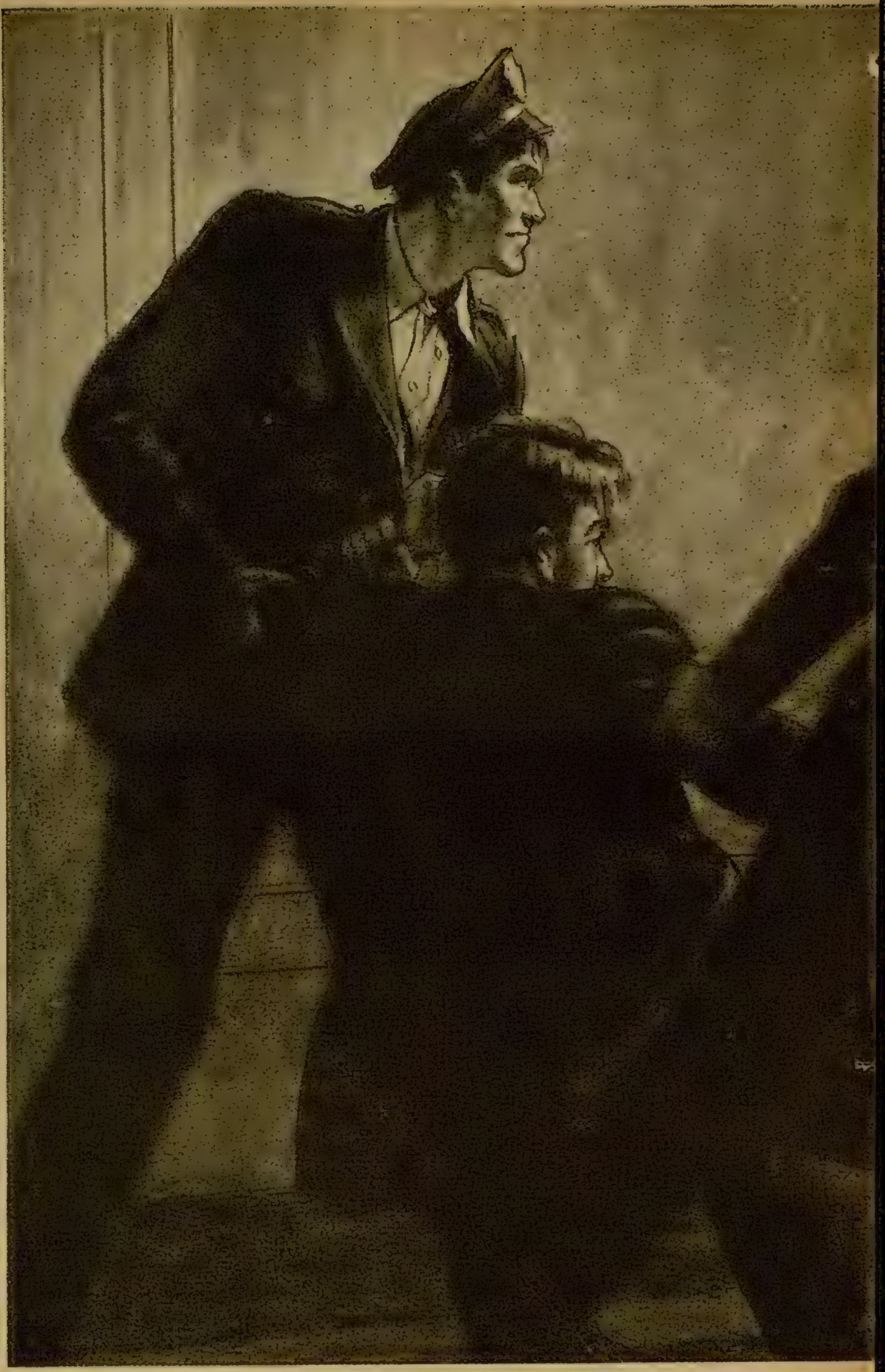
★★★★—The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement.

★★★—Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year.

Parachute Jumper is another unhappy vehicle for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The photo at the left shows him and Bette Davis.

Along the Fire Escape

The Story of a Burglar's Baptism and a Girl Who Shrieked too Soon



By JAMES HOPPER

(Reading time: 10 minutes 12 seconds.)

THE elevator clanked to a stop at the floor marked Seventeen, and a girl got out. She crossed the hall, in shimmering evening gown and wrap, bent lithely, and inserted her latchkey in her door. The light above the door fell on her tousled bobbed head of raveled black silk and on the golden tan of her boyishly lean and muscular shoulders.

She had left her escort brutally at the foot of the shaft. It was only with effort that she was holding her lips—sophistically rouged—from dissolving into the expression of a little child about to cry. A weight had been at the pit of her stomach all through this defiant and turbulent evening.

So now, after a reckless toss of her fine little head, it was a bit wearily that she opened the door, flashed on the lights, and went in. She passed along the hallway swiftly. Her room came into view through its open door, half dark and tranquil, its little night light shining on the upper part of the bed. And she stopped abruptly and her hands went to her throat.

A man had been standing there in the center of the room. He was still in the room—she could see his dim form as, his back to her, he leaped toward the window. She gave a little half-muted screech. The shadowy form shot out of the room through the wide-open window, and she screamed a clear, high scream.

For an instant a black silhouette showed on the fire escape; then it telescoped and slid downward and out of sight.

No sound came from her parents. Their door remained closed. Of all the world they had not heard her scream. The girl slipped to the telephone and quietly bade the police come around, then entered her room to see what the burglar had done.

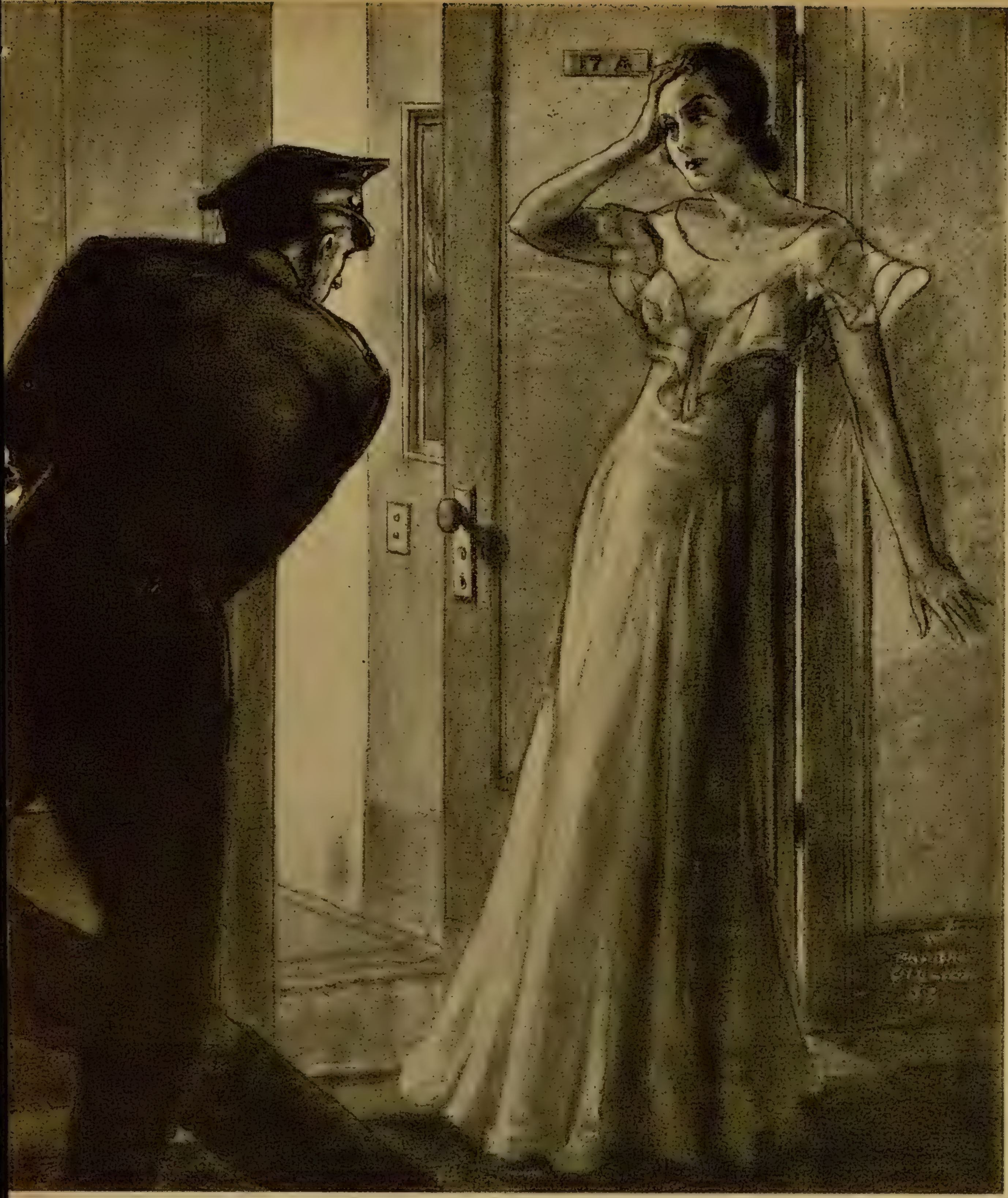
He had done nothing. Nothing was missing, nothing had been moved. She sank into the nearest chair to wait for the police.

Meanwhile the burglar was going down the fire escape, high up in the air, a black void beneath his feet. His ears rang, his nerves ached, with the memory of the scream; his imagination multiplied it; he felt about him an aroused city buzzing like a kicked beehive.

He must leave this fire ladder as soon as possible and get inside the building. You could play some sort of a hide-and-go-seek game in there. While here, outside—

The first three windows resisted his upward tug and bent his finger nails. He was beginning to worry when he came to one that yielded. He slid it open slowly in spite of the haste prickling at his spine. He stepped across the sill into black darkness. He could feel a thickly carpeted floor beneath his feet. He waited there a long moment while details within the room gradually took dim shape. There was no bed—no one was sleeping here. That was good. A pale rectangle across from him seized his attention. A closed door. It must open on the hall. He crossed the room and opened it.

Picture by W. MacRae Gillies



She said, "Jack!" And then again, "Jack!" And then, desolately, "Oh, what has happened?"

It opened upon the long hallway leading to the front door, as he had expected. But along its length every electric bulb burned. He took three steps—and stopped. Ahead was an open door; he could see partly into a room. He saw on a low round table long wax tapers, each holding a flame like a flower. And in the luminous vapor which was the atmosphere of this room a more solid blocked golden brilliance stirred. It stirred about on the back of a man. A stole it was, as he had seen in cathedrals on nights of high masses. It was on the back of a priest—a priest officiating there above a great couch beneath the draperies of which a human form stretched, immobile as if carved.

And now the watcher knew that about the great bed mourning figures stood; he heard stifled sobs and a clicking of beads.

The burglar backed up. He recrossed the room through which he had come, and stood on the fire escape once more.

DOWN the iron ladder he started again. At two successive floors windows refused to open. Then one yielded, and he stepped within, into a black cubicle.

Across from where he stood he could see dimly a white door, closed. He tiptoed across, opened the door, and peered through. He was cursed. This hallway also, like the other, was blazing with light from end to end. The watcher drew the door to, eaving only a slender crack, and observed with one eye.

At the far end of the hall a man was striding to and fro, to and fro, from one end of the corridor to the other and back again, passing and repassing a closed door. Every now and then he drew in a sharp breath and with the back of his hand wiped from his forehead what must have been cold sweat. And now and then he stopped before the closed door, faced it with eyes that tried to drill through it, then helplessly turned and went on.

That door now opened to let out a young woman with white starched garments and white cap, who closed it immediately behind her. She passed the pacing man as she went down the hall; she said no word to him. He threw toward her an imploring glance which she resolutely ignored. When a moment later she returned, having done her errand, again she evaded him in the same manner as she passed. But he stopped her.

"Nurse," he beseeched, his eyes upon her like a St. Bernard dog's.

"Go to the living room," she said. "Pick out a comfortable chair and smoke a cigar. You are doing no good here; you're only in the way."

She looked at his gray face and relented a little. "Everything is all right," she said.

But when she had again gone in through the door, his hungry glance trying to pry along after her, the man did not go to the living room, select a chair, and smoke a cigar. He resumed his pacing up and down, up and down, up and down. And the burglar withdrew to the fire escape again.

Three floors below he found an open window and stepped within another dark and silent room.

He waited against the wall, holding his breath. Across from him, a last ember of a dying fire on an invisible hearth pulsed like a red eye. Suddenly the red eye dilated, there was a small explosion, a long green flame licked out, and the burglar smoothly dropped to all fours. The flame had flashed to his view, for the fraction of a second, a massive davenport facing the hearth, and, in one deep corner of it, two figures entwined.

Voices rose from the davenport in the darkness. A girl's voice, with a little woeful whistling quality, between sobs: "But how *could* you think that? When I love you so, when you are everything in my life—when even my mother, my brother, my sister count for nothing any more—oh, Roy!"

Then a boy's voice, still trying to stiffen itself to stubbornness: "You denied me a dance. You did! I come and I ask you to dance and he comes sliding up and claims it—as though he had the right—as though he had all rights—as though he owned you—putting on airs—elbowing me. I should have smashed him! And you throw yourself into his arms and go waltzing off—leaving me there—leaving me there—"

"But Roy, Roy, Roy—oh, you hurt so!—his name was on my card. He had asked me ages before. I *had* to dance with him—it was the regular thing to do; it was the correct thing to do. Oh, how could you think that of me? He means nothing to me—I hate him now—all men are just shadows to me except you—and I love you so, and you make a scene like that—you thinking I could—I could for an instant—oh, Roy, when I love you so!"

The big davenport was shaking to a storm of piteous, hysteric woe. The burglar stepped back to the fire escape.

The whole building was bewitched. Between top and bottom, was there no place where people slept?

There was—a few stories lower. He stepped in through a window into a room dark and empty. He opened a door upon a hallway that was dark and empty. He coursed lightly along it, and undisturbed reached the apartment's front door. He opened this, and found himself on a landing of the main stairs, near the elevators—exactly where he had wanted to be.

But two other men were also there—big burly men in thick blue uniforms, big clubs in hands. "I guess here's our burglar, sergeant," said the younger of the two.

And the burglar made a long dive, head first, for the stairs. The men caught him as he passed, and in a moment all over the landing the three were whirling, going down to the marble floor, getting up again, banging resonantly against the elevator shaft's metal doors. Little by little, still in furious action, they began to slide toward the stairs. Revolving, they went down the stairs to the lower landing—to be joined there by two other bluecoated men posted there. For a moment this seemed only to have given added corpulence to the milling mass — a solid whirl out of which flew fists and clubs instantly retracted, and short fierce expletives and pantings and grunts. But finally all this ceased, and the four blue-coated men were bending in a circle over what seemed to be a new corpse.

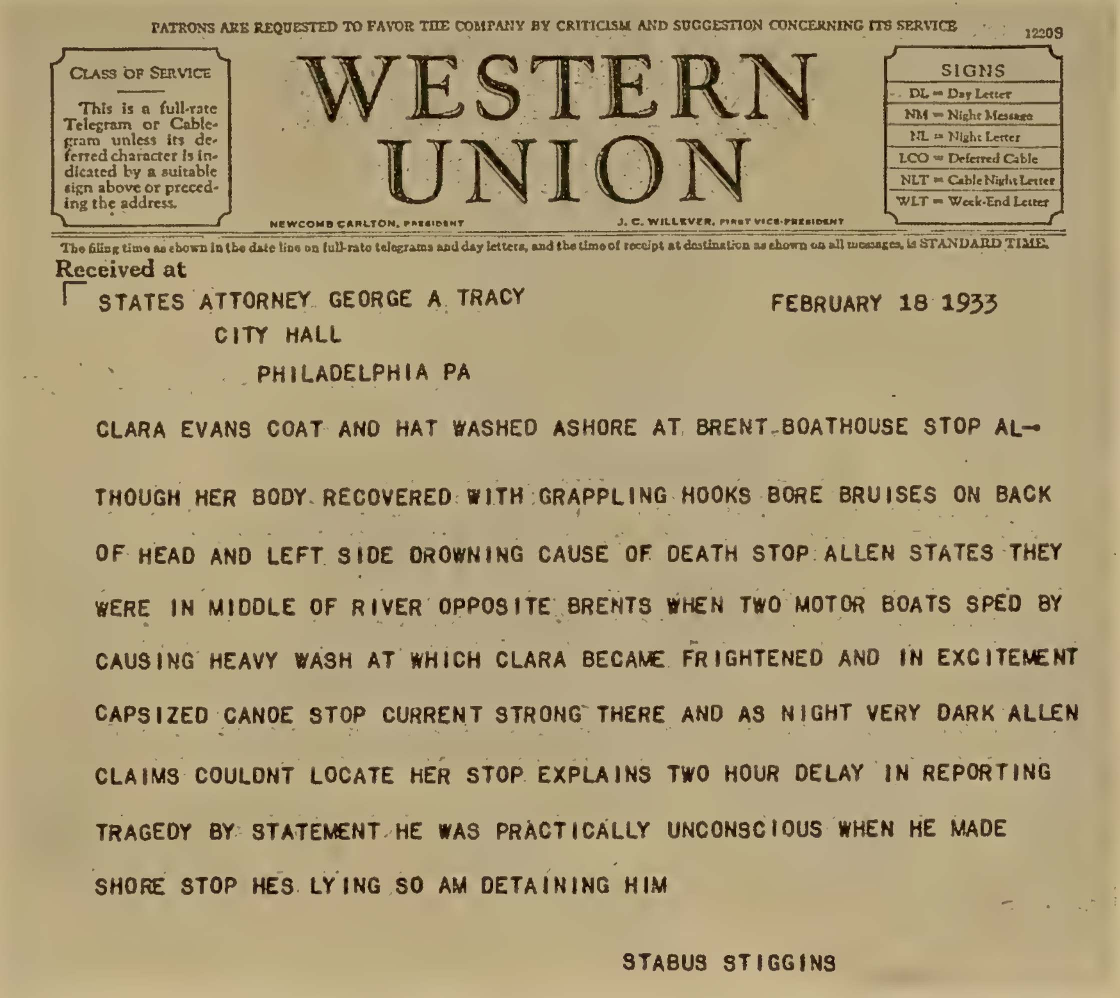
The one who had been called sergeant was bending lower than the others. He now stooped, seized the recumbent figure by the lapels, and raised it against the wall. It was too soon; the figure limply started to slide down. The sergeant caught it, replastered it against the wall, and held it there with the pressure of his big flat hand. At leisure he studied it.

The burglar was a young burglar. The light of understanding was slowly returning into eyes momentarily glazed, and they were not bad eyes even behind their curtain of disreputably disheveled hair. They were blue. Another light was coming into them by the side of the light of understanding, and the sergeant took a fresh and firmer hold of his big night stick. But now the blue eyes were resting with increased interest on the three bluecoats behind the sergeant, who were straightening belts gone quite askew and endeavoring with thick fingers to button up tunic buttons entirely gone, and a third light came into them. The swollen lips twisted, the battered face spread; the captive grinned.

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. RIPLEY



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Received at

STATES ATTORNEY GEORGE A TRACY FEBRUARY 18 1933
CITY HALL
PHILADELPHIA PA

CLARA EVANS COAT AND HAT WASHED ASHORE AT BRENT BOATHOUSE STOP ALTHOUGH HER BODY RECOVERED WITH GRAPPLING HOOKS BORE BRUISES ON BACK OF HEAD AND LEFT SIDE DROWNING CAUSE OF DEATH STOP ALLEN STATES THEY WERE IN MIDDLE OF RIVER OPPOSITE BRENTS WHEN TWO MOTOR BOATS SPED BY CAUSING HEAVY WASH AT WHICH CLARA BECAME FRIGHTENED AND IN EXCITEMENT CAPSIZED CANOE STOP CURRENT STRONG THERE AND AS NIGHT VERY DARK ALLEN CLAIMS COULDNT LOCATE HER STOP EXPLAINS TWO HOUR DELAY IN REPORTING TRAGEDY BY STATEMENT HE WAS PRACTICALLY UNCONSCIOUS WHEN HE MADE SHORE STOP HES LYING SO AM DETAINING HIM

STABUS STIGGINS

Why Was Stiggins Justified? The solution will appear in next week's issue.

"Took four of you to do it," he remarked impartially.

"Come on," said the sergeant to his acolytes. "Let's take him up to the lady what telephoned. She seen him go through the window. P'r'aps she'll identify him."

The young burglar's joy abruptly went out; his eyes were measuring the chances of renewed combat. But his right arm was in the sergeant's jiujitsu hold, and the other guardians of the law were upon him.

In the elevator he was shot upward, and, held from all sides, found himself facing the door of the apartment he had lately left by the window. The sergeant rang the bell. The door opened and a girl in shimmering evening gown stood in the entrance, the light falling upon her bobbed head of raveled black silk and her muscular boyish shoulders tanned to frosted gold.

She said, "Jack!" And then again, "Jack!" And then, desolately, "Oh, what has happened? What have they done to you?"

And took the captive's battered head between her slim hands. With light fingers she was caressing his disheveled mane; she was touching reverently here a bruised cheek, here a flayed nose, there a blackened eye. She was pressing her cool lips upon his swollen and feverish lips. And now she was kissing him fast and repeatedly and vehemently, while small sounds of sorrow sang in her throat.

"Oh, Anne!" the lately formidable prisoner was begging miserably. "Let's never quarrel any more, will you? Let's never quarrel again, no matter what happens, Anne, will you?"

The petrified policemen had dropped his arms. She threw herself into them. "Oh, no; let's never quarrel any more!" she went.

"I couldn't stand it!" he was saying, perilously close to sniveling. "You not answering the phone, not answering the letters, sending back everything, sending back my frat pin—"

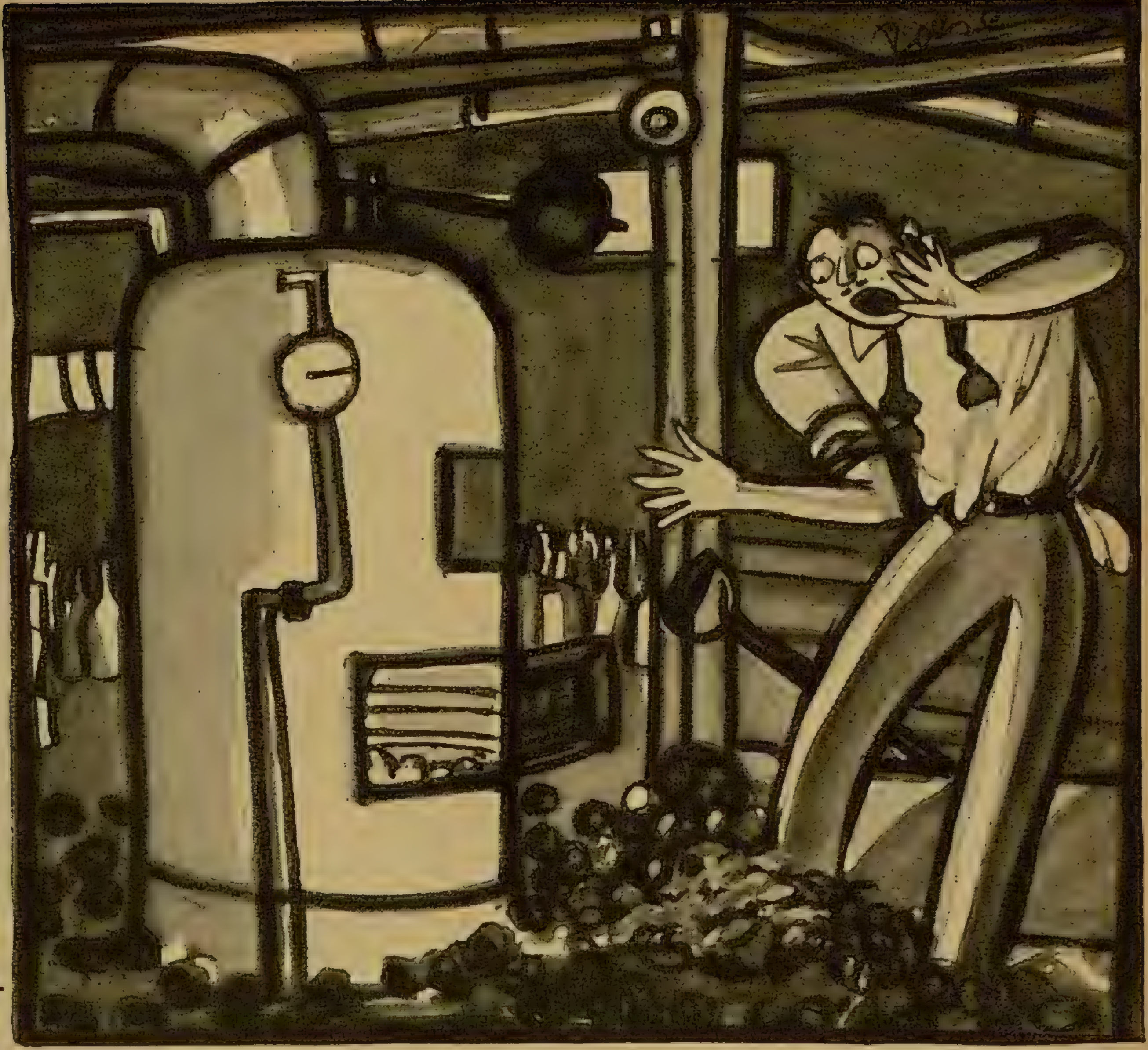
He shifted his position a little and enveloped her more closely.

"Tonight I got into your room by the fire escape," he went on. "I stuck the pin on your pillow. I thought, when you came home tonight, if you saw it there, you'd remember. Remember, Anne, that night I gave it to you?"

She was remembering with hot cheeks and luminous eyes.

"You can go," she said to the police. "You have been very stupid; you have shown no sense at all; you've been brutal. But everything is all right now. You can go!"

THE END



There was all the coal which hadn't come out on the shovel!

Pictures by
HERBERT F. ROESE

The BIG Coal PROBLEM

(Reading time: 5 minutes 25 seconds.)

A GREAT deal of thought has been devoted to the subject of how we are going to meet the problems of this winter; but I haven't seen any attention being paid to the Coal Question. Of course, there has been some expert speculation on how to *get* any coal without twenty dollars, but no one seems to have written anything helpful on what we are going to do with it once we have got it. Or is that just my personal problem?

I have been trying to get coal into a furnace fire box now for about fifteen years, and I should say that my average was about .002, or two pieces of coal to each half ton shoveled. I can get it anywhere else in the cellar—the ash cans, the preserve closet, the boxes behind the furnace, and even back into the bin again. But I can't quite seem to hit the fire box in the furnace.

It may be that there is something wrong with my aim or my eyesight, but I have always had a feeling that the coal itself had something to do with it. I think that my coal man sells me live coal; that is, coal which lives and breathes and has a mind of its own. You can't tell me that just ordinary dumb, inanimate coal could act the way mine does!

I would not tell this to many people, because they wouldn't believe me, but I have actually seen pieces of coal which I had successfully tossed into the fire box *turn around and fly back out on to the floor!* Now, you can't fight a thing like that. I have watched coal on a shovel which I was carrying from the bin to the furnace actually set itself in a state of ferment and bound about like corn in a popper in its attempt to get off the shovel and on to the floor. Things of this nature come under the head of the Supernatural. You know that, don't you?

I remember one night back in 1926 when I went down into the cellar to fix the furnace for the night (and what a misleading phrase that "fix the furnace" is! I'd *like* to fix a furnace just once. It wouldn't come any more of its dirty tricks on me again, I'll tell you. The only way a furnace can be fixed is with nitroglycerin). Anyway, I went down to give the furnace its head for the night, and to this end I went over to the bin to get the customary three shovelfuls of coal.

The bin was about half full (it then being about the middle of October and the fire about two weeks in operation) and I picked out my favorite shovel—which I had had built like a dredge, with sides which closed up around the coal—and started for the opening. Remember, I could *see* the coal in there.

I dug in the shovel, felt the coal settle on it, and pulled it out. There was no coal there! I then poked down from over the top of the bin with a long poker until I was absolutely sure that I felt great piles of coal descend, all the time saying to myself: "Come, come, Benchley! Pull yourself together! Of course there will be some on the shovel this time." But no! I could not even get those black diamonds out of the bin, much less into the furnace. This was disturbing enough—but wait!

I turned to look at the open door of the fire box into

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

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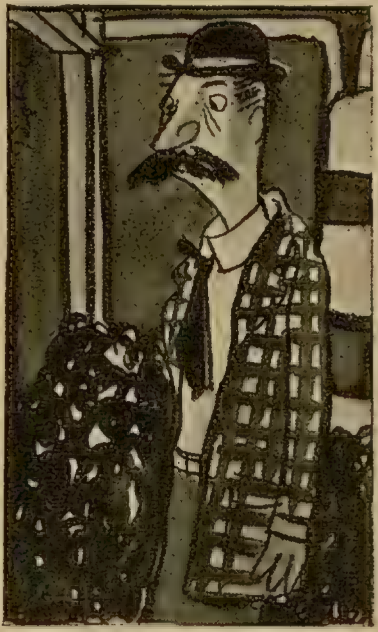
which I had planned to toss at least six or seven pieces, and there, on the floor between the bin and the furnace, was all the coal which hadn't come out on the shovel! It had come out by itself, possibly over my head through the air, and had strewn itself all over the cement in just the position it would have taken anyway, but without a sound! Some of it had even wound its ghostly way over into its favorite nest in the preserve closet and was lying there, looking up at me as if to say: "Beat you to it, old man!" Without another look I turned and fled upstairs, striking my head on the cellar stairs even harder than usual. I know enough not to monkey around with devil's coal.



I hired a man to shovel the coal.

THIS experience rather made me afraid to go down cellar again, and I hired a man to do it for me. He, however, seemed to have no trouble, and I used to hear the coal crashing into the furnace below (and what a lovely sound that is, to lie in bed in the morning and hear some other poor sucker downstairs putting on the coal, even if it is only your wife) and my pride became piqued.

If an Italian who had got only an A. B. in a university could get coal into a furnace without spilling it, why couldn't I, with my Ph. D., do it? Or better yet, why couldn't I actually build the fire with my Ph. D.? This was, however, out of the question, as I had lost it that time when the Salvation Army took those old army blankets in which it had been tucked away. But I determined to try my hand at the fire at least once a day, and then, if it didn't work, let Mike go on doing it all the time.

The result of this was that Mike would build the fire in the morning (I chose the evening service for my experiments) and I would put it out at night. Then Mike would build it in the morning again. He finally said that he would have to get more money for tending it just once a day than he did when he tended it twice, as he had more work to do, what with taking out the things that I had put into it the night before (I may not be able to get *coal* into a fire box, but I can get some dandy other things, such as hunks of larva, old bottles, and bits of the cement floor) and then rebuilding the whole business. So I gave it up entirely for the time being. But this winter I had to start in again; for, because of the unemployment, Mike has too much work to do on public improvements to bother with us.

I am now thinking of having a furnace built with the coal bin *on top.* Then, when it comes time for me to put on more coal, I can just open a chute and let the stuff dribble down into the fire box at any speed and to any amount that I want.

As for the ashes and clinkers, I shall have a great cavern dug underneath the furnace, with perhaps a small boy who will stand down there with a searchlight and a rifle and who can shoot the clinkers to bits as they stick in the grate.

When the winter is over I can have the house moved right off the cavern and the whole thing dug out.

This, of course, is going to be pretty expensive, and I haven't the slightest idea that it will work. But it will at least restore my self-respect by making it unnecessary for me to go at the thing with that shovel again. And a failure in a rather gigantic effort like that wouldn't be half as humiliating as not being able to get a few pieces of coal into a fire box with my own hands.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Fair Enough

MY four-year-old son has an exasperating habit of saying "Why?" whenever he is refused anything.

Finally, one day, I told him I hated the word and wished that he would forget it.

"I'll forget it, mother," came the answer, "when you forget the word 'don't.'"—Mrs. R. L. Gwynn, Salisbury, N. C.

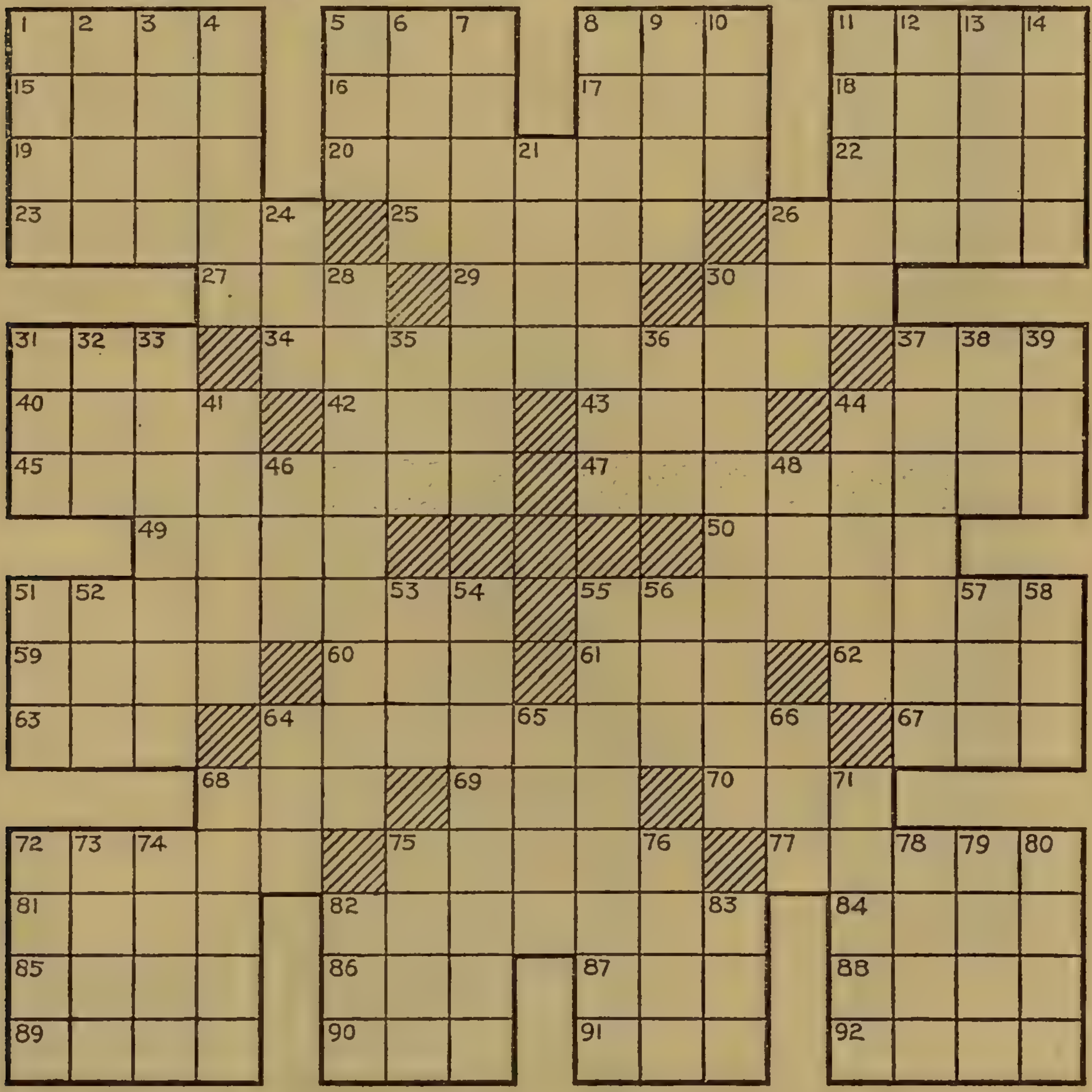
No Fair!

BARBARA had been jumping around in the back seat of the car and finally grandma said she would give her a nickel if she'd keep quiet for a half hour.

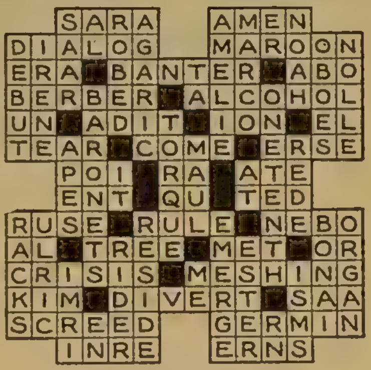
For ten minutes there was quiet, then Barbara got hiccoughs. Unable to stop, she said: "Hiccups don't count, granny!"—W. J. Edmiston, 91 Prospect Street, Huntington, N. Y.

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL
1 Any particular place
5 A supposition (pl.)
8 Cooking vessel
11 The central part
15 Move with violence
16 Long narrow inlet
17 A street (abbr.)
18 Jewish month
19 Other
20 Protected
22 Latvian seaport
23 A measure of length
25 One who sulks
26 Diminishes
27 Prefix: separation
29 Conveyance
30 Rested
31 Distress signal
34 Penal retributions
37 Pronoun
40 A work
42 Disfigure
43 Playing card
44 Sacred bull of the Egyptians
45 Has relation to
47 Fruit beverage
49 Just
50 A metal
51 A banner
55 An inhabitant of a region of America
59 Chop
60 Fifth month (Fr.)
61 Ovum
62 Slave
63 Sooner than
64 Musical entertainers
67 Head covering
68 Existed
69 Pastry
70 A tree



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Answer to last week's puzzle

72 An article of food
75 Appears to be
77 Stinging insects
81 Color of some horses
82 Express sympathy
84 Kind of meat
85 Mother's sister
86 Measures of area
87 Neither
88 American Indian
89 Girl's nickname
90 Mound
91 Coin of Japan
92 Tear

VERTICAL
1 The heavy stroke of a letter
2 Peal (obs.)
3 Hop kiln
4 Driven to a tree
5 Man's name
6 Steady
7 Russian tea urns
8 Having the character of a parent
9 Above
10 Man's nickname
11 Measure of weight
12 Norse god
13 Rave
14 Periods
21 Semiprecious stone
24 Tear
26 Had being
28 Mythical Assyrian queen
30 Apparently
31 To soak up
32 Open
33 Outer face
35 Woman's nickname
36 To freeze
37 Of Spain
38 Secreted
39 Compass point
41 Emitted evil odor
44 Positive pole
46 Succor
48 Anglo-Saxon coin
51 Pronoun
52 Sailor
53 Hurried
54 Do without
55 Ritual observance
56 Duration of life
57 Collection of facts
58 Free of charges
64 Angry
65 Bound
66 Stitch
68 Desires
71 Hesitate
72 A child
73 A rake
74 Bears young
75 Painful
76 A wild plum
78 Dried up
79 Extreme distress
80 Wheelless vehicle
82 Domestic animal
83 Predatory sea bird

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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if you want to cut shoe bills

You can't stop boys and girls from racing and romping and roughing—but you *can* stop them from running through your pocketbook. Put them on Goodyear Wingfoot Soles—the tough, sure-footed, waterproof soles that can't be beat for wear.

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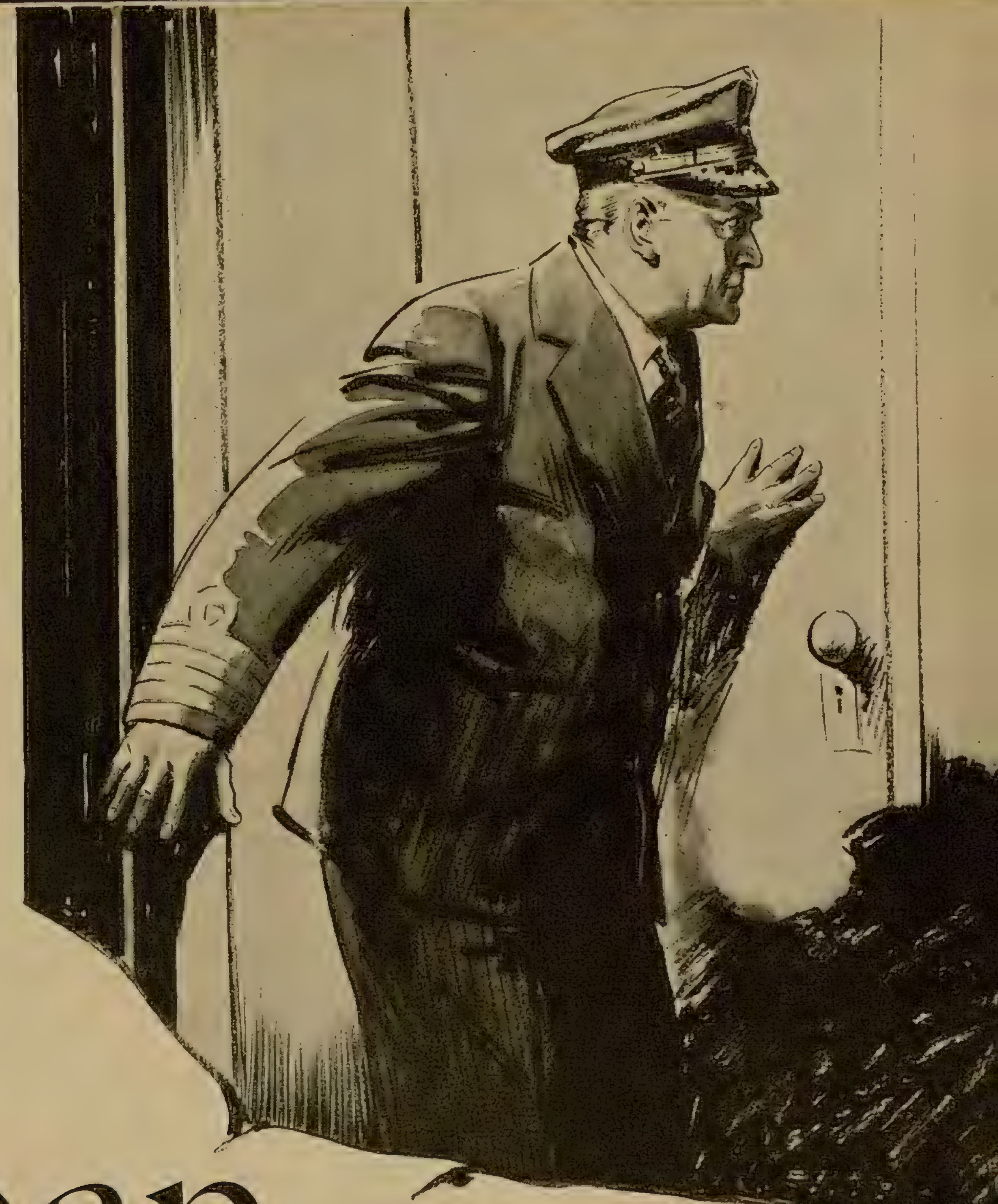
Illustrations by
D'Alton Valentine

Afraid to Die—
Captain Buchanan
Intervenes—
About Bill Ramley—
A New Day



The Woman *Accused*

Part Five — Chapter Nine

Glenda's Calvary

By
POLAN BANKS

(Reading time: 37 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Glenda Cromwell, who on her wedding eve is involved in the killing of Leo Young, with whom she had once been intimate. She has gone aboard the six-day-cruise ship Corinthia with Jeffrey Baxter, and they were to have been married by the ship's captain. Glenda prevents this, and Jeffrey, during a mock trial, learns that she is wanted for Young's murder. Glenda then attempts suicide.

The plot is based on an original story by Polan Banks. A synopsis was submitted to ten celebrated authors, each of whom wrote a chapter. The preceding installments were written by Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum, Zane Grey, Viña Delmar, Irvin S. Cobb, Gertrude Atherton, J. P. McEvoy, and Ursula Parrott.

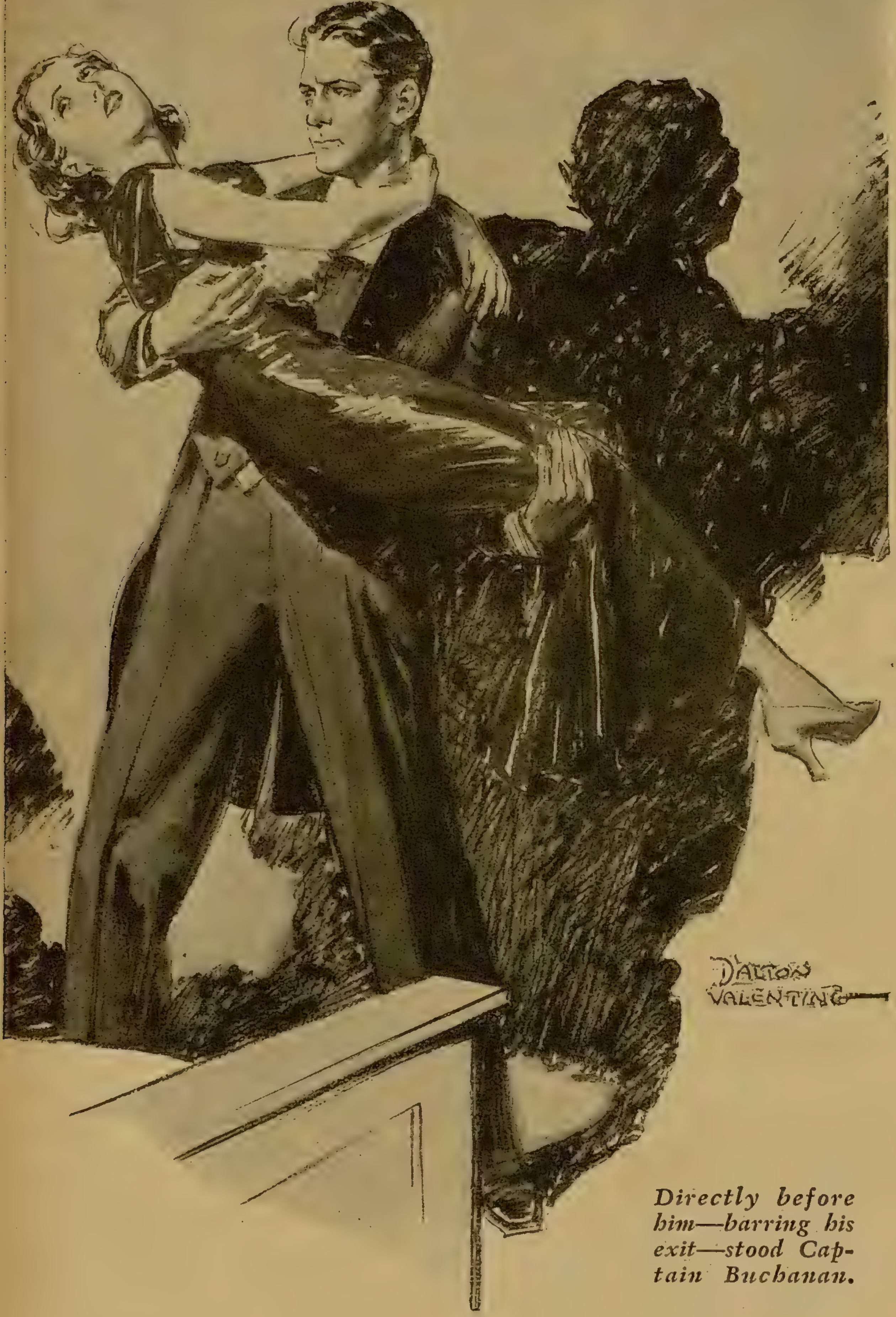
THE man she loved was standing in the doorway, smiling his characteristic serious little smile. Glenda, from where she lay in her berth, smiled back. But there was sadness in her smile instead of mirth, and something of panic. She was so afraid that Jeffrey might read her mood aright—see through her with that merciless clarity with which he saw through most of the evildoers who, kaleidoscope-like, passed through his professional life.

Murderess she might be, but he knew and condoned it out of the fineness and greatness of his love. But that she was a self-murderess he did not know; that already she had condemned herself to death and carried out that sentence—judge and executioner in one.

Even as she lay there thinking these hasty thoughts in the foreground of her mind, in her subconscious she was aware, with a fatalistic awareness, that the poison she had taken was already permeating her blood stream.

BY TEN OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

- ★ Rupert Hughes
- ★ Vicki Baum
- ★ Zane Grey
- ★ Viña Delmar
- ★ Irvin S. Cobb
- ★ Gertrude Atherton
- ★ J. P. McEvoy
- ★ Ursula Parrott
- ★ Polan Banks
- ★ Sophie Kerr



Directly before him—barring his exit—stood Captain Buchanan.

In her mind's eye she could see those deadly little white pellets disintegrating within her. Soon, all too soon, she would be dead. Or perhaps mercifully soon. She could not bear to lie there much longer, paralyzed with the consciousness of her fate, and watch the face of the man she loved. The man for whom she had so abruptly cut herself off from life.

Jeffrey softly closed the door behind him, and crossed to her side even as she watched him, wordless. Sitting down beside her, he put his arms around her, looked long into her face, then bent forward and gently kissed the hollow in her throat, and his kiss served to act as an invisible hand choking down the sudden tears that were welling up from her heart. For of a sudden, with a great, an overwhelming fear, Glenda was afraid to die.

She cradled him to her tightly with her arms, her hands in his hair, and he lay imprisoned there, content, unknowing that she dared not let him see the abysmal fright in her eyes. The fact that she could feel no pain but added to her terror. The real terrors were those of the unseen, the unfelt.

Jeffrey said: "You're trembling, darling. You mustn't. There's nothing to worry about any more."

"Yes, I know," she agreed from between stiff lips. "Nothing any more—ever."

"I've worked it all out," said he, after a space. "It's all settled."

She closed her eyes. Yes, it was all settled. Fate had stepped in and settled it for them both. Fate, and the little vial of pellets.

"YES, it's all settled," Glenda murmured. She would tell him now. She would try to be jocular, to be gay. "It's the end of me, I guess, Jeff."

"Don't be silly—it's your defense I mean," he assured her. "I've worked it all out—down to every detail. I'll see the chief medical examiner in New York to account for the shots that were fired—that will be a cinch. Then announce our engagement to the newspapers the first thing, to get romantic sympathy." He grinned. "By the way, *I'm* going to be your first character witness, Glenda."

This caught her attention despite that other knowledge of which she was aware with such a horrible awareness. She grasped eagerly at the opportunity to temporarily forget that knowledge. The pain would come soon enough.

"Character witness? They'd laugh at you, Jeff. They'd know you were in love with me."

"That's my point!" he told her eagerly. "I'm going to ask that jury if they know what it means to be in love. What it means to love a woman like you. I'm going to tell that jury that I'm going to marry you as soon as the verdict is handed in. And *because* of your past, instead of *despite* it.

"I'm going to justify that past to them just as you've justified it to me. I'm going to tell the whole world that Jeffrey Baxter is not only willing but proud to make that

End Pain Quickly
SLEEP SOUNDLY

"Now that pain will go in a few minutes. All it needs is a little Sloan's."

"The sore spot feels better now. Thank heaven it won't keep me awake!"

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ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
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past his own!" He kissed her throat again, very tenderly. "We're going to share the past as well as the future, sweet. Share and share alike."

The future . . .

Her eyes brimmed with tears. How little he knew of what he spoke! For the first time Glenda was glad she had taken that fatal step—glad she had not immediately told him the truth. Soon it would be too late for her lover or any other human power to interfere. Soon Jeff would be free of the responsibility of her—free of the necessity of muddying the reputation he had so painstakingly built up. By destroying herself she would have saved his career, his happiness. He would be free again, and happy—in time. He must realize that.

"If anything happens to me, Jeff dear—I want you not to worry, do you hear?" She was staring through her tears at the porthole. A single star gleamed steadily in the far-off blackness that was infinity. It seemed a fellow conspirator, that distant planet, warning her of reality.

The time was short, and she must make the most of it. She blinked acquiescence through her tears to the admonitory star.

"If anything happens, my dear, you are to put the thought of me out of your life and be happy again. You are not to—"

"Nothing is going to happen," he told her confidently. "Except that you are going to be free. You know that in your heart, don't you?"

"Yes, I am going to be free," she repeated, staring at the star through the porthole. But she meant something else again. "Free as the air."

"That's the spirit!" he commended her cheerfully. "Confidence is half the battle."

"Nevertheless," said Glenda slowly, "one never knows. If anything should happen to me, Jeff, I want you to forget me—to marry"—she brought this out with an effort—"to be happy with someone else."

"DON'T be morbid," he told her half angrily, and looked intently into her face. He saw the tear-wet eyes, and kissed their lids. "Darling, if anything happened to you, I wouldn't want to go on living. I couldn't bear to live without you!"

A new terror assailed her. What if he were in earnest! If he were to follow her in death through the very despair of losing her? By signing her death warrant could she have simultaneously decreed his own? Bitterly she regretted now the cowardice which had kept her from jumping into the sea that first night out. He would never have known the whole truth then—never have heard from her lips the whys and wherefores of her life.

He might not even have regretted her but would have come to think himself well rid of her.

Now what? He not only knew the truth but could never forget her if he would. Jeffrey would never be able to tear the memory of her from his heart if he lived a thousand years—not loving her the way he did. Glenda had a vivid imagination; mentally reversing their positions, she saw with hard clarity that this could be all too true.

Having loved Jeffrey, and losing him, she would not want to live, herself.

Even to the end of the road she had found it paved with tragedy both for her and those whose lives contacted hers.

She had thought to snatch six days of paradise, and they had proved a boomerang.

A moan escaped her. Glenda's Calvary was but begun, not ended. She knew that now.

Jeffrey said, "Darling—darlingest—you mustn't let yourself get upset. There's an ordeal before you, of course—it would be foolish to deny it—but I'll be there by your side every step of the way—fighting with you and for you. You know that, sweet!"

HER eyes were blank with misery. Yes, the ordeal was before her. But there'd be no Jeffrey beside her to share it—no human power to help her. Unconsciously almost, she shook her head.

Jeffrey, sensing her despair, and not guessing its real cause, strove to rally her from her black mood.

"It's all so silly, Glen, your worrying so. We love each other. Haven't you faith in our love? Haven't you faith in me?"

She smiled at him—a veritable Mona Lisa smile. She was so sorry for Jeffrey, ignorant as yet; so sorry for herself; so very sorry for the both of them, that she wanted to weep her heart out.

But somehow the tears would not come.

Jeffrey took her smile for acquiescence.

"We'll be happy yet," he prophesied confidently. "We'll have our house on Murray Hill, and we'll do it over together, just as we've planned. After our trip to Europe, of course—when the smoke has cleared away. And do you know what?"

"What?" echoed Glenda mistily. Would the rending, flaming pains within her never begin? Why couldn't she die at once—quickly and suddenly?

"We're going to have a nursery in that house on Murray Hill. A large one.

"You'd want that, wouldn't you, darling?"

She only looked at him.

"Of course you would! There's nothing like babies to keep a woman busy," he declared jocularly. At sight of her face, his smile faded. "And to make a woman forget," he added tenderly. He stooped and kissed her. "I want a son, Glenda, more than anything else in the world —next to you!" he confessed almost boyishly. "And I want a little girl just like you."

She was shaking her head, her lips tremulous. And again he misunderstood.

"Just like you," he repeated, although somewhat shakily. "A little girl-child with the honesty of you and your courage and your greatness of heart. A little Glenda as fine and beautiful as the Glenda I love!"

"Don't!" she cried out almost shrilly, and there was defiance as well as appeal in her working face. "For God's sake, don't torture me!"

She began to weep soundlessly but terribly. He took her quickly in his arms, soothed her as he comforted her. Yet still she wept on as she clung to him.

"I'm sorry, sweet." There was humility and contrition in him. His humility and contrition touched her to the quick so that she was speechless with the overwhelming pain of it. "I didn't know—I never thought—" He kissed her hair. "We don't have to, of course. I'd rather have you than all the children in the world! I mean that, dearest—truly!"

AGAIN he had misunderstood. She could have screamed with the hysteria that was milling and seething within her, yet would not emerge. His son. His daughter. His children that he wanted so. Her pride rose in arms, her feminine pride that would not down even on the edge of death. She grasped him by the shoulders, even shook him in her frenzy to make him understand.

"But I do want children! Can't you understand? I want babies more than anything on God's earth!"

He saw that she was hysterical, beside herself.

"Then we'll adopt one, dear. Adopt as many as you like. It won't make any difference."

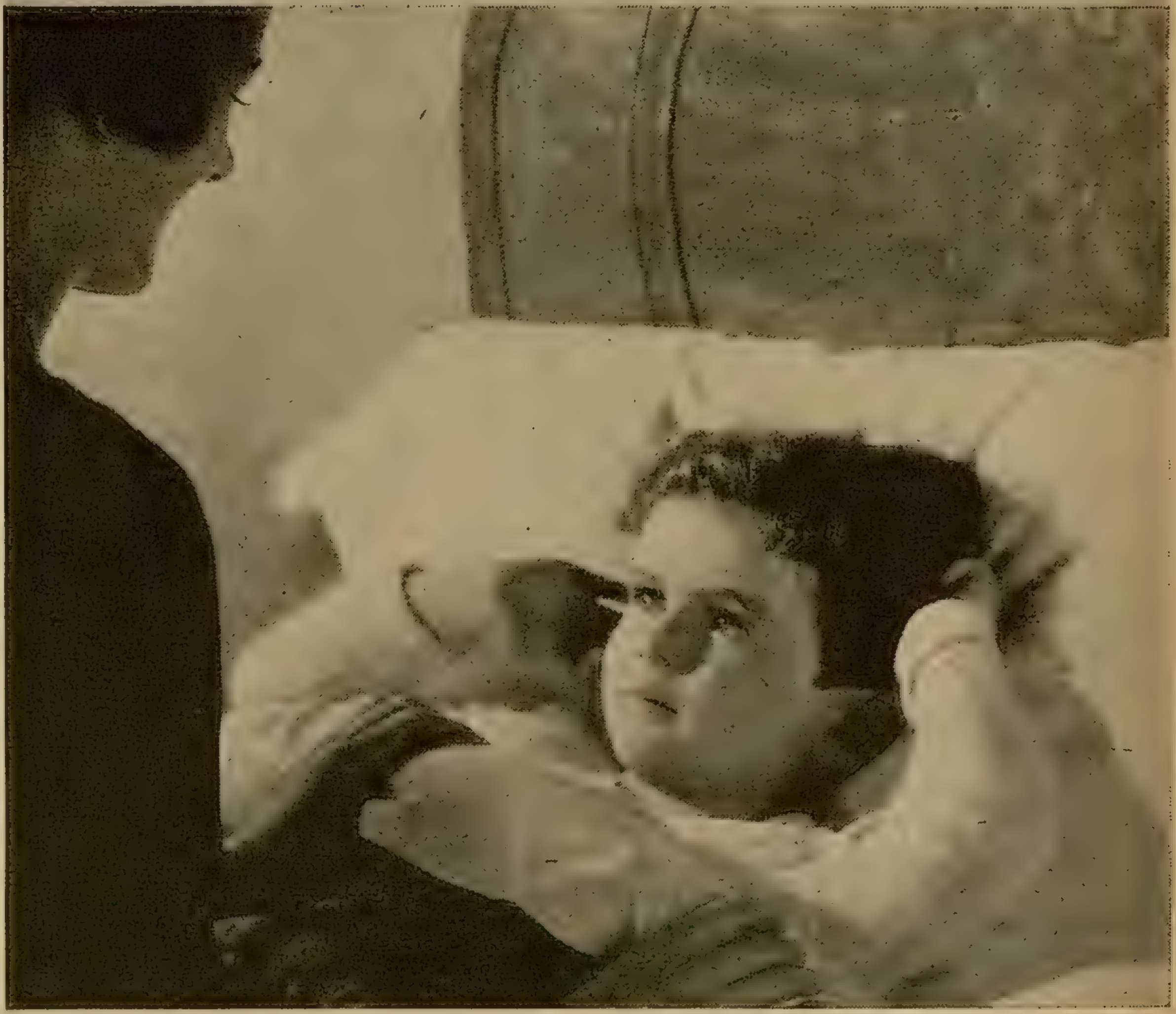
His understanding and sweetness, and yet his very blindness and ignorance, cut her like a knife. For a moment she was on the verge of blurting out the truth, and then again some impulse still held her back.

"You're not to worry about these things now," Jeffrey said soothingly. "We're both like a pair of silly children, making mountains out of molehills. What do you say we go up on deck for a walk before we turn in, darling? The air will do you good."

Glenda ignored his suggestion. She clutched his arms, held his eyes with her own. Already she thought she could feel a sharp pain in her lower chest—a sort of intensified heartburn. At last the pellets were beginning to work; soon she would be in too much pain to talk rationally, to be brave.

"Listen, Jeff dear. You're going

WHEN COLDS HIT THEM . . .
IT'S NO TIME FOR EXPERIMENTING



PLAY SAFE, MOTHER . . .

VICKS VAPORUB

is the *proved* way to treat Colds

COLDS are hard on children. Every mother knows that. It's risky to take chances—and fortunately, there's no need to.

For there is a safe way to treat children's colds. A way that is tested and proved. Millions and millions of mothers depend upon it—Vicks VapoRub.

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You can trust VapoRub to bring quicker, surer relief. Just rubbed on, it acts in two ways at once to check a cold. Through the skin, it acts like a poultice or plaster—"drawing out" soreness and tightness. At the same time, its soothing, medicated vapors are inhaled direct to irritated air-passages. That stuffy, clogged-up feeling vanishes. Breathing is easier. Relief is prompt and lasting. And you avoid the risks of constant dosing, which so often upsets children's delicate digestions.

For Stronger Vapor Action

If the air-passages are badly clogged, or there is much irritation or coughing, drop a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water and inhale the steaming medicated vapors for several minutes. They penetrate through every air-passage—*direct* to the seat of the trouble—soothe and heal the inflamed membranes, and help restore normal breathing.

For better Control of Colds

Vicks VapoRub is the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. In extensive clinical tests last winter, Vicks Plan cut the number, duration, and costs of colds in half—saved two-thirds of time lost from school due to colds. How you can follow the Plan in your home is fully explained in each package of VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds.

. . . UNSURPASSED FOR ADULTS, TOO

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FUSSY STOMACH?
"EVEN HAMBURGER DOESN'T FAZE ME NOW"

"TUMS" Let You Eat The Foods You Like

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TUMS 10¢
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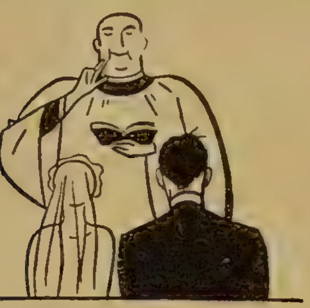

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And the Lexington is a new hotel, located in the Grand Central Zone, one block from fashionable Park Avenue.

HOTEL LEXINGTON
Grand Central Zone, Lexington Ave. at 48th St.
NEW YORK CITY
CHARLES E. ROCHESTER, Gen'l Manager

to have children—your own, do you hear? You're going to marry, and have a family—and be happy! Do you understand?"

"But of course we're going to be married," he declared somewhat anxiously. "Glenda, what on earth is the matter? Why are you talking like this?"

She was panting a little, fighting for self-control. Death was creeping up.

"You're going to marry somebody else—that's what I mean!" she declared wildly. "And you're going to be happy—you've got to promise me—you're going to be—happy!"

Sternly he shook her by the shoulders.

"Glenda, you're hysterical! I don't know why, but you are! Snap out of it, I tell you! You'll only make yourself ill, and all over nothing!"

She suddenly became rigid in his arms—so rigid that, in some alarm, he thought she was going to faint. To his relief, however, she smiled at him—a sad, hopeless smile.

"It's all right, Jeff—I'll be good." She pulled him gently down beside her. "Jeff, dear—there's something I want to say to you, and I mean it—every word. If anything happens to me, I do want you to marry." Her smile became a little twisted. "It's pure agony for me to think of giving you up to another woman—but—wherever I'll be I'll have to grin and bear it. I've cheated you, and you deserve to be happy."

"You're talking a lot of nonsense," said Jeffrey evenly. "Why, God only knows. I love you, and if anything were to conceivably happen to you, or not, I'd never look at another woman as long as I lived. But nothing is going to happen. Why can't you throw off this depression, dear, and realize that? I'm with you. I always shall be."

Again she smiled at him.

"I'm afraid it's too late, Jeff. It's happened already."

SOMETHING in her expression rather than her words sent a thrill of apprehension to his heart. He grasped her hands, fighting off the premonition.

Glenda said: "Jeff, darling—do you remember the other evening, in my apartment—just as we were leaving—"

He nodded grimly.

"I had some—headache pills in a little vial—in my bag. You wanted me to give you one, but I—refused. Do you know why?"

He dared not voice the question in his eyes. He was remembering that little scene, recognizing its meaning.

"It was because—those pills were—poison!" she whispered. "*Poison.*"

POLAN BANKS

was born in Norfolk, Virginia, and is the original author of this novel. He has written several novels, two of an historical nature winning a decoration from the French government. He is unmarried and divides his time between the Hollywood studios and New York.

His face mirrored all his horror.

"You didn't bring them aboard, Glenda? You threw them away?" But he knew the truth without waiting for an answer. He gripped her hands fiercely. "What did you do with those devilish pills, Glenda?"

She swayed a little, afraid even now to tell him the truth, but his will dominated her own.

"I took them," she confessed, "all three of them—just before you came."

"*Glenda*—you didn't!" He sprang to his feet, his face portraying his horror—communicating its horror to her by its very intensity. "My God! You *couldn't* have been so foolish! Tell me you're joking!"

SHE shook her head, and her own fear, suddenly released within her, welled up into her eyes. She clung to him desperately—gave way, of a sudden, completely, in an access of terror:

"I did, Jeff—I did! I didn't want to ruin you, because I loved you so!" She whimpered, there in his arms. "But I'm afraid, Jeff—afraid! I'm afraid to die!"

Instead of answering her he flung open the door and shouted for the steward—pressed the buttons for the steward and stewardess savagely, and shouted again. An obsequious voice somewhere down the passageway responded. Beside himself with anxiety, Jeffrey took Glenda in his arms. Kissed her. Questioned her.

"How long ago did you take them? How many? Does it hurt? How do you feel?"

He was temporarily bereft of his sanity. An alarmed face made its appearance in the doorway.

"Steward, get the ship's doctor at once! There's been an accident!" The man gaped. "For God's sake, can't you hurry?" Jeffrey calmed a bit, took Glenda in his arms. "Don't be frightened, darling—everything will be all right!"

"I'm afraid!" she whispered. "I don't want to die now, Jeff. I love you so!"

"You won't die!" he bullied her. "I love you too much to let you die! You're not to be afraid, Glenda—do you hear me?"

She smiled heartbreakingly into his face.

"I'm not afraid any more, darling." And, strangely, all fear had left her. Her confidence in the man she loved, in his love for her, was superb.

Jeffrey himself, however, knew no such exaltation. He knew only deathly fear beneath his manner of confidence. How long had they wasted, talking, while the pellets did their deadly work? How long would it take for the ship's doctor to arrive? Would he have the proper antidotes with him? Jeffrey suddenly cursed himself for not having told the steward the whole truth. Supposing the doctor did not bring what was necessary to save her? Supposing he even came too late?

Of a sudden Jeffrey swept up Glenda in his arms and carried her to the door.

He was not going to wait—he would carry her to the doctor himself. There was no time to be lost.

Before Glenda had time either to question him, or protest, if she would, he was in the passageway. There, however, he paused, for directly before him — barring his exit — stood Captain Buchanan.

"Where are you going, lad?" demanded the captain mildly. "Taking your prisoner back to the trial?"

Jeffrey shook his head impatiently; every moment counted—any moment the poison might begin to work.

"Get out of the way!" he ordered brusquely.

He was a little beside himself in that moment. "I want the doctor. I'm looking for the doctor, I tell you! Why are you standing there, grinning like an ape, instead of letting us pass?"

"WHAT'S wrong?" demanded the captain, his grin disappearing.

"It's Glenda—she's taken poison!" Jeffrey announced tersely. "Forgive my manner, captain—but there's no time—I've got to get her to the doctor's cabin before it's too late!"

Captain Buchanan, however, advanced, pushing them back into the stateroom they had just quitted instead of allowing them to pass.

"Sit down, and don't get so excited," he advised calmly. "The doctor will be here in a moment — I passed your steward on the way. Now, what's this about this young lady taking poison?"

There was authority in his voice, authority in the uniform he wore. Jeffrey and Glenda, sitting down abruptly, side by side on the berth, were like two school children suddenly called to account by the head master. The captain had taken charge of the situation.

"There were some poison pills—that looked like sleeping tablets—that Glenda brought aboard," Jeffrey told him, tense with anxiety. "She never told me, of course.

"And now—and now she's taken them because—"

Captain Giles Buchanan held up an authoritative hand.

"Never mind—I understand."

"But the doctor!" cried Jeffrey. "Why doesn't he come?"

"It won't make any difference when he does come," said the captain gravely.

"You mean—it's too late?" quavered Glenda, thoroughly frightened. She buried her face in Jeffrey's

...I couldn't sit, I couldn't stand, *I couldn't even lie down!*

"An Affliction So Painful It Almost Drove Me Mad and Yet One So Delicate in Nature I Couldn't Bring Myself to Talk to My Doctor about It!"

IS there anything worse than that affliction called hemorrhoids or piles? Yet thousands suffer it, many of them in silence because the subject is such a delicate one.

The pain or itching, as the case may be, is well-nigh maddening. Torment in itself, it is also a severe drain on the nervous system, on health and vitality in general.

Piles or hemorrhoids may take several different forms and they may be visible or concealed, but they are all merely different aspects of the same trouble and require the same treatment for genuine relief.

Threefold Effect Necessary

Any medicinal treatment of piles must be of threefold effect. It must be (1) *soothing*, (2) *healing*, (3) *absorbing*.

In Pazo Ointment you have, for the first time, a pile treatment that meets these three requirements. Pazo soothes the sore and inflamed blood vessels. It heals the torn and irritated tissue. It absorbs the accumulated matter and reduces the swelling. In a word, Pazo not only relieves the pain and the itching, but it actually *tends to correct the condition of piles as a whole!*

Scientifically Applied

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with a special Detachable Pile Pipe, Perforated. The Perforated Pile Pipe, when attached to the Collapsible Tube, makes the Ointment very easily applied high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts. The importance of complete interior medication in all cases of piles is obvious.

Thousands upon thousands say that Pazo is the only thing that ever gave them real relief from piles. Thousands actually say it saved them the need of an operation. Anyone who suffers from piles of any type owes it to himself or herself to try this modern and medically sound treatment.

A Trial is FREE!

Pazo is sold by all first-class drug stores in the Collapsible Tube with Pile Pipe Attachment, complete for 75c. However, a liberal trial size tube is free for the asking. Simply fill out and mail the attached coupon or write a postcard or letter and the trial size of Pazo will be sent you free and postpaid, in a PLAIN WRAPPER. No obligation. Write today for this trial of Pazo and learn that piles need no longer be your torment. Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment. This places me under no obligation whatsoever.

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Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny "bottles" continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

"I had coughs all winter, till I learned about 'moist throat,'" writes R. G., of New York City.

Then these pores clog. Phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when you increase the flow of your throat's *natural moisture*, loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled. Many cough "remedies" contain numbing drugs which merely "deaden" the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble!

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of throat moisture and brings quick relief naturally.

If your throat's the least bit raw or dry, take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN now. It's absolutely safe, even for children. You can get it at all drug stores, 60¢.

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Clean, soothing Zemo stops itching skin in five seconds — and corrects Eczema, Pimples, Ringworm, and Rashes. The way Zemo brings healing clearness to skin irritations is almost magic, because of its rare ingredients not found in other remedies. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

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breast, clinging tightly to him. "*Oh*, Jeff!"

Jeffrey's white face implored Buchanan for reassurance. The captain suddenly grinned.

"No, there's plenty of time." And as Glenda looked up quickly, he questioned her: "Do you remember that afternoon I took you down to see the brig, Miss Cromwell?"

Glenda nodded, shuddering a little at the memory, even in this stark moment.

"Do you remember I sent a stewardess down here to get your things together—then instructed her, later, to leave them alone?"

"Yes," breathed Glenda tensely. Why didn't the doctor hurry?

"Well," said Captain Giles Buchanan, "it was all a little bluff I pulled, to give her time to do something for me. I never take chances—not after all the years I've been at sea, and all the queer humans I've seen." His grin widened as he tilted back his uniform cap. "The stewardess simply searched Miss Cromwell's things until she found the pills. She confiscated them, and turned them over to me. The doctor tested them later, and when I found out what they were I threw them overboard."

"But the poison—I *did* take it!" exclaimed Glenda, bewildered. "All three pills that were left!"

"Now did you?" chuckled the captain. "Well, that's odd, Miss Cromwell. The stewardess put some pills back into your bag, in the same vial. But they were harmless—or that sawbones doesn't half know his business."

His grin faded as he wagged a solemn finger at the stupefied girl. "And let that be a lesson to you, young lady—not to go pulling such tricks on respectable passenger ships, and giving the line a bad name!"

Glenda, however, was in no condition to take the lesson to heart.

She had fainted in Jeffrey's arms.

Chapter Ten—Conclusion

By

SOPHIE KERR

SLOWLY, slowly, battling for breath in numbed, bewildered anguish, as a drowning man comes up for the last time, Glenda struggled back to consciousness. A voice was calling her, insistent, piteous: "Glenda, darling, come back to me, come back to me!"

"What is it? What is it?" she whispered. "Why—why didn't you let me go!" She pulled herself up, only a very little, but Jeff's arm was around her, lifting, protecting.

"I thought I was dying," said Glenda, "and oh, I wish I had died! I wish I had! It would have been the best way out for Jeff." She turned her head as it lay on Jeff's breast, and began to cry, helplessly, weakly.

SOPHIE KERR
was born in Maryland and educated in Hood College and the University of Vermont. She has edited the woman's pages on daily newspapers, been a magazine editor, and written numerous novels and short stories. Her home is now in New York City.

"You mustn't say that; you mustn't even think it," said the captain. "By God, you're too brave a girl to talk about dying, though it took a lot of courage to swallow those pills and wait for the end. But if you've got courage enough to die for Jeff, you've got courage enough to live for him. Come, isn't that so?"

"I suppose it is," she said. "I hadn't thought of it that way." But her tone was hopeless.

"You begin to think of it that way and don't stop thinking about it that way, whatever happens," said the captain. "Now I'm going to leave you two a while. My advice to you both is to go to bed and get some sleep. In the morning everything will look different."

He closed the door behind him with decision, and for a little while Glenda and Jeff were silent. Glenda's tears had stopped, but she held tight to Jeff, to draw what support and comfort she could from his strength and affection.

She had been so close to death in thought, so resigned to it, that she could not yet believe it was not very near.

"It's like a dream to be alone like this," said Jeff at last. "Are you better, dearest? Shan't I leave you, as the captain said, and let you sleep?"

"No, don't leave me. I do feel better. I'm not so faint. I'm stronger. He was very kind, wasn't he?"

"Kind! Giving you a shock like that! He's a—ah, I mustn't call him names. After all, he saved you for me by having those pills changed. Glenda, promise me now you'll never try anything like this again."

"I ought not to promise. Jeff, I know you'd be infinitely better off without me."

“Glenda, darling, never say that again, for it isn't true. Promise me —or I'll never have another easy moment when you're out of my sight—that you'll never again try to kill yourself in any way.”

She hesitated, and he went on: “You take it too much to heart, Glenda. This trouble will soon be forgotten; it will be a sensation only for a little while. Tomorrow will be a new day, a new day for us, for the life we're going to build together. Promise me, love.”

“D'you believe I'll keep my word?”

“I know it. Glenda, you've been straight with me from the first. I'd take your word for anything against the whole world, against the evidence of my own eyes.”

She sat up, facing him squarely, her hands tight clasped in his. “I promise you that I will never again try to kill myself, Jeff, as truly as I love you. Never, never, never, no matter what happens.”

Gravely and tenderly he smiled down at her. “That's my brave girl. With that promise I can go on and fight for you against anything that may come.”

“If only there was not so much to fight against!”

“THERE isn't too much. There never can be too much, so long as you love me. Glenda, you're so white and tired. I'll go into my cabin and you must rest and sleep.”

“I was never more awake in my life. And I don't want you to leave me. Suppose—suppose we talk things out, Jeff.

“There must be questions you want to ask me, many questions. And there are ever so many things I want to tell you.

“I want to go back into the past, the whole way. I want you to know exactly why and how I got into this awful mess. I want you to have the exact truth about me, every bit of it. No, don't shake your head. I'm not too tired. I want to have the whole truth clear and plain between us. It will be better for both of us.”

Color had come up into her cheeks, her voice was steady, her eyes alive with her purpose.

“But, my dear,” began Jeff, “I know the truth about you. You'll only torture yourself to go over all that sordid horror once more. It doesn't matter to me, Glenda, the things that happened in the past. You know that.

“Of course, there's one thing I ought to know about fully, but there's no need to tell me now.”

“What is it?”

“It's about—it's about your fingerprints, Glenda. Why did the police have them? That's a serious matter, taken into consideration with this other difficulty. We must talk about that tomorrow.

“You know I'd look an awful fool, when we get back, if something unforeseen should be sprung on me, and I would not only look a fool, but it might make an entirely new angle in handling your case. You can see that, darling?”

“Yes, I can see that. And I want to tell you about the fingerprints. But I'll have to go away back to the very beginning. You know that I came away from home the most ignorant girl alive. I didn't know anything except that I couldn't stand my father's strict rule any longer. I had to be in at nine, or else he must know where I was and who was with me. I couldn't stay out later than half past ten for *any* reason. I wasn't allowed to go to the dances in the Town Hall. I mustn't even go to the movies with a boy, and I couldn't have one call at my home. I wasn't allowed to use powder, and if he'd caught me with a lipstick he'd have whipped me. And one day—he did whip me, Jeff, because one of the boys in town had asked me to have an ice-cream soda in the drug store and my father happened to come by and see us together. He walked in and ordered me to go home with him, and when we got there he whipped me—whipped me with a leather strap until

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She Gets a Lovely Wave...
Forgets Her Teeth and Gums
. . . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl is wise to take excellent care of her hair. But isn't she foolish *not* to take good care of her teeth and gums!

“Pink” upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—and the charm of your smile!

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IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
BRISTOL-MYERS NEW YORK

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 29

1—A compressed brick, as of coal dust.

2—John Gay.

3—One which walks on the whole sole of the foot, as a bear.

4—In 1827.

5—A blanket with an opening in the middle for the head, used as a cloak by Spanish Americans.

6—Emma C. Willard.

7—A sugar found in fruits.

8—In 1825.

9—One of the aboriginal race of Borneo.

10—A species of African antelope, the only one said to be in captivity being in the Bronx Zoo, New York City.

11—Seven years (1 Kings 6:38).

12—Elisha (2 Kings 6:1-6).

13—The name given by Huxley to the origination of living matter from nonliving material.

14—A rectangular ecclesiastical building divided into naves and alleys.

15—Herodotus.

16—He has no sting, no pollen basket, no wax glands, no honey stomach. His functions are paternal only.

17—In the Pantheon, Rome.

18—A plasterlike material spread to be painted or gilded.

19—Brazil.

20—Volga.

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to meet a growing demand
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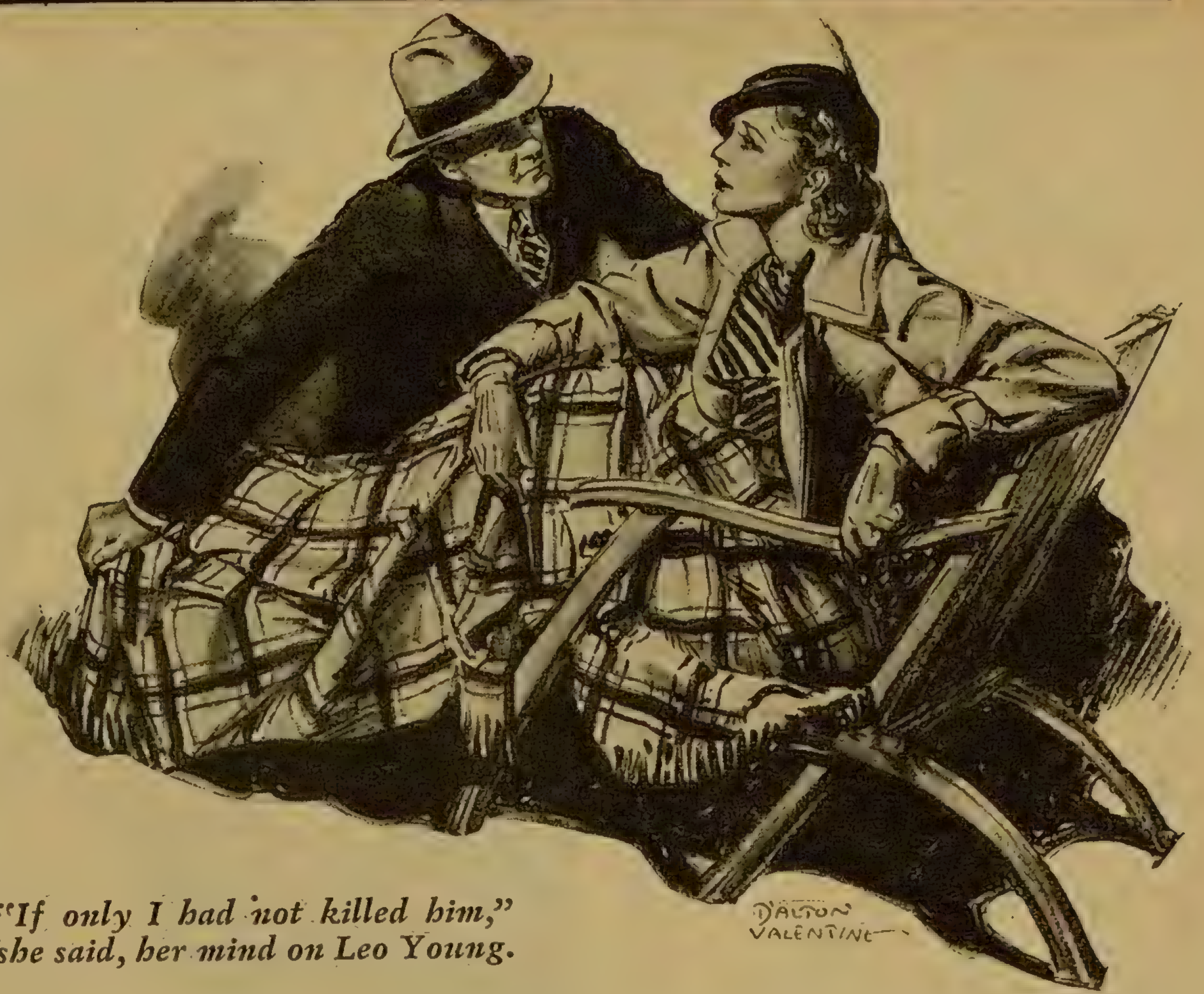
When your dentist advises sodium perborate, ask for *Squibb Oral Perborate*, pure, effective and more pleasant-tasting than the unflavored product. A novel double cap on the handy bottle aids in measuring the amount to be used.



"If only I had not killed him," she said, her mind on Leo Young.

I was bruised all over my back and arms."

"But that's unbelievable, Glenda. Parents, even the worst, don't do such things these days."

Glenda sighed: "Some parents do. My father wanted to rule everything and everybody. He was always laying down the law to mother. He was a born tyrant.

"But you can imagine how angry and how ashamed I was. There's something about being beaten by a person who's stronger than you are that's unforgivable, Jeff."

"Yes, I think you are right there. My poor Glenda, my poor little girl! I can guess what happened as well as if I'd been there. You ran away."

SHE nodded her head. "Yes, I ran away that very night. I had a few dollars, and I took what clothes I could carry, and I sneaked out of the house about midnight and got the late bus to the nearest large town, and there, in the morning, I took the train to the city. I was full of the wildest, silliest schemes! I'd show them all. I'd live my own life! I'd go on the stage, or I'd be a great artist, or I'd be a singer, and when I was rich and famous and grand I'd go home again. Oh, Jeff, when I think of myself that day, with all my crazy notions, so sure of myself, and so absolutely ignorant about everything! It seems as if that Glenda lived at least ten thousand years ago. Poor dumb little kid!"

"Poor dear little kid! I can guess pretty well what happened. You found out in a couple of weeks that you hadn't a chance."

"Yes, it was the usual story. I did discover, just by accident, a fairly decent cheap boarding house, but when I went out to look for work it was a laugh. I tried the theatrical agencies; I tried to get work in stores, in offices, anywhere, but I was too young, and I hadn't any training or experience. And at one place where I'd been turned away another girl spoke to me, and we talked together about how hard everything was, and she asked me to come up to her flat where she lived with three other girls, all earning their own living. I thought I'd found just the sort of friends I wanted. I went with her and had supper, and a lot of other girls and boys came in, and I had a marvelous time! And, Jeff, there was a boy there that very first night named Bill Ramley, handsome in a dark, foreign way, and he kept looking at me, and finally he sat beside me and put his arm around me and kissed me."

She gave a long, tremulous sigh, and went on: "Bill Ramley took me back to my boarding house that night and made a date to see me the next day.

"The second time I saw Bill Ramley he told me how crazy he was about me. So, only a week after we'd met we went over to Jersey late one night and we were married by a justice of the peace—at least, I thought we were married."

"What? He didn't trick you into a fake ceremony?"

"Wait, Jeff. That comes later. You see, I didn't know anything about him except what he told me. He wanted me because I was young and pretty and innocent and new. He was like that. You see, any woman would serve in his racket, and the more innocent the better."

"But what was he? Liquor? Dope? Not the badger game?"

"He hadn't the nerve to try anything where there was any danger.

He watched the advertisements of furnished apartments to let, and with his young 'wife' he'd go to look at them. Nine times out of ten the apartment was shown by a woman. This gave Bill a chance to lag behind and pick up any valuables that might be lying about—rings, watches, any kind of jewelry or trinket that could be put into his pocket, sometimes a gold vanity case, or a little silver tray.

"He worked the game in another way, too, but he did that alone. He'd watch where a new building was starting and call, without his hat, at the houses in the neighborhood, explaining that there had been complaints, and so the contractor had sent him around to inspect if the blasting for the foundation had done any damage. Then he'd go through the house and come away with his pockets full.

"Sometimes he'd take off his coat and be the plumber, sent by the lady next door, because there was a leak of gas somewhere and she thought it was coming from the house where he was calling. And then he'd add, 'Now don't you bother. I'll run right through and tell you in a couple of seconds whether anything's wrong or not.'"

"In other words, he was a petty thief. How did he treat you? Was he kind?"

"Oh, he was kind enough, only he terrified me. I was very young. I knew nothing about men. You understand?"

"Yes."

"One thing I thought was queer was that he never would decide to take any of the apartments we looked at, for I thought some of them were perfect. But he'd tell me they cost too much or he didn't like that locality, always some reason. And another thing I noticed was that he'd often give me things that looked as though they were secondhand, used things, and of course they were trinkets he'd picked up that weren't worth selling. I tell you, Jeff, he'd steal anything—handkerchiefs, playing cards, ash trays, powder boxes, anything rather than come away empty-handed.

"ONE day he went out by himself and didn't come home. I waited and waited, and at last there was a knock at the door and I opened it. Two policemen stood there. They seized me and searched the flat. Believe me, they found plenty. I even had on a ring and scarf that had been stolen. He had gone to look at a furnished apartment alone, and the woman suspected something and watched him and saw him trying to take a gold chain that was lying on the bureau in one of the rooms. She accused him, and he tried to push her out of his way and get out, but she hung on to him, and he struck her so that she screamed. Her son was just coming in, and Bill drew his gun and wounded him, but he was a big chap and managed to hold Bill while his mother phoned for the police.

"There had been lots of complaints and the police knew as soon as they saw him that they had the man they'd been looking for. He's still in prison. And, Jeff, what chance had I? The girl he'd left when he met me came forward to swear she'd left him when she found out what he was and that he'd told her he'd get someone to help him in his racket who'd know the ropes. That was her revenge. And then I discovered that I wasn't even married to him. I was in jail, without money, without friends, disgraced and dishonored for life. Then Leo Young saw me and made his bargain. I didn't care what became of me. I knew I was lost forever."

Her voice broke and she covered her face with her hands, shuddering from head to foot with remembered shame and fear.

"My dear! My dearest! Hush, let me hold you. You are not lost, love, never lost, so long as I have strength or power to save you. I'm glad you told me all this. I can see you, desolate and broken and bewildered! What they must have put you through! Don't tremble so, dearest. That's all over and done with. But I understand now how the police identified you so quickly."

"Yes. Leo Young would never get my fingerprints for

3 famous Stars of the Screen

LORETTA YOUNG
POLLY ANN YOUNG
SALLY BLANE

Snapped by **JOHN BOLES** *at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood*

Complexions that fascinate . . . even in a snapshot enlargement

Why don't YOU try Hollywood's beauty care?

THE Hollywood screen stars are lovely *always*. Even a snapshot shows them radiantly fresh—youthful!

Snapshots are not *kind*—every woman knows that. But the stars face even this test fearlessly! How charming is the trio above—Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane—snapped by John Boles in an informal moment at the popular Cocoanut Grove!

What is the secret these exquisite stars all know? "Above everything else," they say, "we guard complexion beauty. We use Lux Toilet Soap!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap! It has been made the official soap by all the big film studios.

Why don't *you* try the beauty soap of the stars? Buy several cakes of this gentle soap today. Watch your skin grow temptingly smooth and fresh!

LUX Toilet Soap

The Beauty Soap of the Stars

TRAFFIC

The telephone was not invented when Frank Parmelee started to operate six buses way back in 1853. But today thousands of Parmelee System taxicabs in five great cities are dispatched through "Traffic" switchboards, answering millions of phone calls annually.

All unseen to the taxicab passenger, experienced management directs the cab operation. Many modern appliances besides the phone make instant and satisfactory service possible...and keep it up to Parmelee Standards of efficiency.

Back of each trained driver is a management insistent on safe driving and courtesy. Shops and garages supply every facility to keep cabs clean, comfortable and running safely.

The Parmelee System Map is a Symbol of Safety

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me, though I begged him again and again."

Again he held her to him, quieting and soothing her. He raised his head. "Look, Glenda, look, darling! It's morning! The new day! The new day for you and for me!"

It was so. The cool fair gold of morning rimmed the far horizon, lay on the quiet ocean like a blessing, a promise. "There is our new day," he went on, "and our new world. We're going to enter it together."

He held her tenderly once more and kissed her before he went into his own room.

It was noon before either of them woke. Then a steward came pounding at Jeff's door.

"Captain Buchanan's compliments, sir, and he hopes you're feeling all right. He told me to say he was upset when he didn't see you around this morning."

Jeff stretched himself luxuriously. He felt well and strong and strangely light-hearted. "Please give the captain my compliments, and tell him I'd be obliged if he'd stick to steering the ship and let me have a morning nap in peace. I'll see him later."

"Very good, sir."

When the man had gone, Jeff rose, put on his dressing gown, and cautiously tiptoed into Glenda's cabin, only, as he crossed the sill, to hear her voice, gayer than in many days: "I was wondering if you'd never wake up. I've been awake for ages."

"I'll bet you haven't. You're just bragging. I'll bet you haven't been awake ten minutes."

"Oh, yes, I have."

"Eleven minutes then, at the most."

She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. "Jeff, I feel—made over somehow. Last night I was so down; I was beaten, sunk. But today—"

"What did I tell you? This is our new day."

"Yes, I feel that too. It's marvelous."

HIS eyes fell on her traveling clock. "Good Lord, it's almost one! There's the luncheon gong! And I am starving. Come along, I'll race you who gets dressed first, though that's ridiculous because I'm sure to win."

"You think so, do you? Who's bragging now? Oh, Jeff, don't let's go into the dining room; let's order something here. I'll order one of those huge greedy breakfasts you like."

"Make it huger and greedier than ever."

"Steak and onions, if you say so."

"All right by me."

She slipped out of bed and pushed him into his own cabin and closed the door.

"Go along," she commanded. "Make good on that quick dressing."

It was not ten minutes later when she rapped. "Breakfast's ready and so am I." She stood before him smiling, perfectly groomed.

He came, struggling with his necktie. "Bet you cheated! Bet you didn't take your bath or brush your teeth."

They sat down at the little crowded table laughing like two children, as if no sinister threat of murder hung over her head.

"Peaches, grapes, toasted muffins, *œufs sur le plat*, broiled chops, strawberry jam, and coffee with thick, thick cream. There, greedy," said Glenda, "go ahead and gorge. I'm actually hungry too. I'm not going to stick to my orange juice alone this morning."

"You must have bribed the stewardess to get this tray in such a rush."

"Oh, it was my fatal charm did it. It gets me everything." She caught her breath, remembering. "I didn't mean to say such an idiotic thing, Jeff."

"Darling, we're not going to be sensitive and introspective today. Nor tomorrow, nor from this time on. We're going to be practical. We're going to look the situation in the face and go over it coldly, detail by detail, without any feeling except that we've got to get a real defense out of it."

AFTER the meal was over Jeff said, "Now we'll go out on deck and take a walk and get some air." Then, as he saw Glenda hesitate, he added, "You must face them, Glenda. You must let them see that your collapse at the mock trial was only an attack of nerves, too much excitement; nothing for them to comment on particularly. You know how it is on shipboard. There's so little to do, everything is buzzed around among the passengers and made to seem important."

A shadow of the old doubt, the old fear, touched her face. "Jeff, before we go out there I want to repeat what I've said to you so many times in so many different ways. I still feel, you know, that my presence in your life is the most awful calamity for you; that it may end your career as a lawyer. So once more I offer you your freedom, absolute, unfettered. Let me go. It can't matter much what happens to me. But you have so much before you, practically within your grasp, that I cannot bear the thought of your losing it all for me. You can get over loving me, Jeff. You can imagine me dead, for if I were dead you would in time get over it and go on with your work. Jeff, much as I love you—and you know I love you—I'd rather ten thousand times see you go on your way and be the great man you are intended to be than to have you pushed down into obscurity, your good name ruined, your chance of a fine honorable future lost. Take the gift of your freedom from me, dear—"

"I can't do it, Glenda, even if I would. Listen for a moment. Suppose conditions were reversed. Would *you* leave *me* because you hoped for a great career? Wouldn't you be the meanest, lowest scum God ever let live if you did? Do you actually think me that? You gave me a promise last night that you'd never again try to take your own life. You must give me another promise—you must never again try to send me from you. For I'm not going. Now, put on that fascinating little hat of yours and we'll go out and meet the prying eyes of all our kind friends who watched the mock trial so eagerly. Glenda, my dear, my dearest, we are bound together, come what will. There is only one reason why I'd never give you up, and that is if you should stop loving me and want to go. Then, and only then will you be shut of me. How many times do I have to tell you so? Now, I'm going up to see the captain for a few moments, and I'll meet you on deck. Everyone will be out there, it's such a heavenly day. Put on a poker face, and if anyone asks you any personal questions you don't want to answer, just look at him or her in a sweet, surprised manner and ask in return: 'Why do you want to know that?' There's a formula which is guaranteed to check the boldest tongue. And here, kiss me—and remember I'm loving you with all my heart."

She hated to appear alone, but she knew that it was best. Still, her heart was beating double time and her head was carried very high when she finally did come out on deck, though she was trying to seem casual and calm. Fortunately the first people she met were the bride and groom, and they stopped her with reproaches for not having stayed for the dancing the night before.

"It really was great fun!" cried the young girl. "The orchestra played lots better than usual, and we had a wonderful time! Bob kept asking where you were until I had to remind him that we were on our honeymoon and he was supposed to pay *some* attention to his wife. Isn't it a grand day?"

Now . . .

See the Picture!

● Paramount is making as a picture THE WOMAN ACCUSED, which closes with this installment in Liberty.

● Matching the ten star authors who wove the threads of this narrative, Paramount has assigned four popular stars—Nancy Carroll, Richard Bennett, Cary Grant, and John Halliday—to relive the characters for you to see on the screen.

● You can well imagine it will make the most astoundingly different picture ever shown. You've read the story. You will enjoy it again as you follow the rise of Glenda from disaster to romance in this exciting picture.

Seeing them chatting, other passengers came up, and by the time Jeff arrived he found Glenda in a friendly group. "And where have *you* been?" asked the bride gayly.

"I was calling on our esteemed captain—at least, I tried to, but he wasn't in."

"I think he's having coffee in the saloon with some people from his table," said someone.

"Oh, did you know there was to be one of those funny races this afternoon?" asked someone else. "We ought to go early if we want to get a good place."

UNDER this impetus the group began to dissolve until finally only Glenda, Jeff, the bride and groom were left. "How about a game of deck tennis—unless you're going to the races," said the groom.

"No, Miss Cromwell and I are planning a quiet walk, and then some intensive sitting in our hitherto neglected deck chairs, trying to make it worth what we paid for them," said Jeff, laughing.

The others passed on and Glenda and Jeff sat down. He would not let the attentive deck steward adjust her rug, but carefully, lingeringly, accomplished the slight task himself. They sat in a welcome isolation, each held quiet by the thought of what was to come, he eagerly, masterfully planning each step of the defense which she would need; she nerving herself to the ordeal which she knew she must face.

"If only I had not killed him," she said half aloud, her mind on Leo Young and the tragedy in his apartment.

"My dearest, you didn't kill him. The pistol did. The world is better off without that snake in it. There's one point I want to clear up. Do you recall at any time in the struggle with him that you touched the trigger of the pistol, actually felt it under your finger? Can you remember clearly? It is vitally important."

SHE answered carefully, wrinkling her brow with the effort to be perfectly truthful. "In the struggle—I know I did not touch the pistol, even once—I would have remembered the feel of the metal—but I felt his hand over it, gripping it hard—and I wrenched at his wrist and fingers—and tried to turn it away from me. Then it went off—and he fell—and as he fell, clutching at me, the pistol—yes, the pistol was left in my hand and— I dropped it—I didn't take hold of it, I was too stupefied—and then when it struck the floor—it went off again—and the bullet struck his body— Why, Jeff, I could smell the burning cloth of his coat! And I stood there, at first in a daze—I could see only one thing to do. I picked up the pistol, meaning to shoot myself—"

"How did you pick it up! Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember. I will never forget. I picked it up, very stupidly—by the tip end of the barrel and held it off from me, looking at it—and I was terrified of it—and let go of it. It—it dropped on the floor again, but it didn't go off this time—"

"Good! There'll be no mark of your hands on the butt. Are you sure, Glenda?"

"I am sure. And I didn't touch it again; it made my flesh creep even to look at it—"

A messenger from the wireless room was coming up the deck holding a message in his hand. "Mr. Baxter?" Jeff tore open the message, read it and tossed it over to Glenda.

> Would like to have your services as special prosecutor for Young murder case, in coöperation with my staff. Please reply immediately.
>
> (Signed) ROGER Q. HALEVY, District Attorney.

Glenda looked up at him, her eyes filled with apprehension.

"Wait. I want you to get an answer off right away," Jeff told the boy.

The boy proffered pad and pencil. With Glenda watching him Jeffrey quickly wrote his message:

> Sorry, can't coöperate in prosecution. Have taken on the job of defense. Your case is hopeless anyway.
>
> JEFFREY BAXTER.

THE END

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
ST. FRANCIS HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA
SUPPOSE YOU FOUND NO BUTTONS IN CHARRED SUITING STOP WILL LEAVE PROSECUTION TO YOU STOP NICE WORK
PRESTON

MORE CASH AND FUN for LIBERTY'S READERS

DINKY CONTEST

$250

IN 64 CASH PRIZES for EIGHT-WORD RHYMES YOU'LL FIND IT FUN TO WRITE!

OF course you can write a Dinky! And if you can write a Dinky you can win one of the sixty-four cash awards listed at the right as this week's prizes. In other words, are you going to ignore this chance for easy money or will you write eight words, submit them as directed in the brief rules, and claim a share of the prize fund? Liberty invites you to compete. Get busy now!

Bear these instructions in mind. A Dinky is a four-line verse or jingle, two words to the line, and the second and last lines must rhyme. That's all there is to it. If you happen to be a baseball enthusiast, a student of aviation affairs, or remember the road races of a score of years ago, your efforts may result in a Dinky somewhat like one of these examples:

High fly.
Bright sun.
Lost ball—
Home run!

Air ace.
Quick squall.
Tail spin.
That's all.

Road race.
Sharp bend.
Burst tire.
The end!

These will give you the general idea and may at the same time bring some episode to your mind as a subject for your own Dinky. Be humorous if you like. Be ironic if you must. Or celebrate any other mood. But, joyous or cynical, write a Dinky and enter it in this week's contest. You can't win unless you enter. If you enter you may win any one of the sixty-four awards. The first four prizes are $50, $25, $15, and $10 respectively. Then there are ten $5 prizes and fifty $2 prizes. Which is yours?

Be sure that you read the rules carefully and that your entry is correctly signed and addressed.

DINKY CONTEST RULES

Each Dinky must consist of four lines of two words each. The second and fourth lines must rhyme.

Each Dinky must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The Dinky which most entertainingly condenses the most complete story within its eight words and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as described above, will be adjudged the best.

For the best entry submitted each week, until further notice, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5; and for the next fifty, $2 each will be paid.

Address all entries to DINKY CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This week's contest closes Monday, February 20. Mail your entry in good season.

HERE IS THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

JAN. 7 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

T. FARAH,
Toronto, Ont.

TEN $10 PRIZES

C. R. Bradley, Lakewood, Ohio; Robert W. Burnside, Fair Haven, N. J.; Ariel Cotton, Erie, Pa.; R. L. Kimball, Bristol, Conn.; G. D. Legg, Evansville, Ind.; John Richardson, London, Ont.; L. Schauwecker, Heisler, Alta.; Esther L. Wildman, Langhorne, Pa.; Cecil J. Wilkerson, Waterloo, Iowa; R. W. Kerrigan, San Francisco, Calif.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Mrs. Henry Bedinger, Anchorage, Ky.; Charles W. Boss, Bridgeton, N. J.; Mrs. S. D. Carpenter, Osceola, Ark.; Fair Colvin, Jr., Shreveport, La.; L. L. Davey, Marcellus, N. Y.; Edwin C. Downs, Odenton, Md.; Mrs. L. V. Du Bose, Nashville, Tenn.; Luin P. Fitch, Port Chester, N. Y.; B. G. Fleming, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. V. J. Froebel, San Antonio, Tex.; W. A. Gordon, Port Dover, Ont.; Gordon J. Gallagher, Chicago, Ill.; Albert Knagg, Glendora, Calif.; E. George, Los Angeles, Calif.; Laddis Gray, Alameda, Calif.

M. S. Gaut, Albany, N. Y.; C. B. Hacking, Port Elgin, Ont.; H. E. Haughtlin, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. R. L. Keckler, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. William Logan, Harrisville, Mich.; Mrs. Edward Lyon, Williamsport, Pa.; Fred Mauquoi, Jr., Belvidere, N. J.; Leopold O. Martin, Springfield, Mass.; Helen A. Meissner, Glenside, Pa.; Mrs. W. A. Miller, Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. W. Kenneth Neish, McGregor, Colo.; Virginia Newlin, Walla Walla, Wash.; Chet C. Oliver, Fargo, N. D.; Catherine Petraglio, Wallingford, Vt.; Mrs. Roy R. Phillips, Glendale, Calif.

Milton Phair, New Orleans, La.; R. G. Ratcliffe, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. H. B. Schell, West Leyden, N. Y.; Victor Stevenson, St. Louis, Mo.; Hjalmar Southstone, Los Angeles, Calif.; E. D. Simpson, La Grange, Ill.; C. W. Umholtz, Crewe, Va.; H. Thomas Wood, Concord, Mass.; Cedric Wright, Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. J. C. Wettergreen, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER $250 IN CASH FOR DINKIES AND JAN. 14 SNAPSHOT CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

TO THE LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

From Voyaging, by Rockwell Kent (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

YOU might call Rockwell Kent the champagne and terrapin of American illustrators. When American publishers set out to give themselves a real feast of *de luxe* art work, they use Mr. Kent's drawings. When Mr. Kent sets out to enjoy himself he goes to Greenland and lives with the Eskimos!

Rockwell Kent

He came to see me the other day. Doesn't intend to stay in this country any longer than he can help. Likes Greenland better, he says. I asked him why.

"The Greenlanders," he said, "are civilized. Americans and Greenlanders chase the same rainbows—happiness, love, prosperity, etc.—but the Greenlanders do their chasing in a more mannerly way.

"What happens when two Greenlanders have an argument? Do they fight? Do they hire lawyers? No, madam. They sing! They sing comic songs about each other, and their neighbors settle the case in favor of the funnier."

Mr. Kent told me some more nice things about Greenland.

Greenlanders live in one-room bungalows made of turf. Spring comes along. Your whole house bursts into blossom. Greenlanders do not talk too much. A silent people, except when singing. They make up words of their own to fit our American tunes which they hear sooner or later. So if you ever go to Greenland you may hear Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? translated into Sister, Can You Spare a Whale? That would be because the Greenland girls go hunting and fishing with the boys. They are emancipated.

Please don't get the impression that I take Mr. Kent's art, or Mr. Kent himself, anyhow but seriously. His drawings—strong, beautiful, masterfully composed—rank among the keenest of our contemporary pleasures. The decorations at the head of this page are from drawings by him.

And Mr. Kent is one of the four liveliest conversationalists I have met in this country. Talks vividly about everything from communism to the carving of blubber lamps.

IN a shoe store I watched a superior clerk apply to a stylish matron something new in the line of salesmanship. "How long has it been," he gently asked, "since you wore a low-heeled shoe?"

Years and years, the lady admitted. She was surprised by the question.

The gentle clerk persuaded her to try on a pair, just as a favor to him.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "See how much more artistically the lines of your figure compose themselves. The balance! The silhouette! The poise!"

Very, *very* cultured talk, thought I. But I saw that he was right. So did the lady. She bought a pair of low-heeled shoes—and a high-heeled pair as well, just in case she should change her mind.

When she had gone I learned, after a little questioning, that the clerk had been an artist before depression. That accounted for his highbrow low-heel crusade. I cannot account for his talent for selling two pairs of shoes instead of one. That must have been a gift. As for his argument that low-heeled shoes make us more graceful creatures, improve our shapes and our entire appearance—I have long been sure of it. But I am ashamed to say that I rarely practice what I preach. Just another silly woman!

AN elopement has just excited my small circle of friends. Runaway marriages are always thrilling, and this one is of special interest, I think, because of the reasons for which the young couple decided to elope.

The girl's mother, a widow, has also been romantically inclined of late. In fact, she and her daughter both fell in love about a year ago—both with serious intentions. Some months back the mother confided to me:

"Yes, I am going to marry again. But I don't know when. My girl is engaged, as you know. She should have a fine wedding. It means so much to young people—and she is young. We older ones have decided to wait. We can't afford two weddings this year."

But the girl and her fiancé have settled the problem by their elopement. Of course they did it to save the older couple the cost of a stylish wedding.

"Two romances for the price of one," says the daughter. "That's beating depression, isn't it? And it is so much nicer for our friends. This way, they won't have to send presents."

A sensible elopement, say I, if ever there was one.

WHEN Willie breaks his Christmas drum, don't you throw it away. Put it in the parlor. Drums are furniture now. They are the latest fad of London decorators.

Yes, the drums that once drummed British redcoats through smoke of battle are now being used as tables to hold ash trays, cocktail glasses, tea cups, etc. Or they serve as wastebaskets.

Brave old drums, caparisoned in braid of gold, bright with patriotic hues of scarlet and blue! Is this a militaristic movement, or does the domestication of the drum score a point for the pacifists? Who cares?

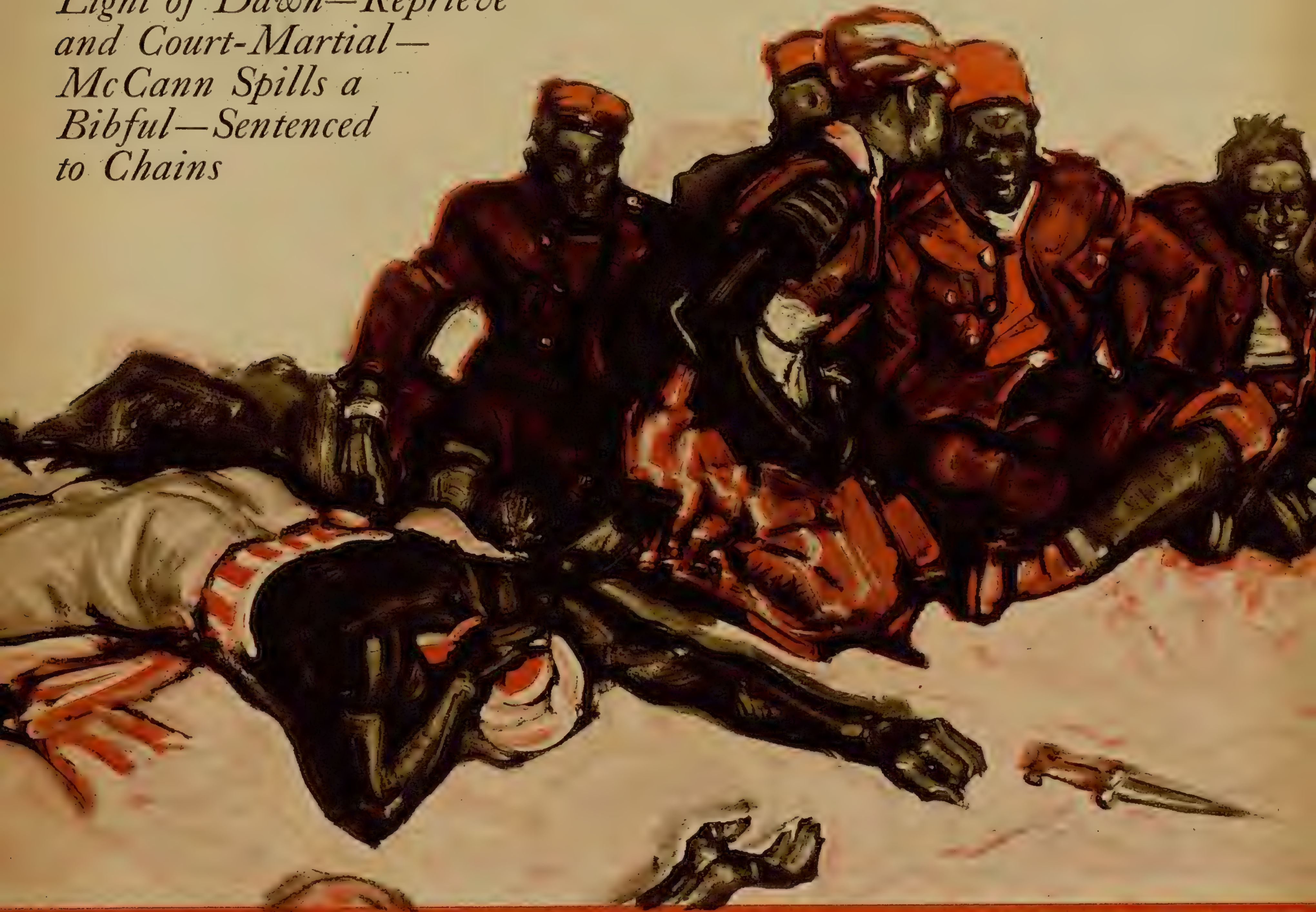
CREAMED shrimps in baked potatoes—something quite new, and very good.

Bake your potatoes first. Scoop out and mash with butter, salt, paprika, and a little nutmeg. Refill the skins, leaving room for the creamed shrimps. To your cream sauce add the yolk of 1 raw egg and some chopped parsley. Serve as hot as sin.

I ALWAYS read Eden Phillpotts, and am glad that I have read his new novel, Bred in the Bone. One of his best. Don't miss it. (Macmillan.)

Hell Hounds!

A Last Happy Jag—The Light of Dawn—Reprieve and Court-Martial—McCann Spills a Bibful—Sentenced to Chains



They faced each other — brown, muscular torsos gleaming with sweat

(*Reading time: 24 minutes 50 seconds.*)

HOW he and McCann came to grief in their attempt to desert from the Legion and escape across the border to the protection of the British flag in Palestine was told by the former Legionnaire in last week's installment. Setting out from Souider, they were obliged to take along two German comrades, Lais and Weisser, who proved less help than hindrance. Toward sundown of the second day of furtive travel, just as the four fugitives were nearing the border, a band of the mounted Arab cutthroats called Partisans pounced upon them.

McCann and Legionnaire 1384 killed twenty-four Partisans before a second band, headed by a French lieutenant, came up and forced the deserters to surrender. Jailed in the fort at Derra, they availed themselves of a chance to send word of their plight to their consuls at Damascus—but the chance seemed slim, and before they could know the outcome the commandant told them they were to be shot within forty-eight hours.

PART ELEVEN—THE WORLD'S WORST JAIL

"YOU can't do it!" I shouted. "You can shoot an Arab or a Druse without trial, but you can't shoot a French soldier!"

"You deserted your post. You will be shot for murder and desertion. You will be shot without trial."

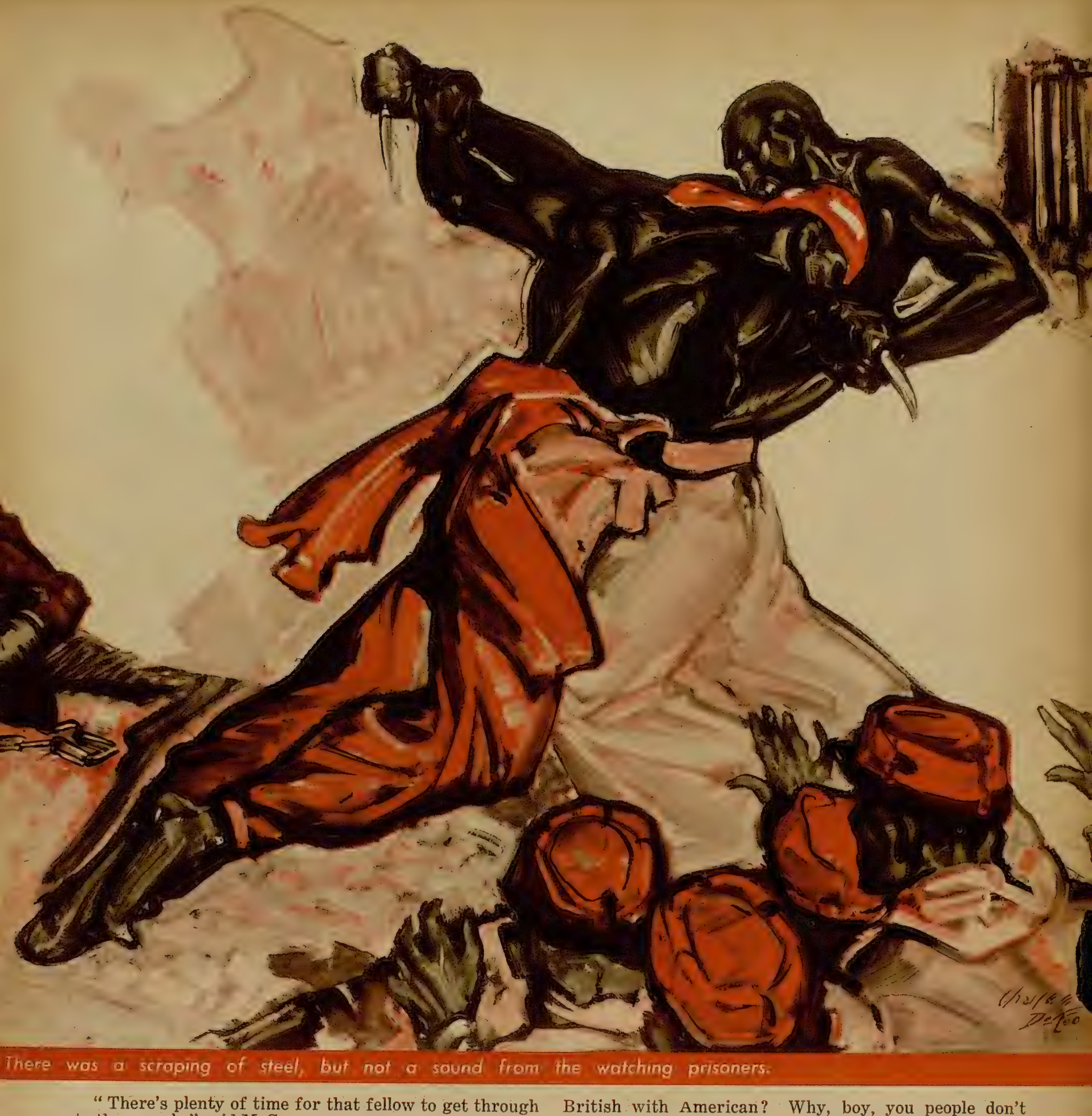
"You can't shoot an Englishman."

"English! Tcha! You are Legionnaires."

"We are American, English, and German. Shoot us, you lousy frog, and you'll start something."

But all that Mac got for his pains was a slash across the jaw. The commandant retired, and our curses followed him. For the remainder of that day we lay about, getting on each other's nerves.

The two Germans blamed us; they said we had made them desert. They bleated and moaned until we grew tired of hearing them and had to use strong measures to quiet them.



There was a scraping of steel, but not a sound from the watching prisoners.

By

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO

"There's plenty of time for that fellow to get through to the consuls," said McCann.

"Oh, yes—but would they have time enough to get here? Remember, the wires are cut. The only way to reach us is by using fast horses. I doubt whether—"

"You would doubt, you sap! Pull yourself together, Barrington. You're about as cheerful as a canary with tonsillitis. I tell you, when the American consul gets going, boy, you won't be able to see him for dust!"

"Oh, if it comes to that, I don't suppose he'll be any quicker than the British consul—"

"Quicker! Suffering Mike, you're not comparing anything British with American? Why, boy, you people don't know what hustle is. Let me tell you something. America is a bigger and better country than your old British Isles ever thought of being."

"Bosh! America was a colony when Britain was an empire."

"Sure it was! But you couldn't hold it. We licked you out of it, boy."

"You may have done. But you couldn't find a language of your own."

"Well, as to that, I guess we're doing our best!"

The silly argument went on hour after hour. Once or twice we very nearly came to blows. It was, of course, just an expression of the state of our nerves, but we could not realize that at the time and we were terribly in earnest.

It came to an end when Mac began to sing The Star-Spangled Banner, and I tried to drown him out with God Save the King. This roused Lais and Weisser, who struck up Die Wacht am Rhein. We kept it up until the guards came and hammered on the cell door. They threatened to separate us if we did not stop. As we did not wish to be separated, we gave in. Then came the night and merciful sleep. The next day a French priest came to see us, and asked if he could do anything to help us on our way. It was Mac who said:

"Sure you can, padre. Send in a gallon of wine."

"My boy, you are going where you will need no wine. Will you not pray with me?"

Weisser broke down and sobbed, while Lais stared sullenly at the priest. He prayed for them.

"Say, Barrington, tell this guy to bring in some wine. If we *are* going on the long trail, then let's soak."

When the priest had finished with the Germans, I addressed him in a mixture of French and Arabic.

"My boy, I speak English as well as you do," he said.

"The hell you do, padre! Why didn't you, then?"

"Ah, you boys of England and America are very brave fellows, but I fear you are far too wild and headstrong—"

"Never mind that, padre. What about some wine? You know we've only got another twenty-four hours to live."

"Very well. I will try."

He was as good as his word. He saw to it that the wine was brought in to us and not pinched by the guard. Then he left us to get as drunk as we liked. And we did. We spent the day in drinking, cursing the French, the Druses, the Arabs, the Riffs, and every other race we could think of. We sang songs far into the night. Once or twice the guards came and threatened to move us. We invited them in to do it. Apparently they decided they would leave us alone. The padre's visit may have impressed them. I know that McCann and I reviewed the many days we had spent together. We grew maudlin about the various rendezvous, the drinking shops, and the nice cups of tea we had encountered here and there. For nearly five years we had been together, carrying our lives in our hands most of the time. We talked of the Skipper and sentimentally referred to him as a fine fellow, a great fighter, a wonderful sport, and expressed the wish that we might shake his hand before we faced the firing squad. All of which was idiotic, but excusable in the circumstances. We were striving not to think of that dawn which was to be our last.

We had by this time given up all hope of the consuls intervening. Either, we thought, the interpreter-priest was a thief and a rogue who cared naught for us and the fact that we were to be shot, or he had been prevented from reaching Damascus.

AFTER all, it was a thousand-to-one chance. Supposing he were honestly trying to help us, to succeed he would have to reach Damascus in the shortest time possible and without being intercepted by bands of brigands or Partisans, or French patrols. And even if he got through, could he impress the consuls with the urgency of our case? Would they be able to get through the formalities quickly enough to reach us in time?

We talked and sang and joked and argued—all in a vain endeavor to smother these questions. Then the dawn came. We saw the light through that hellish grille. God! Shall I ever forget that dawn!

We heard the tramping of feet, and we got to our feet, well primed, thanks to that priest. He understood. He was a man as well as a priest. A thousand thanks, padre, wherever you are! You were human!

The tramping of feet. Only a few minutes to go now, surely.

"Give us your fist, boy. Looks as if we'd got to go through the hoop, eh?"

"Cut it out, you big stiff. Remember that girl I pinch from you in the Pit?"

"So! You *did* pinch her! You son of a gun, Barrington! If we didn't have this—'pointment—I'd put my foot through your clock, you gypping lime-juicer!"

"Why, you big swaggering Yank, you couldn't put your foot through putty!"

"No? Is that so, boy? Well, it don't matter much now!"

Tramping feet! They seemed to be ages reaching our cell door. They stopped. There was a clatter of rifles. An officer's voice:

"Gardez vous!"

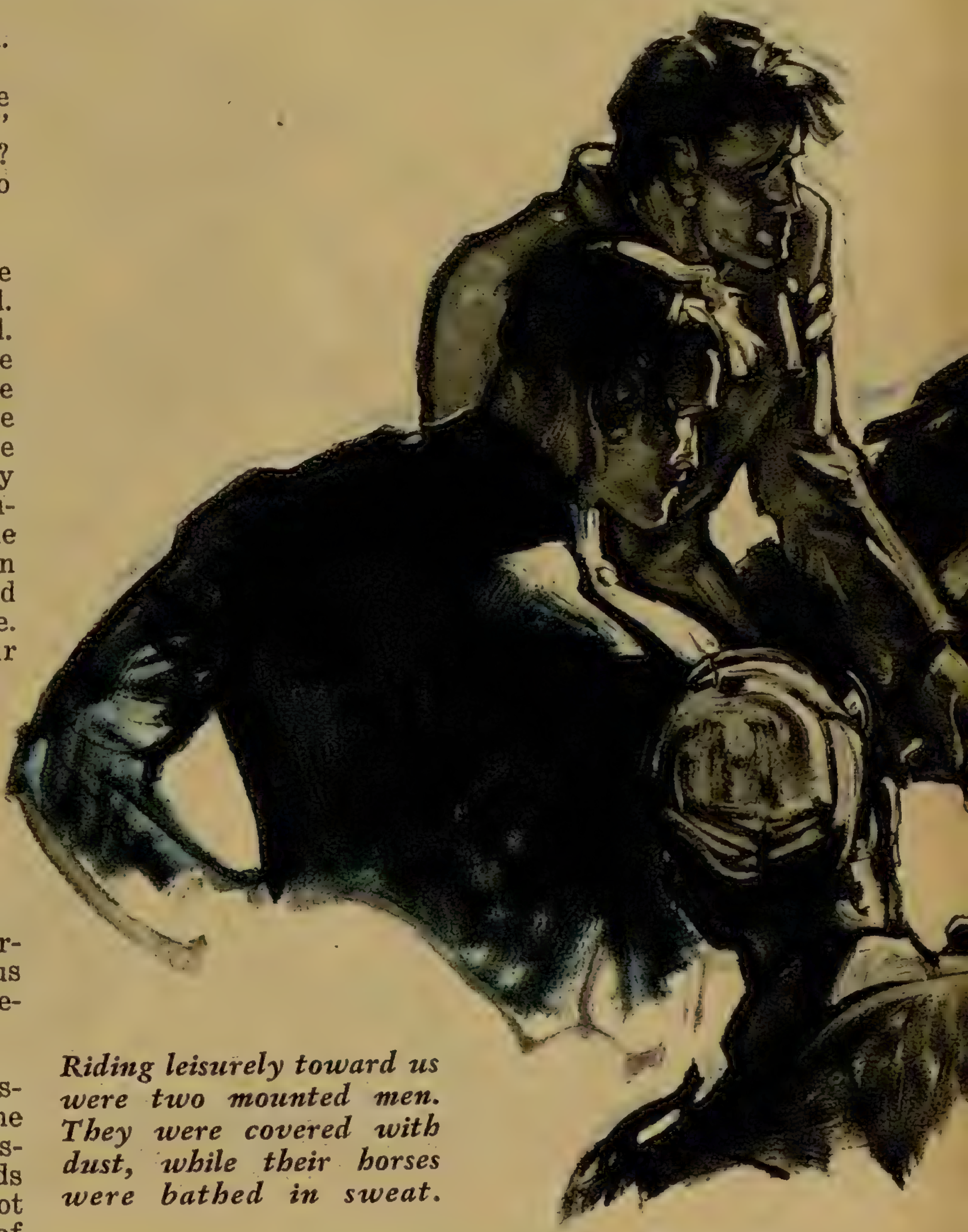
McCANN and I gazed at each other. Should we ever hear that familiar command to attention again? There was a rattle of keys and bars. The door was kicked open. The commandant stood there, unutterable hate in his eyes. Even in our fuddled state we could see that.

McCann gave him a mock salute.

He rapped out a command. We fell in.

"Right! You lousy frog!" roared McCann, his face a few inches from the commandant's. "Let's go!"

And to the amazement of each one of us, and most of all to Mac's own, the commandant completely ignored the insult. It was then that I became aware of something unusual in the atmosphere. What was all this? Why had not the commandant turned on my pal and beaten him?



Riding leisurely toward us were two mounted men. They were covered with dust, while their horses were bathed in sweat.

We marched, or rather reeled, along that passage and out into the glaring sunshine of the prison yard. We blinked as we stepped drunkenly out into that blazing light.

"Arrêtez!"

We halted, reeling up against each other.

We waited, eyes on the ground to protect them from the sun, for they were inclined to water and weaken after the night of wine-swigging. But we looked up at the sound of approaching hoofs. What was this? Riding leisurely across the yard toward us were two mounted men. They wore civilian drill and topees, and they were covered with dust from head to foot, while their horses

were bathed in sweat. Every drop of blood seemed to drain away from my head. I went suddenly cold. Who were these men? Who could they be, save British and American consuls?

McCann let out a yell and ran forward to meet them, and I staggered after him. We must have looked like men gone *cafard* to those two horsemen, in our filth and rags and the sodden state to which we had reduced ourselves during the night, added to which was the fact that we were suddenly bereft of speech.

"It's all right, men. We arrived some little time ago," said one of them.

For the first time in my life I fainted.

THE result of the intervention of the consuls was that we were sent up to Damascus for trial before the *Conseil de Guerre*. The jail at Damascus is a huge building that will accommodate upward of two thousand prisoners, and it has a great expanse of flat roof, where the prisoners take exercise. We found it in an extraordinary state. There were no single cells in general use, but a series of rooms opening on to the corridors. All the doors were left open, for the simple reason that the rooms were filled to overflowing, and those who could not find room on the cell floors flowed into the corridors and slept there.

But that was not all. It was used as both civilian and military jail, and it housed all manner of prisoners, Arabs and Druses, Negroes and Europeans, white, black, and brown cheek by jowl, a conglomeration of races and nations all clanking chains, singing, swearing, chattering in a score of different tongues.

And over this mess there hung a hot, fetid atmosphere. The general conditions were indescribably filthy, and the food and water were poisonous. That wholesale system of flogging was still in effect, just as it had been before McCann and I had left the place for Souider. The beatings went on every day and all day long. I have never seen the bull whip worked so hard.

"Well, boy, you and me have had some tough breaks, but don't this beat the band?"

I said I was beginning to wonder whether we hadn't better be shot, and have done with it.

"Why? What do you want to do that for? Nope! The consuls blew in fine! And wasn't the commandant pleased! Oh, boy, what a picture! And you, you big stiff, fainted just like a limey!"

"You fainted, too, only the wall held you up."

"I wonder what sentence they'll give us, Barrington."

"A lifer, I expect."

"Cheerful cuss."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they sent us to the Zephyrs."

"Gosh, Barrington, if they do, I'll go raving *cafard!* I'll raise such a rough-house as even that mob has never dreamed of!"

"You'll have to go some, as you'd call it, to do that. You know what the Zephyrs are?"

McCANN nodded, suddenly quiet and thoughtful at the idea of being sent to the Zephyrs. And so was I. Had we not met men who had done a stretch there from time to time? The world knows a great deal nowadays about the Devil's Island group of prisons, but who ever heard of the Zephyrs? Yet Devil's Island, terrible as it is, is a playground in comparison.

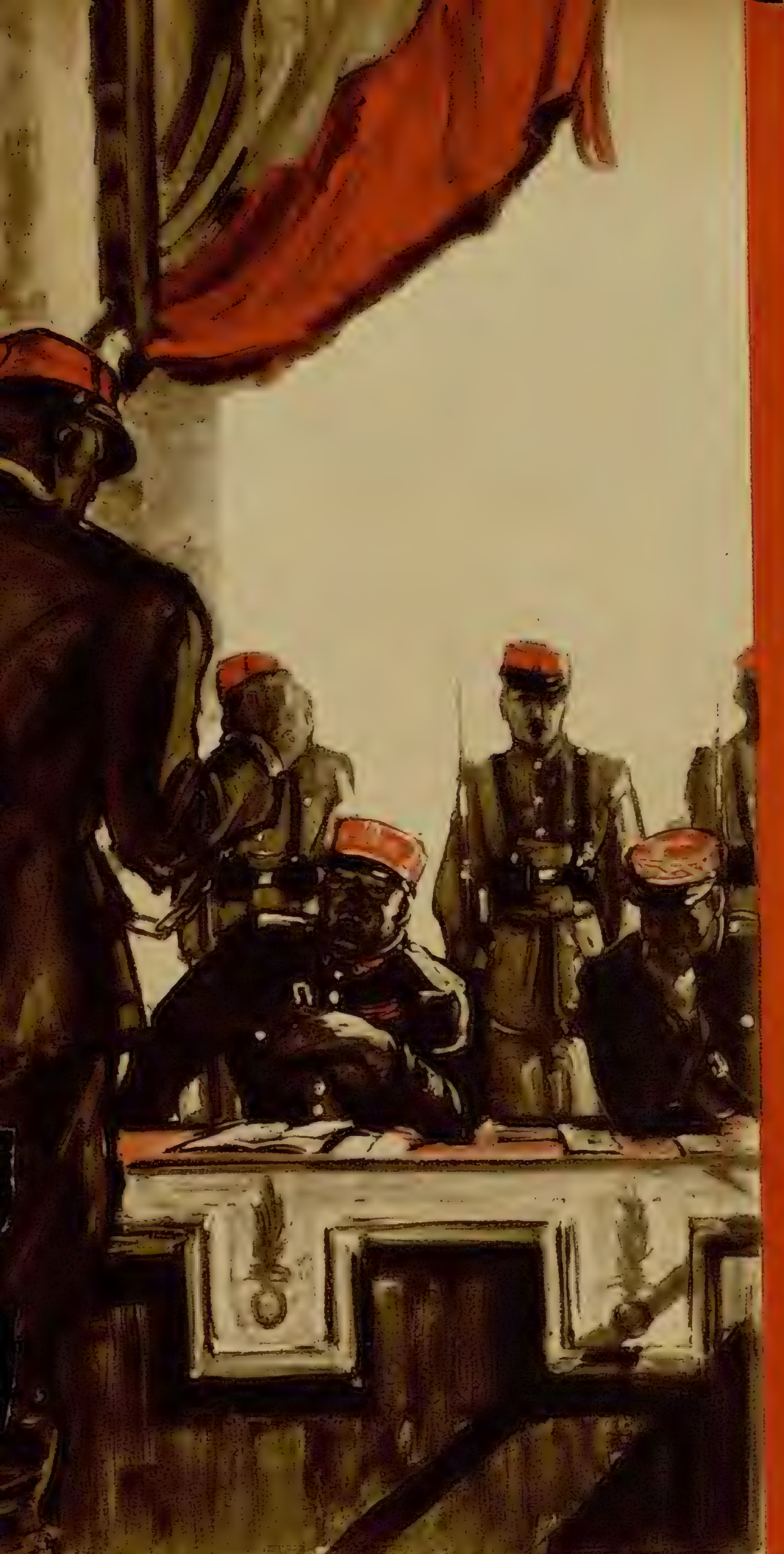
France is a thrifty nation. She never wastes man power, even in the criminal classes. Why should a man of military age be absolved from serving in her army just because he has been convicted of some crime? So some genius in criminal correction originated the Zephyrs, primarily for criminals of military age, and called the body *Infanterie Légère d'Afrique,* or, more commonly, the *Bats d'Af.* They get the name of Zephyrs because they are light infantry. They are also light-headed most of the time. A big number of them are men who have come from the terrors of French Guinea prisons; they are given the opportunity to work out their salvation in the hell spots of the desert. Besides these, a man who is too hot for even the Legion to hold him goes to the Zephyrs. The guards are the biggest and brawniest of Negroes, who thoroughly enjoy their authority. Spread-eagling and such practices are common. If a man can endure the Zephyrs and remain sane, he must be a miracle of human endurance.

We decided we would raise this problem when next we saw the consuls. They visited us daily and showed undoubted concern for our plight. Mac and I will never forget their many kindnesses. Among other things, they brought in cigarettes. When we smoked, the other prisoners would gather round. It was pitiful. They clutched and clawed at each other, each striving to be nearest when the fag-end was discarded.

Then came the great day of the trial. The Germans went into the court first, and I cannot say what happened. I do not know what sort of case they made; but I can guess at what they said concerning McCann and myself. We had a young French engineer officer to speak in our defense. He came to see us, and we told our story. He promised to do his best. We, however, decided he was useless. He was obviously scared. Better no counsel at all than one who was too timid to state our case. We informed the British and American consuls of our decision, and asked for their advice. They could do nothing except send in a lawyer, provided the French would allow it. Finally we decided to defend ourselves.

The two Germans were tried together and they retained the young French officer as their counsel. McCann and I were tried together. The president of the *Conseil de Guerre* was Colonel Brevot, sitting with eight other French officers. Behind the president and his officers stood eleven guards with fixed bayonets, and above their heads was an emblem of Justice surmounted with the French Tricolor.

As we entered, the president and his officers rose. We came to a halt and saluted. The guards presented arms.



"You don't know what a square deal is! If you think you can send me up for life, go ahead!"

These ceremonies over, I was called. The following charge was read:

"Legionnaire 1384, you are charged with deserting your post, with enticing others to desert, with being leader of the prisoners, and with killing twenty-four Arabs in cold blood."

I smiled.

"*Mon président*, why not charge me with murdering the whole French army while you are about it?"

THERE was a titter. The president flushed, glared, and cried:

"This is no laughing matter. It is serious!"

"I know it is serious for me, *mon colonel.* But I suggest it is a ridiculous blunder."

"I don't want your opinion of French justice. Have you anything to say as to why sentence of death or life imprisonment should not be passed upon you?"

"Yes, *mon colonel.* I have fought for France in eleven battles. I have served France with the motto of the Legion, *Honneur et Fidélité.* I have been decorated four times for my services. I am satisfied I have done my duty. With regard to the charges, I deny them all. At the time I deserted it had been officially announced that the enemy was conquered and that peace reigned in the country. I was not the leader of the prisoners, simply because there was no leader. We had all planned to desert. There can be no question of enticement.

"If we killed twenty-four Arabs, I am glad. I am glad because they were Partisans whom I fought in self-defense, just as I have fought the Druses and the Riffs in the defense of France. I am glad to know that I killed members of a clan who have tortured and maimed my comrades for no reason at all—and some of those comrades have been your own fellow countrymen. If ever again I have the opportunity to fight and kill Partisans, I shall do so. I shall welcome the chance to kill Partisans on any and every possible occasion."

I realized as I said those things that I was prejudicing my case, but I did not care. I knew that the best we could hope for was a long term of imprisonment. The president's mind was made up before we entered the court. We hadn't a dog's chance.

And I ended: "I defy the court to pass life sentence or sentence of death upon me. You dare not sentence me to death! You dare not sentence me to life imprisonment! If you do, it will be the biggest blunder France has committed in years! I shall never be shot by your authorization. I shall never serve the term of imprisonment which you have already made up your minds to give me."

It was sheer braggadocio, of course. But I did not care. I had been through so much at the hands of the French, and never had I a chance to speak for myself until that so-called trial. The more Colonel Brevot glared and gaped at my audacity, the more I enjoyed myself.

BUT if my defense in that court was just a species of madness, what in heaven's name was McCann's? He was charged with deserting in the face of the enemy, with aiding and abetting Legionnaire 1384, and with assisting in the murder of twenty-four Arabs. He was asked what he had to say.

He denied the charges categorically. His long, lean jaw went longer and leaner as he thrust it at the president and told him he was there merely to call his bluff! He became extraordinarily heated. In common parlance, he went off the deep end, plunging in with a recklessness and abandon that were good to witness. He asked the president point-blank whether he thought *he* could stand up to thirty-five Arabs in the middle of the desert, with only three men supporting him, and get away with it. He wanted to know how the president would feel if, after fighting for his life against such odds, *and winning,* he were charged with murder.

"If I am to be charged with the murder of Arabs, what son of a gun in the whole of the French forces in Syria is *not* to be charged? I've killed Arabs by the dozen. I've killed Druses by the hundred. Yes, and I've killed Riffs by the ton. If I were paid to do it, and I had on the right sort of uniform, I should kill you. What in hell's all this rumpus about a couple of dozen Arabs? This isn't a charge. It's a farce! What have we been doing the past five years if we haven't been killing Arabs of one sort or another in self-defense? What's the French Foreign Legion for, if not to kill a few Arabs? Isn't a Legionnaire paid to kill? Isn't a Hell Hound of France always wallowing in killing?

"What's the big idea—twenty-four Arabs! When did France begin to concern herself about the lives of Arabs? She pays men to slaughter them every day in the week, and you—you—you can sit there and charge me with assisting to murder twenty-four Arabs! I didn't assist. I killed them with my own hands, holding a good rifle issued by the French authorities. I join my pal in saying that if ever I get another chance to kill Partisan Arabs, I shall kill them, and enjoy killing them, *mon président.* They are lousy scum—or the French wouldn't employ them—and the world is well rid of them and all such.

"What's biting you, *mon président,* is that you don't know the difference between killing and murder. You can't murder an Arab, or any other man, when he's trying to murder you and has a better chance to defend himself than you have. Whaddya mean, cold blood? Where does the cold blood come in when thirty-five of your paid torturers rode down four of us who were on foot and had been hiking over the country for three days, two of the four being unarmed? What's biting you lousy frogs is, you don't know what a square deal is! If you think you can sit in that chair and send me up for life, go ahead! I am an American. My pal is British. We are Legionnaires no longer. I'll tell you what you can do, Mr. Lousy President. In plain United States, you can go to hell!"

Then there was what the newspaper reporter would call "consternation in court." Colonel Brevot jumped to his feet, his face the color of a beetroot, and roared:

"Take him away! Take him away!"

With very little ceremony they bundled the pair of us out of the court.

"Well, McCann," I said, "that's torn it!"

"Haw, shucks! Why worry, anyhow? They'll murder us in our sleep one of these days!"

The guards with their fixed bayonets stood about us three deep and stared. McCann turned his sarcasm on them. They blinked at him, saying not a word as he lashed them right and left. That, in effect, was how we spent the half hour of waiting.

We were called back into the court. The president rose and addressed each one of us in turn:

"Legionnaire 1384, I sentence you to eight years' imprisonment, to be served in chains. Legionnaire McCann, I sentence you to eight years' imprisonment, to be served in chains. Legionnaire Lais, I sentence you to four years, to be served in chains. Legionnaire Weisser, I sentence you to four years, to be served in chains."

And before we had time to recover we were hustled out of the court and thrown back into prison.

THE jail in Damascus is the world's worst. It is Gehenna itself. It is divided into many stinking, verminous rooms, and at the time I was there it held nearly two thousand prisoners. It was a hotbed of disease and vice, naturally. In there, men were piled in heaps, thrown together in rooms that knew neither ventilation nor hygiene. We four shared a room with forty others, a room that was in almost total darkness, and was terribly rat-infested. There was no bedding of any kind. We used the bare floor and part of the corridor beyond the open door. If that door had ever been closed we should have died of suffocation in a very short time.

The food consisted of one pound of Arab bread per day per man; at 11 A. M. one pint of soup that stank;

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at 5 P. M. another pint, together with filthy pieces of meat. We did not eat in those rooms. That was hardly possible. We went on to the roof for our meals and for exercise. The roof was flat, high-walled like any other prison yard, and beautifully fresh after the fetid atmosphere of those dungeons below. We rose at 5 A. M. and went on the roof, where we stayed under armed guard until eleven. After the meal of soup we returned to our rooms until four in the afternoon. At five we had our last meal of the day, and by six we had retired for the night, not to see the light of day until five of the next morning. What happened during all those hours below ground could never be imagined. Despite the fact that all the men were chained ankle and wrist, many of them managed to quarrel and fight.

I had seen many fights during my time in the Legion, but never any like these. Many a morning we wakened to find a corpse among us. During the night a swift silent knife had fallen once. I suspected the guards. Sometimes a prisoner grew too troublesome, despite his continual beatings. And then he died.

One night four Arabs were thrown into our cell. They were Syrian gendarmes who had been caught selling information to rebel chiefs. At all events, that was the charge against them. When they arrived among us they came fresh from a regular beating up, for they were bleeding like stuck pigs, and they groaned and moaned throughout that first horrible night. For the next few days they spent their time quarreling, accusing each other of having brought about this terrible predicament. This perpetual squabbling got to such a pitch that we suggested they fight it out and have done with it. They agreed. But their idea of a fight was vastly different from ours.

FROM heaven knows where, they managed to procure a knife each. One night, after the guards had retired to their own end of the corridor, preparations were made for the big fight. It was to be a silent affair of knives. The four Arabs were stripped to the waist and had taken the sandals off their feet, so that there should be no noise. It was an equal fight, two on each side.

Someone had made a candle torch of fat, and by this feeble glimmer they faced each other, four, brown muscular torsos already gleaming with sweat. They rushed at each other swiftly, silently. There was a scraping of steel against steel, the sharp, hissing intake of breath, a soft shuffle of bare feet on the floor, but not a sound from the watching prisoners. In that ghastly, almost silent combat one could hear the slither of a knife as it ripped flesh, the sharp grating against bone. Very soon the blood was flowing freely. One brawny figure went down with scarcely a sound; his antagonist bent over him. There was a gurgle. The other two continued to fight, but more and more feebly as loss of blood brought about exhaustion. God! What a slaughterhouse it was!

Suddenly there was a warning cry. The guards rushed on the scene. We all scuttled back to our places. No one knew anything about those four bleeding men on the floor. And no one cared. All four were now beyond human aid. It only remained for a fatigue party to pick them up and carry them away. We heard no more about them.

McCann and I spent a month in that jail, and God alone knows how we survived. The pig-trough food became so abominable that there was constant talk of mutiny among the prisoners. They wanted a leader and often looked toward us, since we had a sort of reputation in the place. But what could they do, shackled most of the time with a yard and a half of strong chain?

It is true that at mealtimes an officer walked round asking for complaints, but as he was always accompanied by a sergeant major who menacingly twirled a bull whip in his great powerful hands, there were never any complaints. At first Mac and I had complained, but we had learned through repeated floggings that it was unwise to be impulsive about such matters. We reported the state of affairs to our visiting consuls, and we got another flogging for that. By this time there was real bad blood between us and the two Germans, so much so that I found it necessary to knock both of them out. And I was flogged for it. This did not, however, deter McCann, who also received a flogging for his manhandling of Lais and Weisser.

THE innumerable floggings engendered all manner of crazy ideas, preposterous plans for riot and escape, in the minds of the prisoners.

"Most of these hobos are *cafard*," commented McCann, as we listened to their plottings and plannings.

"And we shall be if we stay here much longer."

He gazed at me with that queer, knowing look on his India-rubber face.

"Yeah," he said slowly. "I get you, boy. Well, what d'ya know?"

"I'm thinking about the prison yard on the roof. There is only one door leading up from the building to the yard. That's why it takes only four guards to watch a yard full of prisoners. There are only two ways of getting out of that yard: one is over the wall and break your neck a few hundred feet below, and the other is past the four guards at the doorway."

"Gosh, boy, we can't escape that way! You're crazy! Even if we could swamp the four guards, we'd then have to dive into the building, make our way through it, and get out to the street below. And what in hell would all the guards inside the building be doing—playing jackstraws?"

"Wait a minute, you big stiff! Who's talking about escape? I'm suggesting we get the crowd to mutiny against the rotten food. They are all ready for it, anyway. I suggest that when the soup is served at eleven and our chains have been unfastened, we attack the four guards, pinch their guns, and hold them there until somebody comes. We can then demand to see General Andrea, and refuse to put down the guns until he comes to see the sort of grub we have to eat."

"Sure! I get you. Count me in. Let's get going!"

But before we could do much we were awarded ten days' cells for attacking one of the guards. After a visit from the consuls we were seated on the floor of our room, talking, when I got a nasty jab in the jaw from a guard's rifle. Why I cannot say, except that I had been pointed out to this new guard as the troublesome Britisher. Anyway, both Mac and I jumped to our feet and struck at the fellow's stomach with our manacled hands—we could not lift them higher on account of the dragging chains.

Hell Hounds! will be concluded in Liberty next week.

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White Shoes

A Short Short Story

By

VAIDA STEWART MONTGOMERY

(Reading time: 5 min. 3 sec.)

"PAW, cain't I have some white shoes this summer?"

The strapping barefoot girl clad in checked cotton leaned on her hoe at the end of the cotton row.

The old man continued to drink with audible gulps from the water jug. But he heard.

"Paw, *cain't* I have some white shoes this summer?"

He had heard that plaint with varying inflections some million or so times, he figured. Where did the girl get such notions?

"Paw, cain't I have—"

"Het, for Lord's sake!" he rasped out, his tired old nerves taut with years of struggle with the soil. "Ef you will go on an' hoe an' shet yore mouth about it for a while, I'll get you them *white shoes*, ef it's my last act—so help me!"

"All right, paw," Het clinched the bargain briskly.

That was as good as she wanted. If once she forced him to promise, her wish was the same as granted. She pranced and swung her hoe with more vigor than was her wont.

Her father saw, and to an extent was appeased for his rash promise, though he halfway regretted having given under to Het. But she had been so persistent, and his nerves were not what they had once been. He was getting mighty shaky. The queer feeling about his head came oftener. It had been a long, losing tussle—his fight with the soil—and it looked like the stingy soil was going to get the best of him. White shoes—what would the storekeeper say? He held mortgages. Maybe Het would compromise on black shoes. They would not show dirt like white ones.

Het got the white shoes, as they both had known she would. She simpered and posed before the cracked mirror of the bureau in the house that she and her father called home. She even seemed satisfied for a while to stay indoors with them.

One evening Het began at the old man: "Paw, *cain't* I wear 'em down to the well?"

"The well" was an oil well that was being drilled on an adjoining farm. The drillers said they had struck oil sand. Some of the neighbors were considerably worked up about the chances of the well coming in a gusher.

"Paw, cain't I wear 'em down to the well?"

"No business wearin' white shoes to a place like that."

Her whining won. Seemed as if he didn't have the spirit to fight back. Together they went down to the well.

The crowd about the well was made up mostly of strangers, come to the community overnight, it seemed.

"Het, you stay by me," he called to her continually.

He could not but admire the way she preened about, self-sure even among so many strangers, exhibiting the white shoes at every step.

She was some like her maw. The same slender feet—

The old man was still trailing about after Het, his legs wabbly from extreme fatigue and the heat; his head—

A hubbub arose from the crowd. Cries of "Oil! Oil! Oil! It's a gusher! Wow! Oil! Oil!"

The mob pressed the old man in from all sides, crushed him, knocked his hat over his eyes, smothered him in the heat, stifling him; and his head—

In the turmoil he lost sight of Het. At last he spotted her. Men all about her, rough-looking newcomers—and some of the slick-looking fellows, too.

"Het!" he called loudly.

Above the noise she heard him, as though she had been listening. She started toward him.

His eyes focused at once on her feet. They were smeared and splotched with oil—oil—oil!

"Het!" he cried hoarsely. "Het! You've ruint your white shoes. Look!"

"Oh, *there* you are, paw!" she called out gayly, in a high, affected voice. "Paw, come here; these men have been lookin' ever'where for you. Here's some papers they want us to fix up. Paw! Yes, mister, that's our land alongside of this. *Paw!*"

"Het!" he screamed again. "Het! Cain't you see you've done gone and ruint them white shoes I bought ye?"

Another guffaw arose from the crowd. "The oil is wuth a million and he's bellyachin' about shoes."

Het turned her eyes toward him.

"Paw, what's a-matter?"

In his wild stare there was no glimmer of recognition.

A stranger stepped up to him, the company physician of a large oil firm.

"Get hold of him, boys," he said, not unkindly. "He's crazy as a loon."

"No, no!" Het screamed. "He ain't crazy—he's sick—he's been ailin' for the longest. He—he—it irked him to buy these white shoes." For the first time she glanced down at her besmirched foot covering. Forgetful for a moment of all else, she broke into the old familiar plaint: "*Paw*, you'll get me some more white shoes now, won't you, paw?"

His brain snapped back into action.

"For Lord's sake, Het!" he broke out.

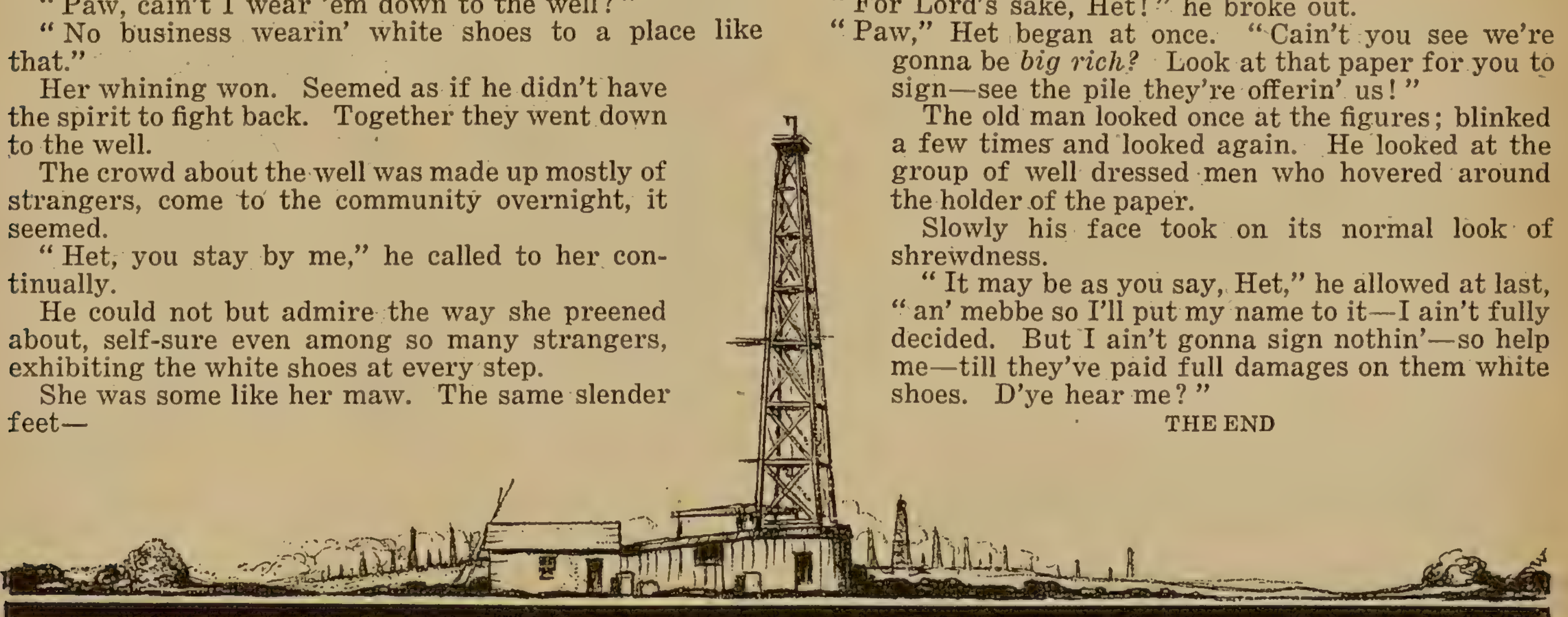
"Paw," Het began at once. "Cain't you see we're gonna be *big rich?* Look at that paper for you to sign—see the pile they're offerin' us!"

The old man looked once at the figures; blinked a few times and looked again. He looked at the group of well dressed men who hovered around the holder of the paper.

Slowly his face took on its normal look of shrewdness.

"It may be as you say, Het," he allowed at last, "an' mebbe so I'll put my name to it—I ain't fully decided. But I ain't gonna sign nothin'—so help me—till they've paid full damages on them white shoes. D'ye hear me?"

THE END



VOX

Back to the Land

CLEVELAND, OHIO—One of my good friends played a joke on me last year and subscribed for Liberty. Well, outside of the horrible war stories—since denied by the Germans—and the fact that you have been trying to mislead the city folks about going back to the farm, you have a fair magazine.

But this back-to-the-farm propaganda is what burns me up. Say, did you ever live on a farm? My recollections are of getting up in the morning and looking through the frosted window *pain*, then going out and breaking the ice on the water pail at around 5 A. M., and slop the hogs, clean the stable, milk the cows. Then eat the wonderful buckwheat cakes and salt pork—which I will admit were good; but when you have salt pork for breakfast, sauerkraut and pork for lunch, and pork and beans for supper, well, to say the least, it sure got monotonous.

However, be that as it may, the gist of the story is, one out of the thirteen children stayed on the farm and today has no worthless stocks or bonds to worry about. I suppose, though, that there is still a mortgage plastered on the land.—*J. B. Hinchliffe.*

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—This is just a friendly, respectful tip, which you may consign to the wastebasket. You will never get the "back-to-the-land" idea across to the people unless you show what you mean. They will not understand that you do not expect to make successful farmers out of city folks when experienced farmers fail. They cannot see that, in most cases where a farmer failed, it was because of overexpansion, the same as when a factory failed. They do not see far enough to realize that most of the people going back to the land simply live without charity until better times give them back a job. Most of them would not know how to go "back."

Why not show John Doe quarreling with his wife and, turning her cannery back to her, starting out in the world alone with one dollar? Show him living and acquiring land, teaching business methods to a few farmers, and, branching out to canning, forming a company which absorbs his wife's bankrupt factory.—*Dr. Otto R. Thompson.*

Probably You Call It the Colored Margin

NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C.—In your January 14 issue you have an advertisement the last paragraph of which reads as follows:

IS YOUR PRODUCT STYLED RIGHT?

LIBERTY IS STYLED IN THE MOST MODERN MAKE-UP—NO BURIED ADS—GUARANTEED COVER-TO-COVER READER INTEREST—PLUS THE BLEED UNIT, GREATEST INNOVATION IN RECENT YEARS.

Now what precisely does "plus the bleed unit" mean? After five or ten minutes' intensive study I can make nothing of it—is it perchance a bit of Americanese intending to convey the idea that the purchaser of Liberty is being bled white when paying over his nickel? If so, I most heartily commend your frankness.—*J. J.*

Welcome to the Fold

CALGARY, ALTA.—On Christmas Day while visiting a friend I had a copy of Liberty handed me. I became interested in the story Dark of the Moon and could hardly wait for each week's issue. I enjoy your stories and editorials very much.

I have been a reader of Liberty each week since and will continue to recommend it to my friends for quality.—*J. Cameron.*

One Vote for the Amateurs

MARCUS HOOK, PA.—This is my fourth attempt to write this letter, and it better not see a wastebasket because you hurt my feelings before. I wish to touch on these subjects: Vox Pop, Leslie Thrasher, and the amateur contest for writers.

Firstly, Vox Pop is one feature which always goes above par, is always "original" and magnetic.

Leslie Thrasher's sex seems to be a secret. They all seem to be the same picture touched up for every cover. I am an amateur artist, never had a lesson and proud of it. I am not big-headed but I could put Thrasher to shame. The December 17 cover by H. R. McBride is what I call original and attractive.

Last, but far from being least, is your amateur contest for writers. You deserve a medal for doing such a big thing which others are afraid of. I know you will benefit by it and so will the amateurs.—*David Williams.*

This Should Tickle Rob

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—A couple of hey-nonny-nonnies and a hot-cha-cha for Rob Wagner. He has practically raised the movie reviews from the dead. More power to the lad!—*Louise Dell.*

A Minister Takes Up the Cudgels for Vox Pop

CORAOPOLIS, PA.—There are so many timely interesting magazines now that it is not always easy to settle on one that covers the ground of greatest need. I have been watching Liberty for some time and it has found a way into my heart.

I find Vox Pop quite fresh and wholesome, but I should like to take a pop at some of your critics. If Fay Bloom could sit in the editor's chair half an hour and try to make a single decision for the good of the magazine and its readers, he would change his tune. Now I hope he is satisfied. He is not alone. It is a fashion to be cynical about every proposition which promises to be on the square.

Rev. Lewis Oliver Smith

A little investigation will prove that most editors are at heart long-suffering servants of the people and every proposition they make to their readers is aboveboard and in the open. The constructive critic gets at the facts first. It may be safer to pick on good-natured and well meaning editors, but I do not see that it is going to get us anywhere. —*Rev. Lewis Oliver Smith.*

A Jolly Old Reformer

MIAMI, FLA.—I want to enter a protest against smoking. What more pathetic sight is there than a girl or woman who to all appearances wants to lay claim to decency, even refinement, trying to eclipse the masculine hand in the handling of his cigar? While many men do not object to women smoking, they are in the minority.

I do not hesitate to say that smoking, in women, forms the first step in drunkenness and often worse. I care not whether the woman be a queen or high up in our social scale, she lost a precious inheritance, never to be recovered, when she lighted her first cigarette and became just one of the mob that follows the leader and loses individuality.—*Zara Sylcox.*

POP

adam kathryn harth
VOX POP EDITOR

Out On the Lone Prairie

VICTORVILLE, CALIF.—Daniel Webster said Liberty meant freedom, but does it? Away out here on the desert, among jack rabbits and coyotes, a colony of homesteaders have settled and all read Liberty.

Six months ago I bought a copy and now I buy Liberty every week. A neighbor came over one day and I gave it to him to read. He came back again, bringing a couple of his friends to read my Liberty. Now more than half a dozen call every week to read or to beg for the old copies.

Seven persons called the same day at one time. No, it is not that the Eighteenth Amendment is being violated here, but a lot of Liberty slaves calling for the magazine to read, as I never miss my copy. They have found out Liberty makes slaves.—*E. A. Daniels.*

And Another Homesteader

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—May a poor broken-down Arizona cow-puncher with fallen arches express his thanks for your thoughtfulness in putting a free calendar on the front of your magazine each year? This marks the third anniversary of a Liberty calendar on the wall of this ranch shack.

It's a good thing you kept up the good work this year, because all the merchants hereabouts are too poor to put out any free ones.

So by that you may have saved this homestead from being dateless and missing the next visit of Santa Claus.—*Dan Crumley.*

We Try to Please Everyone

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I will admit that I read Liberty only when someone else buys it. However, I am willing to make amends and humbly contribute my five cents weekly provided there will be more articles like Princess Radziwill's Germany's Great Old Man in the December 31 issue.

An article like that lends distinction to a magazine. It is not of the usual run of flamboyant type of articles which yellow journalism claims as its own.

It contains none of the propaganda which in these troublesome times, when solidarity among the nations is an essential to recovery, constitutes, because of the suspicions, mistrust, and ill will which it arouses, a thorn in the side of world peace.

It is well to remember that two million Germans gave their lives gladly for a cause they deemed just.—*Morris Kashdin.*

Just Keep Your Eyes Open and Watch

DECATUR, ALA.—If Octavus Roy Cohen submitted you a manuscript, would it have to be postmarked New York or some other Eastern or Northern state before you would consider it?

We have been steady readers of Liberty for years, but if no Southern authors' stories are permissible we will change to some other magazine that doesn't accept its stories geographically. Will you please print at the top hereof the address of some Southern author from whom you have accepted stories? Thank you.—*Two Alabamians.*

For Professor Stiggins

ATHENS, OHIO.—Your solution of Detectogram Number 1 in the January 14 issue of Liberty was not complete.

L. D. Vore

This could have been a suicide or murder.

A door can be bolted on the inside from the outside by means of a string and two pins.

It is quite simple and has often been used by detective-story writers. I have tried it out and find it works.—*L. D. Vore.*

The Bank Editorial

OAKLAND, CALIF.—In your editorial of December 31 I believe I have found one of the soundest editorials that have been published in any newspaper or magazine that has received my attention in the last twenty years.

The banking business has become a racket, and the American people should be thankful that we have a magazine that is not afraid to call it by its true name.

The Postal Savings Bank Act was a joke. They can receive the people's money but cannot lend it, and the power to make a loan is a power that this government should have reserved to itself. The wealth of this nation should always be liquid.—*T. L. Christianson.*

What? She Likes Us?

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I enjoy Liberty each week. I first turn to To the Ladies, by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, and then to the short short story.—*Belle W. Schnatzby.*

You Lose That Bet

STURGIS, S. D.—If there happens to be a good serial in Liberty I read it first, then go to Vox Pop. By good serials I mean those like Hell Hounds, About the Murder of the Circus Queen, etc. I get a kick out of Vox Pop. For example: One intelligent, clear-thinking critic sums up one of your features. He ably criticizes it. Then right after his letter you print five others by bone-headed morons who all yell, "Swell," "Great," "More Like It," etc. It makes me laugh.

David Ben Everett

I don't claim to be a short-story writer, but every time that I read one of your First Stories I get such a pain I write one as it should be written, send it to your editor, and, whang! back it comes with the swellest rejection slip. I'm collecting them. They're worded so nicely; kinda help a poor egg along, you know.

Another funny thing about Vox Pop is some idiot *dares* you to print his or her letter. I won't dare you—it might work. However, if you do, I lose a bet, and S. D. hasn't been in for weeks.

No matter how much worse your magazine gets, I'll still buy it, just so I can enter your contests, even if I can't win. (I can with others, but maybe Liberty's more careful!)—*D. B. Everett.*

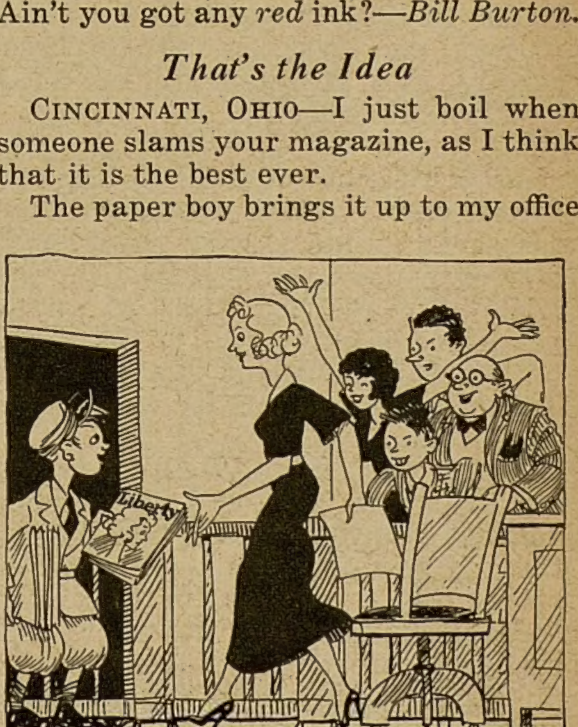
Only for the Pictures

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Where do you get that stuff, printing my name in Vox Pop of your January 14 number in black ink? Ain't you got any *red* ink?—*Bill Burton.*

That's the Idea

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I just boil when someone slams your magazine, as I think that it is the best ever.

The paper boy brings it up to my office every week and the whole office force make a dive for it. As several were bruised in the last rush they have taken to buying their own. They just can't resist the good stories.—*E. Schoolcraft.*



WRITERS Attention!

$10,000 has been set aside for unknown authors

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

The dawn of a

NEW HEALTH HABIT

AS OLD AS MAN . . . AS FUNDAMENTAL AS DIGESTION
AS IMPORTANT AS THE REGULATION OF THE BOWELS

EVERY READER SHOULD ACT ON THIS MESSAGE NOW! . . .

REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

WHY do teeth decay in spite of daily cleansing and much serious propaganda on preventive measures?

Why do we suffer from so many diseases of the throat and gums?

It is a disgrace that these troubles continue in spite of bettered living conditions and the rapid strides of medical science.

Perhaps the report at the left may revolutionize our health habits. When we received it we hesitated to print it, important as it is. Would the world believe that anything so simple could be so helpful? Would fathers and mothers believe that *a chewing gum*—even though it is unlike any other gum made — could be so important to their children and themselves? Read it and see for yourself.

SPECIAL WARNING — Tooth brushing, mouth washes, gargles do not take the place of the daily Dentyne chew. These cleansings while very helpful, cannot strengthen muscles, increase the blood flow to the tissues of the oral cavity (including the gums, tongue, cheeks and throat) bring the saliva flow back to normal, develop the structure of the mouth or make it normally self cleansing.

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO — When you consider these facts, we suggest that you do as follows: See to it that each member of your family over three years of age chews Dentyne for five minutes every day without fail. Twice a day is better. Be as insistent on this as you are about other daily health habits. See that your husband keeps Dentyne in his desk and that he carries it with him while travelling.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE — Here is an easy pleasant way to help your family to have healthy mouths and white, beautiful teeth. Dentyne is delicious. And it keeps the teeth white.

Keep the sound white teeth of childhood right through life.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

Chew delicious Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - - - - - - - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

"After all, there's nothing like a CAMEL"

A CAMEL smoker just isn't happy with any other cigarette. That's because there's no substitute for quality. After you've tried Camels, and learned the smooth solace in choice Turkish and mellow, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, *never parched* or *toasted,* you too will say: I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO
COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's
Camel Humidor Pack
CAMELS
Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

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